

March 16, 1960

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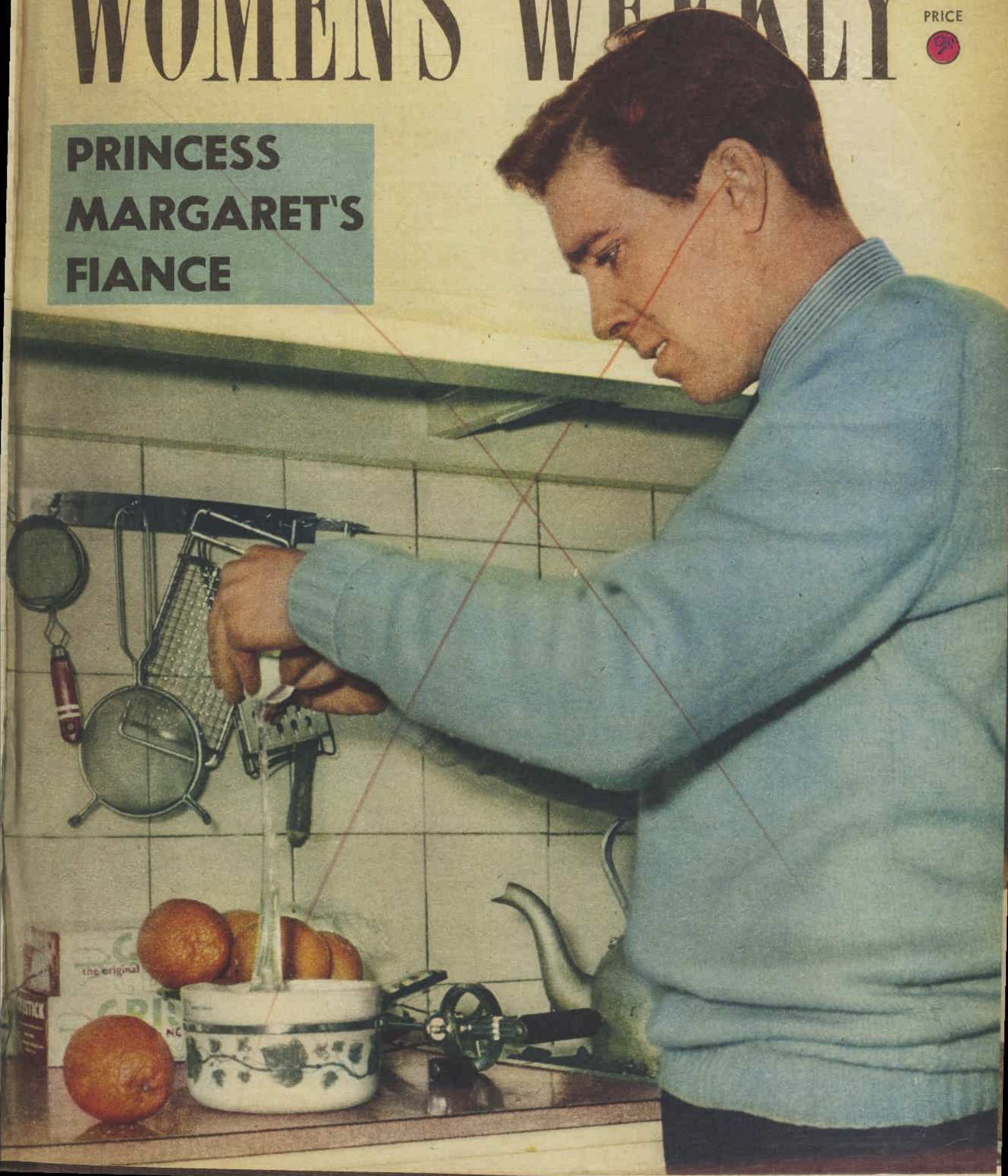
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



**PRINCESS  
MARGARET'S  
FIANCE**





Give yourself lovely  
natural-looking curls  
the easy

RICHARD HUDNUT WAY!

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 16, 1960

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## CONTENTS

Fiction	Home and Family
Doctor and Son (serial, part 3), Richard Gordon . . . . . 21	Teach Children to Share . . . . . 33
The Girl in the Window, Robert Fontaine . . . . . 22, 23	A Word to Fathers . . . . . 34
Marry the Boss' Daughter, Steve McNeil . . . . . 24, 25	Thomasina Teaches the Facts of Life . . . . . 35
Emergency Message, Wyatt Blas- singame . . . . . 26	Cookery—Rice with a Difference . . . . . 36, 37
	Prize Recipes . . . . . 38
	£2000 Mothers' Contest . . . . . 39
	Home Plans . . . . . 41
	Gardening—Ornamental Sage . . . . . 49
Special Features	Fashion
Citizens of Coral Seas . . . . . 8, 9	Fashion Frocks . . . . . 47
Paris Autumn Suit News . . . . . 16 to 19	Fashion Patterns . . . . . 69
Entertainment	Regular Features
"Porgy and Bess" Preview . . . . . 56, 57	It Seems to Me, Dorothy Drain . . . . . 12
Film Reviews . . . . . 58	Worth Reporting . . . . . 29
TV Pin-up—James Garner and Family . . . . . 62	Letter Box . . . . . 32
TV Parade . . . . . 63	Book Reviews . . . . . 32
	Social . . . . . 60, 61
	Jackys Diary . . . . . 64
	Stars . . . . . 68
	Mandrake, Crossword . . . . . 71

## THE WEEKLY ROUND

• When we heard of the engagement of Princess Margaret to Antony Armstrong-Jones, we remembered that while being photographed for the picture on the cover he had told a member of our London staff about the meals he liked to cook and eat.

HE said he never used a recipe book, just added bits and pieces until he got the right flavor and consistency.

His favorite for a main dish was steak cooked in a griddle he bought in Austria for 16/-.

"It's done in a minute and tastes delicious," he said.

As a dinner starter his favorite dish was egg in baked potato.

"When guests arrive, I halve large potatoes baked in their jackets, scoop out the centres, drop in an egg, butter, sauce, salt and pepper, and leave to bake for 20 minutes or so while drinks are being served," he said.

His liquidiser was an important gadget in his well-appointed kitchen.

"I even used it for soup," he said. "First I boiled tomatoes and onions until soft, then, together with raw mushrooms, I mixed them in the liquidiser with a little salt and pepper, and boiled the mixture with milk."

"The result was delicious and quite surprising."

He also told how he made potato-and-onion pie.

He said: "I hardboil eggs, boil potatoes, and boil the onions separately in milk. Then I mix the whole lot together, cover with a pastry topping, and bake it in the

oven until the pastry is golden-brown."

He said his favorite fish dish was mackerel.

This he grilled gently before adding to it fried tomatoes and mushrooms flavored with a little garlic and, lastly, cream and red wine.



COUNTESS OF ROSSE, when she was Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, with her daughter Susan.

THIS interesting old picture of Princess Margaret's future mother-in-law, the Countess of Rosse, taken when she was Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, was sent to us by Mrs. T. A. Kinmont, of Mosman, N.S.W.

Mrs. Kinmont has dozens of scrapbooks crammed with pictures of interesting and famous people.

## Our Cover

Antony Armstrong-Jones, who is engaged to Princess Margaret, photographed preparing a meal in his Pimlico (London) flat. Mr. Armstrong-Jones, who prefers plain, wholesome food, enjoyed cooking for his friends at small dinner-parties.

Susan Armstrong-Jones, shown with her mother, is now Mrs. John Vesey, with two children of her own.

WE are pleased to announce that we are sponsoring Dawn Fraser, Australia's "flying fish," to the Rome Olympic Games.

On Dawn's behalf we have contributed to the N.S.W. Olympic Appeal Fund the £700 estimated cost of sending each Australian competitor to Rome in August.

THE pictures on pages 8 and 9 are from a recently published book, "The Great Barrier Reef and Adjacent Isles," by Keith Gillett and Frank McNeill.

The book is one of the most beautiful of its kind published in Australia, and the authors have just learned that Queen Elizabeth has accepted a copy.

• With apples and pears at their best, try combining them with other ingredients to make unusual dishes featured in the cookery section in our next issue. Our Food and Cookery Expert, Leila C. Howard, suggests apples and pears in recipes for cakes, meat dishes, desserts, curry, fritters, and even soup.

## Next Week

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 16, 1960

SOFT, NATURAL CURLS FOR  
NORMAL AND EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

NEW!  
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**RICHARD HUDNUT**  
New Quick HOME PERMANENT



# MR. JONES and . . .

● Princess Margaret at dinner during her Caribbean tour.

See story overleaf



● Her fiancé, Antony Armstrong-Jones, at his Pimlico flat.

## the Princess





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**NEW FEATURE**

**MOTORING**

● Betty McKay here reviews the new Ford Anglia. This is the first of her weekly columns for the woman motorist.



FORD ANGLIA

SHE is an experienced driver and her likes and dislikes are based on her wide knowledge of many cars both here and abroad.

Betty McKay also gives a weekly hint—it may be on driving, or road safety, or anything she feels helpful to women drivers.

**NEW FORD ANGLIA**

THE Ford Motor Company of Australia have just released the completely new ANGLIA. Smart and neat in appearance, the car is a full four-seater, and available in a range of 12 attractive colors and two-tone combinations.

At first glimpse Miss Anglia seems to be wearing her last winter's hat back to front. This unusual appearance is caused by the reverse rake of the rear window.

By doing this, the designers have given rear seat passengers good head room and all-round visibility, plus welcome shelter from Australian sunshine.

The two wide doors, with self-holding catches, make it easy for the housewife to load children, parcels, and herself into the car.

**I liked**

- The very comfortable seating and ample leg room for all passengers.

- The well-laid-out dashboard and pleasant interior color schemes.

- The use of fabric upholstery—doesn't roast you in summer nor chill you in winter.

- The ease of keeping the interior clean.

- Good driving position with plenty of vision: controls, such as dipper switch, horn and trafficator, all close to hand.

- Position of hand-brake between front seats, easy to grab if your skirt hasn't covered it.

- The light steering with small turning circle.

- Effortless parking and reversing.

- Good-sized boot with simple opening.

- Quick opening bonnet, hinged at front, and plenty of room around the new O.H.V. engine for regular checking of battery, oil, and water.

- The well-above-average performance, and the quick-changing four-speed gear-box.

**I did not like**

- No anchoring device for front passenger's bucket seat. This is where you hang your baby's seat on. Should you have to brake suddenly your baby could tip forward into the dash.

- The gear-lever being too far forward.

- Lack of feel in brake and clutch operation, though both worked well.

- Metal accelerator pedal—needs rubber covering to prevent foot slipping off.

- Ineffective sound of the horn.

- The fancy work on the dished steering-wheel. I'd have rather seen the money spent on a larger rear-view mirror.

I consider the new Anglia one of the nicest small cars I have driven, and one that will appeal to women, particularly women who really enjoy driving.

It has plenty of sparkle with a maximum speed of 75 m.p.h. Its economy is excellent at 45 m.p.g.—a real "housekeeping special"—and the children are safe in the back seat—they can't get out!

Appearance and finish are far better than most small economy cars, and at £955 the Anglia represents very good value for money.

**HINT FOR WEEK:** The battery is often neglected and can let you down when least convenient. Therefore check it weekly for water; add distilled or rain water till the plates are just covered. If your battery is near your engine's exhaust manifold it will get hot and require more frequent topping up. **DO NOT OVER-FILL.**

**NEW NEVIL SHUTE SERIAL**

● "Trustee From The Toolroom," the last novel by best-selling author Nevil Shute before his death last January, will begin as a serial in *The Australian Women's Weekly* next week.

● This novel, an American Book of the Month Club choice, is a story of adventure and romance in Nevil Shute's warmest and richest style.

● English-born author Shute, who had settled in Australia, went back to England for the setting of this story of a simple man's great courage.

Do not miss the first long instalment of Nevil Shute's "TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOL-ROOM" next week.



# What does the future hold for Princess Margaret's fiance?

## LIFE RULED BY PROTOCOL

● Life with Princess Margaret will not be for her husband the carefree existence of a hard-working successful photographer whose creative talents made him famous.

**ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES** will find his new life clamped down on by Royal veto — as Prince Philip found when he married Princess Elizabeth.

This means that whatever arrangements Tony might like to make for Princess Margaret, someone at Buckingham Palace is likely to say, "You may not do this."

It happened to Prince Philip shortly after his marriage, when he accepted an invitation to take his young wife to the "Ladies' Night" of his favorite men's club.

At the last minute there were two empty places—those of the guest of honor, Princess Elizabeth, and her husband, who stayed at home with her.

Royal protocol had said "No."

### The Court bans

Once Margaret is married and has accepted the £15,000 a year allotted on the Civil List, she will come under the Court ban on anything that does not measure up to protocol.

For Princess Margaret Royal protocol is not unduly irksome. She has grown up with it.

But for Tony Armstrong-Jones it may perhaps be something of a shock at first to have to conform all the way along the line.

For instance, even as the cables of congratulation were pouring into Buckingham Palace, where he is living and being groomed for his role, the Queen was drawing up the "Sovereign's order of precedence."

This is rigid.

It sets down precisely when he may enter the drawing-room, where he is to be seated at table. And to further confuse matters there are two lists. One for great and State occasions, the other when it is merely "family."

Nowhere will he be free to please himself exactly how and where he will sit or move.

These seem strict measures for those outside Court circles. To those who are Royal they are merely part of life.

For the Queen is Queen even when it is only a simple

little evening together, and the new brother-in-law must learn the Royal routine off by heart.

Gone now are the days when he could rise from the table at one of his smart little dinner parties to supervise, if not in fact cook, the dinner.

Irksome? "Not for Tony," said one of his friends. "He can rise to any occasion — and he will."

But life for Tony and Margaret will not always be dictated by Royal protocol.

They have too many outside interests and are both much

By  
**ANNE MATHESON,**  
of our London staff

too intelligent to allow themselves to be entirely submerged by it.

Theirs is a happy teaming.

He is as quick witted and hard working and earnest at his job as she has always been at hers.

Once they are married, Margaret's Royal programme will go that much more smoothly for her with a husband to accompany her on many of her more arduous duties.

His quick perception and his particularly easy manners will help the Princess.

But pure charm will not always win in their more formal life.

Before Tony can embark on his many public duties with his Royal wife he will have to have an entirely new wardrobe.

Gone now are the days when he could wear the chunky sweater, the casual slacks, the suede boots, or the stovepipe cavalry twill pants.

Never a "city gent" with conventional striped pants, rolled umbrella, and hard bowler, Tony must soon learn to wear these "as to the manner born."

His rather stocky, rather short figure lends itself more easily to the casual. But his life now means he must accept the casual for relaxation only.

How Tony will adapt himself to the strained formality of his new position is intriguing all his friends. But none doubt he can make it.

For, to quote one photographer who has worked with him and admired his social

aplomb from behind the camera, "He's no cardboard courtier. He can pick up his cue anywhere."

### Great aplomb

One of his family said, "He masters everything with great aplomb."

Therein lies the secret of Tony's great success with the Queen Mother.

A young man, once a suitor of Princess Margaret, recalls how he made a gaffe by simply not appearing for breakfast and not going to church when he was the Queen Mother's guest at Sandringham (she was then Queen).

He rose and breakfasted late and then greeted the Queen and Princess Margaret on their arrival back from church to receive a polite "Oh, I see you have joined us at last."

He was not invited again, and he'd be about 17th in a list of something approaching 40 suitors short-listed for Margaret's hand in marriage over the years.

Tony Armstrong-Jones made none of those gaffes.

In fact, he was so well liked and received at Clarence House that it is now rumored the Queen Mother would like Margaret and Tony to have the home she and her daughter have shared since the death of King George VI.

With Tony's good taste and flair for interior decoration, Clarence House, the perfection of good classic style, will certainly have a new decor.

Margaret and Tony are not "tweedy," and, apart from a town house, the most they will want in the country is a small place and simple life.

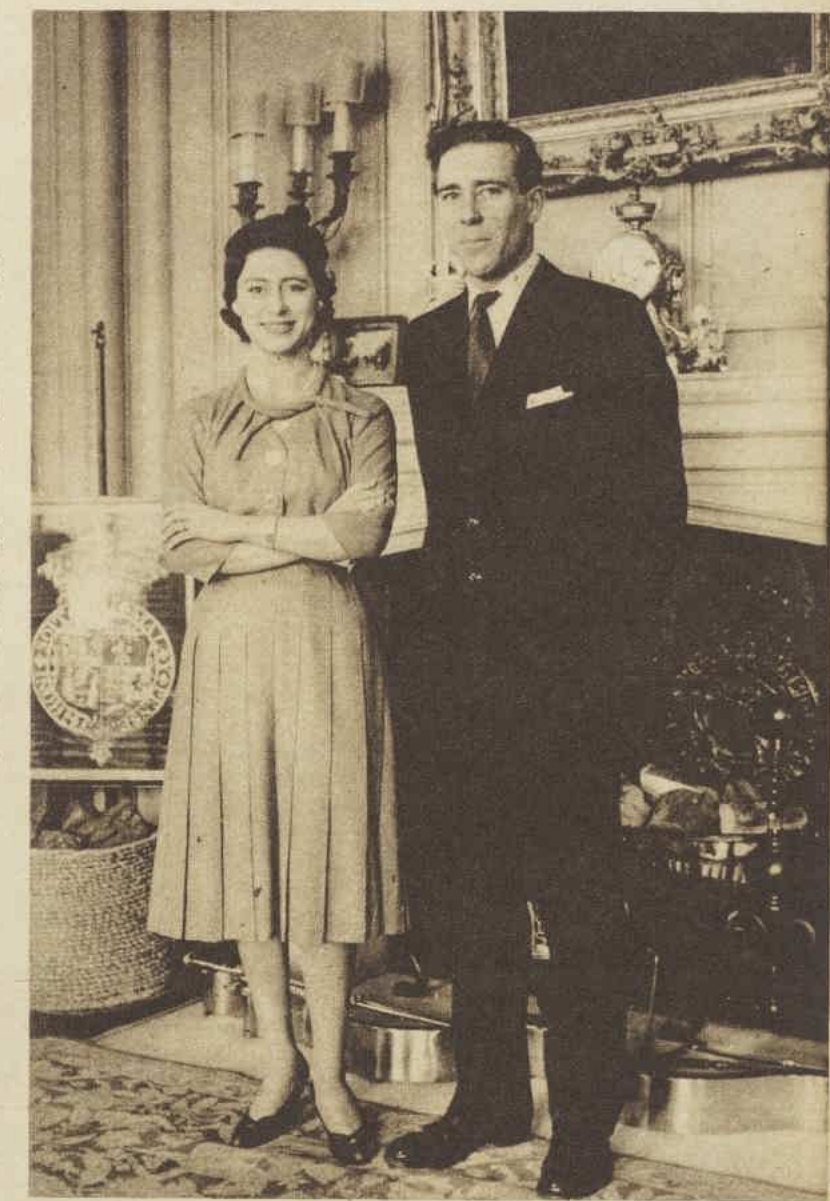
If ever a woman has to dress to please her husband, it will be Margaret.

All his women friends are well dressed. He has moved in a world of really smart women.

He has a critical eye and biting wit. And Princess Margaret is more than aware that she must never relax her interest in good dressing.

Making a home together will undoubtedly tax both their reserves of patience.

Princess Margaret, used to an austere body called the "Ministry of Works" to decide and dictate what should be done to any place in which she has lived, will have a husband who could bring a "do-



THE HAPPY COUPLE. Princess Margaret and her future husband, Antony Armstrong-Jones.

it-yourself" kit with him when he moves into their first home.

And he could put the Ministry to rout.

His social know-how is equalled only by his practical know-how, and he can make good a chip from the plaster as easily as he can paint the woodwork or paper the walls.

For Tony, life in any kind of home that was not exactly to his taste would be almost unbearable.

And Royal residences are often far from tastefully decorated.

From his grandfather Tony has a great love of gardens, for his mother's father owned one of the most beautiful and well-cared-for homes and gardens in all England.

Margaret, while being talented in so many directions, doesn't have this flair for

homemaking, and has never taken the interest in gardens her mother, the Queen Mother, has.

In their world of theatre, the couple need no adjustment, for both have a great and sincere love of the stage.

So closely linked are their interests, so mutual are their sympathies, they should have a truly happy life together.

The Stately Homes of England could not be more delighted at the marriage.

Remembering how Princess Margaret when young kept all the servants up while she danced — "And we couldn't get the house open for the public the next day," said one duchess — they are relieved the Princess will now visit with the dignity that settles on a young married woman.

Princess Margaret may never have put a foot wrong in carrying out her Royal duties, but once she was a guest her lack of knowledge of the problems of servants and everyday living was sometimes a nightmare.

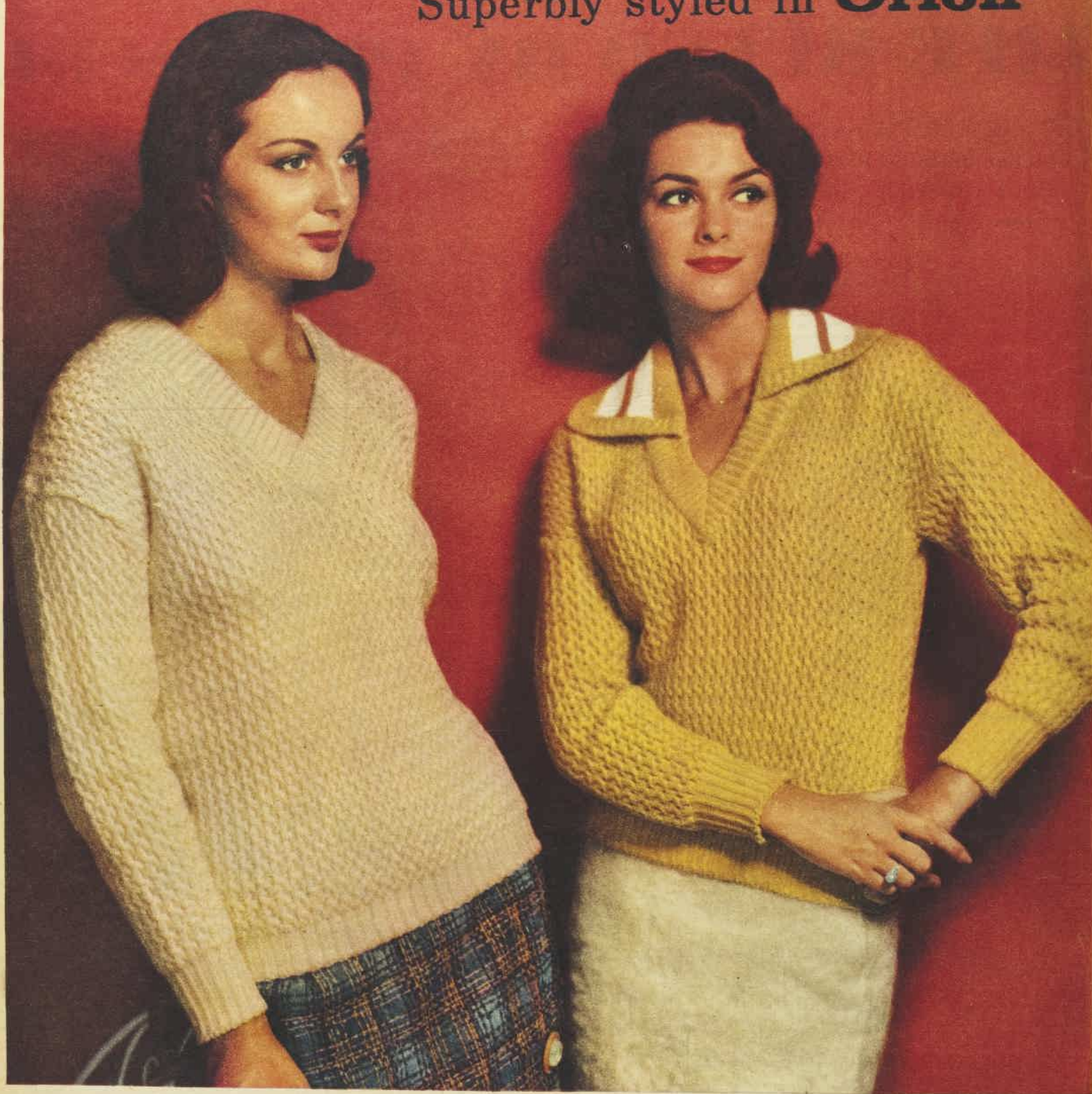
These and other lapses will not happen now that a young husband who has batched and cared for himself while working in a studio is there to override a Princess' whims with down-to-earth explanations of why things can't be done outside a fully staffed Royal palace.

Tony has shopped from side barrows in Pimlico, rubbing shopping-baskets with Margaret's own detective, who lived nearby.

From Tony she will discover a great deal about life as it is lived.



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# WEDDING OF AVA'S STAND-IN

● Pretty 22-year-old Cherry Borthwick, who was Ava Gardner's understudy in "On the Beach," topped a year of excitement with her marriage to young American doctor Philip Zlatnik.

THE wedding was at Cherry's home, "Denistoun," the lovely house overlooking Davey's Bay at Mt. Eliza (Vic.) that producer Stanley Kramer used as one of the settings for the film.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Borthwick, once again saw their home a flurry of activity with 60 guests at the wedding.

The couple were married in the sitting-room, where the party scene was filmed for "On the Beach."

Cherry first met her husband, the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Zlatnik, of Wisconsin, U.S., when he came to Melbourne with the U.S. Navy during the Olympic Games four years ago.

## Rush preparations

Preparations for the wedding were rushed. The couple decided on Friday to fix the ceremony for Monday, February 29, as the groom had to return to the U.S. on the Tuesday to continue his postgraduate medical studies at the University of Michigan.

Cherry followed him to the U.S. a week after the wedding.

At 3 p.m. on the Monday, with the wedding timed for 5.30, Cherry, her sister, Julie, and friend Quentin Madden were in Melbourne loading

the wedding gown (a short dress of gold-and-honey moire with an ankle-length tulle veil), other clothes for the family, and the wedding cake into the Borthwick car to race back the 25 miles to Mt. Eliza.

Neighbors, headed by Mrs. E. Willis—who had harbored the bridegroom on the wedding day so that he wouldn't see his bride before the ceremony—had prepared the wedding breakfast.

The wedding began promptly at 5.30. The Rev. William Marshall performed the ceremony at the altar set up at one end of the sitting-room under a portrait of Cherry painted by Bruce Fletcher.

It was a wedding with a unique atmosphere, because of the lovely home-setting and the informality.

And there will be an anniversary only once every four years—the date was February 29!



BRIDE Cherry Borthwick and groom Philip Zlatnik toast each other in champagne on a garden seat after the wedding.



THE BRIDE is congratulated by friends (from left) Davina Henderson, Sally Manifold, Gretchen Guest, and Diana Gubbins.



IN TOWN on rush pre-wedding trip are, from left, Julie Borthwick, Cherry, Sarah Luxton, and Quentin Madden.

A FAMILY GROUP after the ceremony. From left, Mr. and Mrs. Borthwick and Dr. and Mrs. Philip Zlatnik.



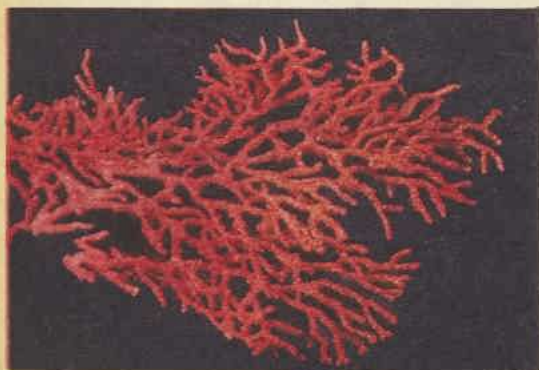


# CITIZENS OF CORAL SEAS

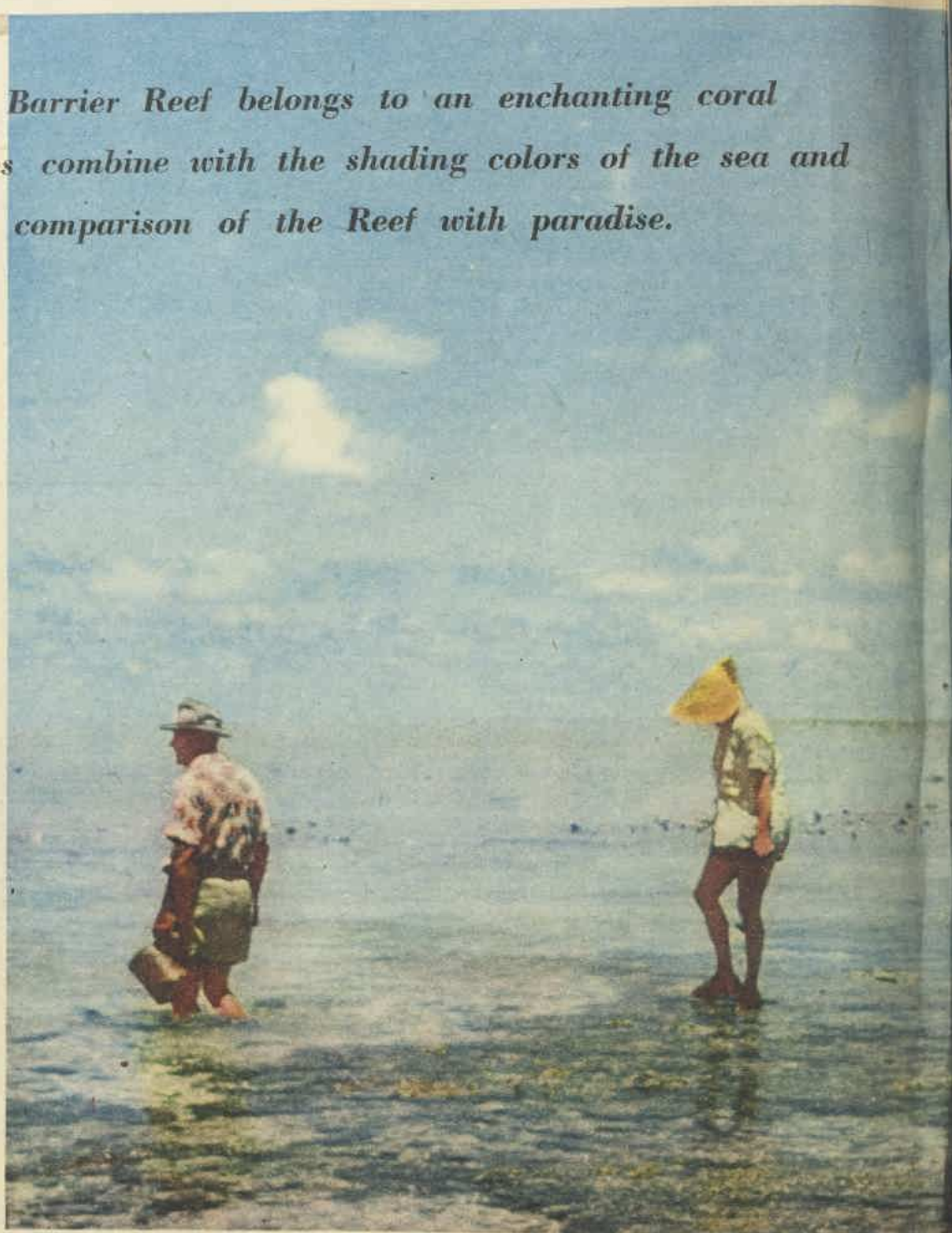
Marine life on the Great Barrier Reef belongs to an enchanting coral kingdom. Sun, air, and beaches combine with the shading colors of the sea and its citizens to justify comparison of the Reef with paradise.



**VILLAINOUS-LOOKING** scorpion fish (*Sebastapistes bynoensis*), about 4in. long, has spines causing a painful sting.



**SPRAY** of bright and delicately formed gorgonoid coral (*Mopsella ellisi*) collected at a depth of eight fathoms.



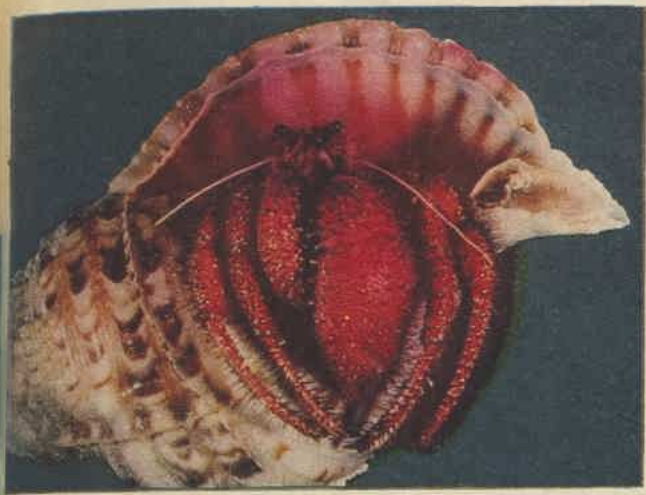
**EXPLORING** Wistari Reef, with Heron Island in the background. On a calm day, the sea floor shows clearly through about 50 feet of water close to the bank.

**LEFT:** Harlequin tusk fish (*Lienardella fasciata*) is one of the Reef's colorful denizens.

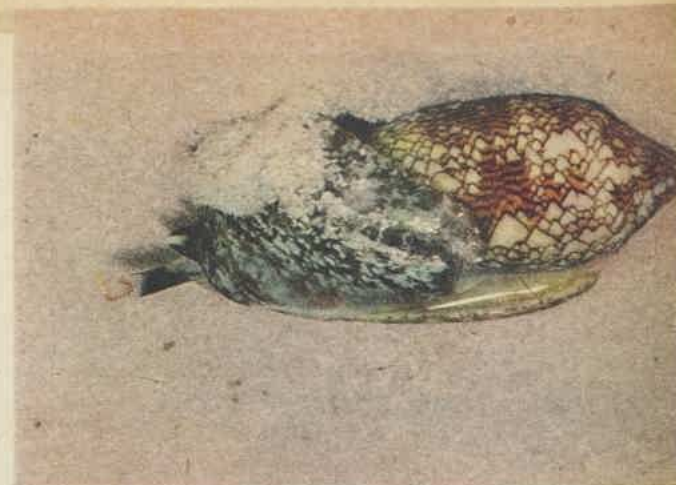
**RIGHT:** Green turtle (*Chelonia mydas*) propels itself with big front flippers. Females can grow to 4ft. long, weighing more than a hundredweight.







**LEFT:** Hermit crab (*Pagurus megistos*) emerges from a trumpet shell (*Charonia tritonis*). The crab has strong nippers.



**CONE SHELL** (*Darioconus textile*), half expanded at night, displays the animal's extended proboscis.



**BUBBLE SHELL** (*Hydatina physis*) shows, when alive, the beauty of its colorful mantle.



**SMALL FISH** (*Amphiprion*) shelters in the enveloping tentacles of an anemone (*Physobrachia*).



**LEFT:** Ornate tentacles of the marine worm (*Spirobranchus giganteus*) can sometimes be mistaken for coral polyps.

**RIGHT:** Sea slugs (Nudi-branchs, meaning "naked gill") are shell-less molluscs, beautifully colored.

THESE PICTURES were taken by Keith Gillett, A.R.P.S., photographer and naturalist. With Frank McNeill, Curator of Invertebrates at the Australian Museum, Mr. Gillett has just published "The Great Barrier Reef and Adjacent Isles."





**NOW!**



## ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

... the new *pre-cooked*  
weaning food

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in an easily digested powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for

### STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

Baby Rice Cereal provides the tempting variety needed during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

### TODDLERS TOO!

Toddlers will thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.



## ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

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Another of Goddard's  
world-famous silver polishes



**TWO ENTRANTS** in our model quest. They are 18-year-old Diane Parkinson (left), of Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., and 19-year-old Lynette King, of Middle Park, Victoria.



## Still time to win that Paris holiday

● There are just a few days left to enter our nation-wide Model Quest. The Quest closes on **March 14.**

**WE** are looking for three attractive girls: the Quest winner will be our Color Queen; the runners-up our Color Princesses.

And, topping an exciting list of prizes: the Color Queen's two weeks' holiday in Paris (all expenses paid) and the Princesses' ten days' visit to Hongkong.

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Marigny, is conducting the Model Quest as part of the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

The Fashion Festival will be a combination of beauty and fashion.

At demonstrations in each capital city, famous overseas hairdresser M. Rene Luzic will show the latest in hair-styling and grooming techniques.

Allied with this, we are presenting twin fashion collections—from top Paris couturier Maggy Rouff and from the Australian Wool Bureau.

The three winners of our Model Quest will appear in each State with M. Luzic.

Here is a list of their prizes, the conditions of the Quest, and the entry form:

### Color Queen

- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid.
- A dress from the latest collection of top Paris couturier Maggy Rouff.
- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.

- £220 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

### Color Princesses

- Ten days' holiday in Hongkong, travelling by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight, all expenses paid.
- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.

- £150 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £7/7/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

## HOW TO ENTER

- Quest entrants must be single Australian citizens, and available to travel from April 1 to June 30 inclusive.

The coupon on this page should be completed (please use block letters) and sent to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coupons must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the entrant. No responsibility can be taken for the photographs. They become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., and will be destroyed when the quest ends.

The quest will close on March 14. The Color Queen and the Color Princesses will be chosen by a panel of beauty and fashion experts. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Marigny (Asia) Pty. Ltd., and of allied companies or their families are not eligible to enter the quest.

## OUR MODEL QUEST

- I accept the conditions of entry, and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

HEIGHT ..... WEIGHT .....

MEASUREMENTS: Bust ..... Waist ..... Hips .....

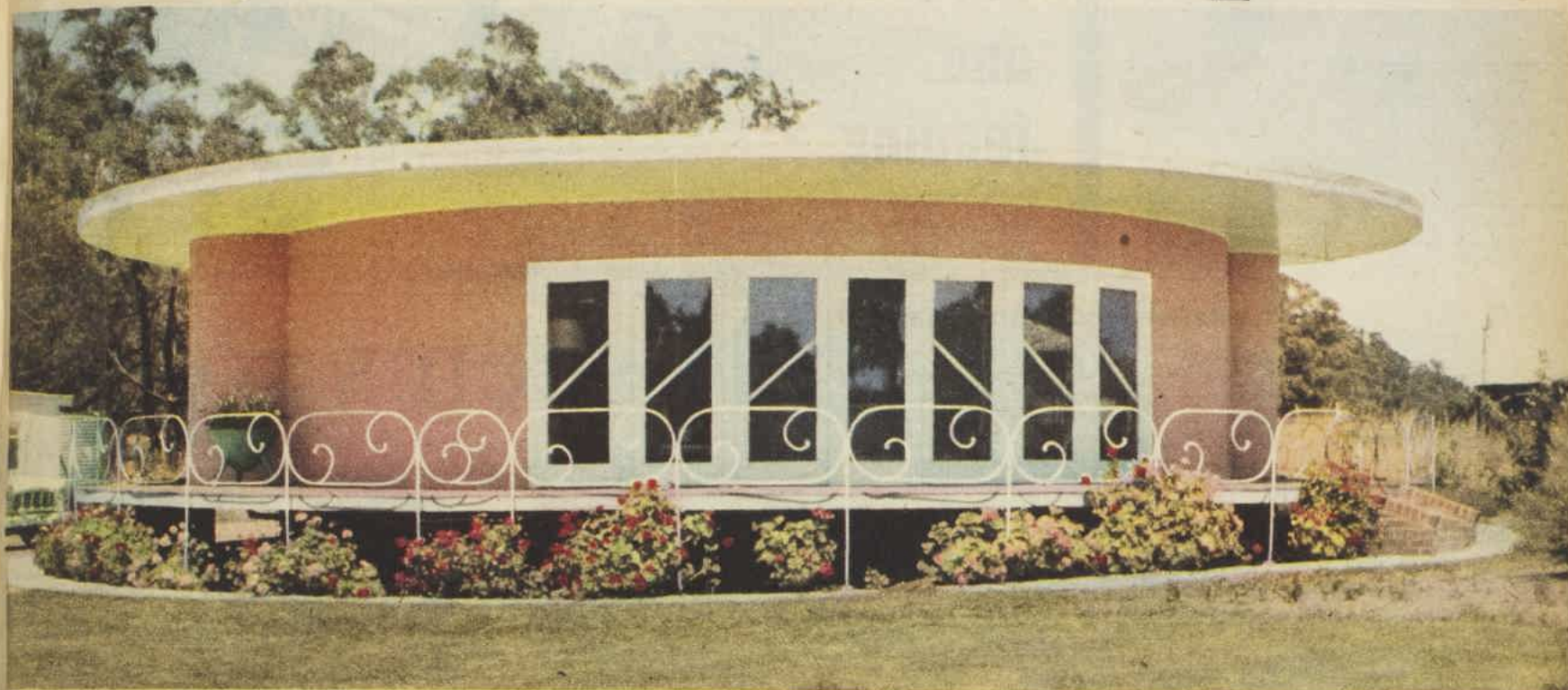
COLOR OF HAIR .....

Note: This coupon must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the quest entrant.

5259



# Round house on a pivot



*Exterior view of the round house at Mt. Barker, W.A., showing the plate-glass windows of the lounge-room and graceful wrought-iron verandah railings.*

## It will turn to catch the sun

**P**RIVATE cars and tourist buses are constantly stopping outside the round house of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Vanderkolk at Mt. Barker, in the heart of grazing and orchard country 224 miles south-west of Perth.

So many have knocked and asked to see through that the Vanderkolks are considering putting up a notice that theirs is a private home.

The house is really circular, 50 feet in diameter, built of steel spans and shaped hardwood around a steel column which acts as a pivot.

It has been built three feet from the ground and set on a brick retaining wall. Building cost was about £3000.

Mr. Vanderkolk, an engineer, plans eventually to install an electrically driven winch that will revolve his house around the pivot to chase the sun through the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderkolk came from Almelo, in eastern Holland, to settle at Mt. Barker in 1950. Mr. Vanderkolk drew up the plans for the round house, based on a plastic model displayed at the Paris Exhibition four years ago.

"All I had was a circle," he said, "and we worked from that."

Inside, it is difficult to tell that the outside is circular.

The central column is concealed by a bookcase and cocktail bar. Partitions mark off the rooms, which include a kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms, and lounge-room. There is even an entrance hall.

The lounge-room has wall-to-wall carpeting in charcoal-grey, and has modern furniture.

These pictures were taken by Mr. Vanderkolk.



*Modern-style cocktail bar and bookcase conceal the central steel column around which the round house has been built.*

**AUSTRALIAN  
HOMES**



## helpful words about



## baby's care and feeding

from Sister Jane Duncan of the Lactogen Nursing Service

### HOT WEATHER AND YOUR BABY

During the hot weather, baby's natural means of keeping cool is the same as the grown-up's—by perspiration. This means that he is losing water he wouldn't be losing in the winter months. Consequently, baby's need for water is greater during the hot weather. If he doesn't drink enough water to replace this loss, constipation quite often results. To avoid this happening during the hot weather, offer baby boiled water between feedings. Two ounces will probably be quite enough. You can soon tell if he wants it. If he doesn't, then don't press him, for baby is the best judge in these matters. Keep a supply of boiled water on hand in a sterilized bottle. Just transfer some as required into a clean feeding bottle, and warm it just as you do the milk formula before offering it to baby.

### WHY DOES BABY CRY?

In his early months, all baby wants to do is to eat, sleep and be comfortable. When he cries, it is usually that something has gone wrong with one of these wants. If a baby wakes crying 2½ to 3 hours after the last feeding, he is most probably hungry. If he cries shortly after a feeding, the cause is apt to be "wind". Or if he is simply thirsty, a drink of pure, boiled water may satisfy him. Baby may be uncomfortable because of a wet nappy, an open safety pin, too much or too little clothing, insect bites or sore buttocks. He may have been lying for too long on one side. It won't be very long before you can distinguish baby's different cries and have a fairly good idea just what is the trouble.



### OVERCOMING FEEDING PROBLEMS

Breast milk is nature's gift to baby and every mother should try to give this ideal food to her infant. Have confidence in your ability to feed your baby naturally. A contented happy state of mind is of great importance; in fact, worry is one of the greatest enemies to successful breast feeding. Very few mothers indeed are really unable to breast feed their babies. Your doctor will tell you if you shouldn't.



If you are artificially feeding your baby, the same confidence and happy state of mind are just as important. Baby can sense if you are nervous and this can make him worry, too. Feeding problems can be caused in this way.

By choosing Lactogen for artificially feeding your baby you have the confidence in knowing it to be a proven formula for generations of Australian babies.

### A BALANCED FEEDING FORMULA

Nestlé's Lactogen is a safe, certain, proved feeding formula that you can prepare in just two minutes. Here's how:

1. Pour the required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into a clean jug.
2. Sprinkle the measured amount of Lactogen on top of the water.
3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

### PROBLEMS AND ADVICE

The trained nurses from our Lactogen Nursing Service will gladly answer any of your queries regarding baby. Just write or phone to the Lactogen Nursing Service listed in your phone book or to the address below.



## LACTOGEN

devoted to child welfare

FREE MOTHER'S BOOK

To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, Sydney Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Lactogen Mother Book.

NAME  
ADDRESS

FATHER



"Who wanted the WELL-done?"

MOTHER



"Mum, could YOU learn my nine-times-table for me?"

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

EVERY girl who ever hung fire on the matrimonial market was pleased to hear of Princess Margaret's engagement.

There was such a bond of sympathy.

Unmarried girls whose 25th birthday has receded have a lot to put up with.

Their relatives and friends are forever making unwelcome comments. Some believe themselves tactful, saying, "I don't know what all the men can be thinking of."

Others—bluff, hearty types—simply ask, "What, not married yet?"

The victim would dearly love to pick up the nearest heavy object (a standard typewriter or an electric iron) and dong these characters on their insensitive skulls.

The most cheerful rejoinder I ever heard to the what-not-married-yet question was from a spinster approaching her 36th birthday.

"No," she said, "but it's like drowning—when you give up the struggle the sensation's marvellous."

Princess Margaret, as the birthdays ticked by, had to endure the condolences of the world instead of a family circle. Every new escort was hailed as a hope, and as each faded the condolences were headlined.

So at last she has shut them all up.

Good luck to her!

JOINING that London controversy about the future of Margaret's husband:

Why is it necessary for him to give up his career?

It is one thing for Prince Philip to have a full-time occupation as the Queen's husband. But Princess Margaret's husband is not so important.

There seems no reason why he should not eventually continue to earn a living at the job he knows—photography.

Indeed, he could make so much money that he would be able to support his wife almost in the style to which she is accustomed.

The Princess could continue to launch battleships and be a patron of charities. Neither need lose any dignity.

FURTHER note on last month's paragraph about writing other people's love-letters:

From Mrs. A. L. Lymath, of Granville, Sydney: "I wrote all my sister's love-letters. She met a lieutenant in the British Navy in London and asked me to write for her."

"When I went on my seaside holidays she sent me a batch of colored, scented paper to keep up the supply. My aunt was cross and said it must stop. But I continued writing up to the wedding day."

"After the reception was over, my brother-in-law, who had found out, gave me a long lecture."

I FELT a stab of sympathy the other day on hearing that bridge was coming back into fashion among the post-teen group.

I grew up at a time when it was wildly popular. The thought of it still makes me shudder.

There are always enthusiastic card players, cradle-to-grave jobs, and these keep the game alive in between the fashionable periods.

But when you are both unenthusiastic and dopy about the horrors of being asked to a bridge party are intense.

When you get older, there is no problem. You simply say you hate cards and stay home. Or the hostess says, "We won't ask her. She makes such stupid mistakes."

At the time when I was asked to bridge parties, staying home would have meant cutting oneself off from social life. Boys who were quite nice actually liked the game.

Foolishly, I used to think that pretending an interest in it was a good idea. Actually the masquerade was ruinous.

It is all right to pretend an interest in something which requires no positive action. For instance, if a girl says she adores football, a man doesn't expect her to play it. He can take her to a match, and if she keeps her mouth shut she can maintain the pretence.

My advice re bridge is: Either learn the game properly or keep out of it.

SPEAKING at the International Congress of Scientific Management in Sydney, an American businessman forecast a typewriter which would transcribe directly from dictation. It could correct grammar and spelling.

I don't know that I would care for a typewriter with views on grammar.

If one disagreed with it one might take to it with a hammer.

Suppose one decided the thing had perpetrated a howler—

It would be no use ear-bashing it with an extract from Fowler.

And a businessman would find life awfully lonely

At the mercy of a machine which kept altering the placing of "only."

And if he wanted to write to an old pal, how he'd fume

To find his chatty note cluttered up with "for which" and "to whom."

Sometimes he and his kind would be reduced to desolate tears,

Saying, "Ah, when a woman's place was in the office, those were the years."



**If you need a baby-sitter, a Turkish bath, an artificial suntan, Spanish food, a doctor, vodka and venison, or ham and eggs at 3 a.m. . . .**

**Or if you want to book for a theatre, hire a speedboat, phone Paris, dictate 20 letters, eat bouillabaisse, swim, have a tooth out . . .**

# HOTEL WITH ANYTHING, ANY TIME

● "Anything at any time" will be the service slogan of Sydney's £5,000,000, 36-storey Chevron Hotel, now rising from its two-and-a-half-acre block in Macleay Street, Potts Point.

**T**HE aim of the hotel's general manager, John Smith, is that the patrons will be able to get any service they desire at any hour of the day or night.

"For much too long most Australian hotels have been pubs with bedrooms," he says, "but I intend to introduce a new concept, revolutionary to Australia, of what a good hotel should be."

"The Chevron will not be a luxury hotel because nobody except a few millionaires can afford that kind of service today, but it will be a first-class hotel on international standards."

Mr. Smith's Swiss forebears have been hotel-keepers for 400 years. He is a Bachelor of Economics from the University of Vienna, he speaks six languages, he trained originally at the International Hotel School at Lausanne, and he has worked in some of the world's best hotels.

So he should know something about managing a hotel—a job similar in many ways to running a small city or commanding an aircraft-carrier.

Chevron, on the site of the old Cairo and Ashlar private hotels, a block of flats, a private home, three shops, and a 13-unit terrace, is bounded by Macleay, Manning, and Tusculum Streets and Rockwall Crescent.

It is building in two match-box sections in steel, aluminium, and glass set back from the pavement line.

The first, fronting Macleay Street, will be 15 storeys (164 feet high), and will be opened early in May.

The second, facing Manning Street, will be 36 storeys (410 feet high), but this highest building in Australia will not be finished until December, 1961.

## 1000 rooms

The completed air-conditioned hotel will have 1000 bedrooms, each with its full-length bath and shower and wall-projecting lavatory, and its own telephone, radio, and TV fitting. It will also have a sound-system so that a guest can tune in to any of the bands or entertainment in the hotel.

And the cost of a room—about £4/10/- single a day.

The 250 bedrooms in the smaller building won't have separate north- or south-facing balconies like the 750 bedrooms in the main building, but they will have floor-level windows and elongated black boxes outside by which guests can control the flow of fresh air.

By  
**RONALD McKIE,**  
staff reporter

These ventilating boxes are part of the exterior decoration, but on the main building gold panels, floodlit at night, will help break the monotony of the huge glass wall.

In the smaller section, the ground floor—mostly shops—and the mezzanine and first floor will extend beyond the building line into a wide courtyard faced with gardens and containing two swimming-pools, one for children, and a covered terminal for airline buses.

Below the courtyard will be five parking floors to hold 500, and later 700, cars.

Escalators will link the underground car park and bus terminal with these floors.

## Dine, dance

At ground level, too, will be a stand-up and sit-down public bar, the Quarter Deck, with food available, a small Club Bar, and two bottle departments, one a covered drive-in on the corner of Macleay St. and Rockwall Crescent.

A feature of the mezzanine will be the Golden Grill, a "family restaurant" with band, dance-floor, and popular prices, and an entertainment lounge for cabaret shows.

The main dining-room, on the first floor, will sit 600 and will have a stage and dance-floor, and cabaret every evening.

Above it will be two private dining-rooms and a reception-room for balls or conventions big enough to sit 1000 people or to be subdivided into three or four smaller meeting rooms.

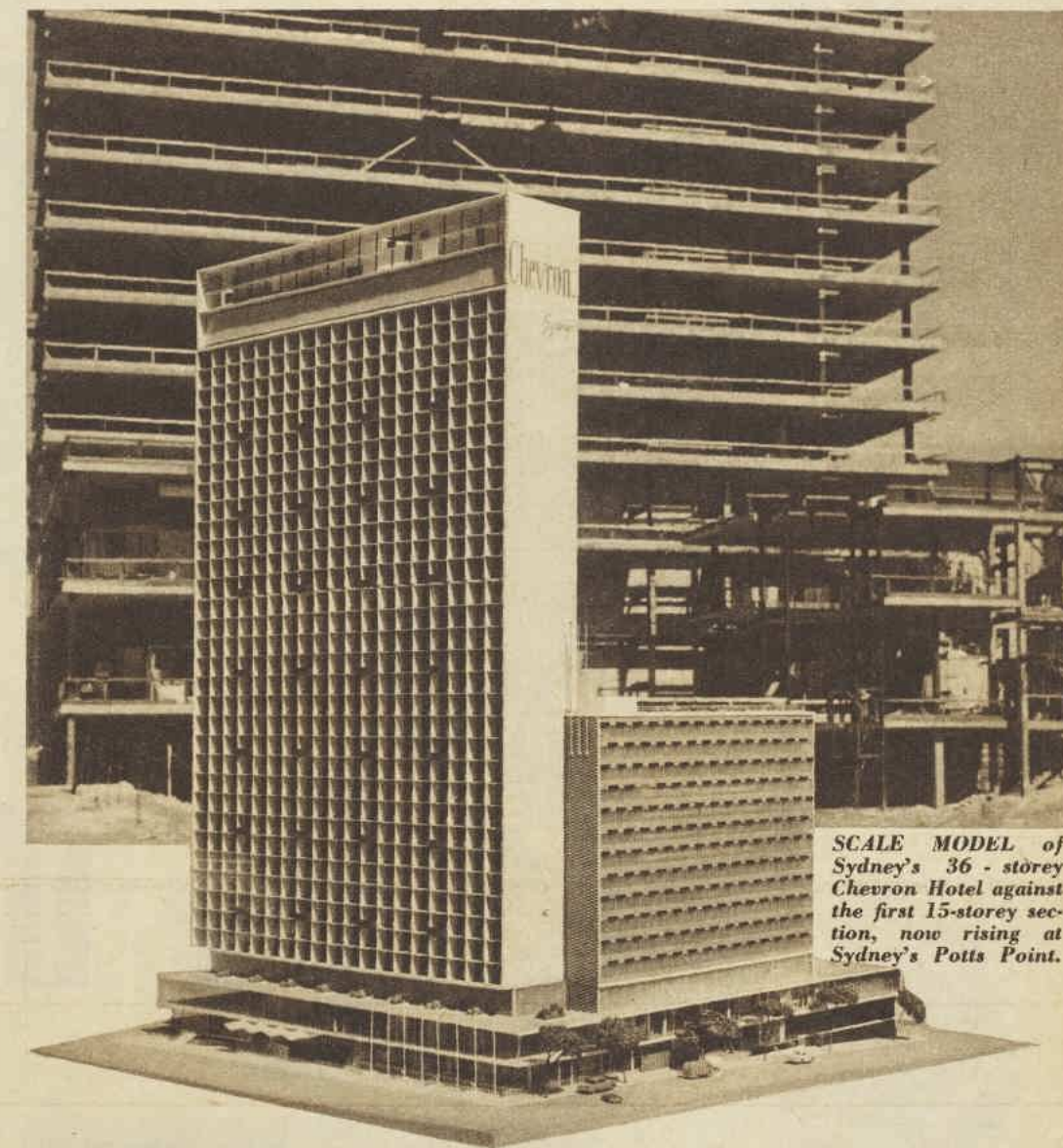
This reception-room, to be ready for any international conference, will be electrically fitted, like the United Nations Building in New York, for a translation service.

The third floor will contain barbering and beauty salons, massage rooms, solarium, gymnasium, and Turkish baths.

In these lower floors will also be the hotel offices, the consulting rooms of the resident doctor, dentist, and nurse, rooms available for professional people, and special cubicles for the hotel's secretarial service for guests.

Among the 250 bedrooms in the smaller building, which will be topped by a roof garden, will be suites of two bedrooms, two bathrooms, sitting-room and dining-room, and a small kitchen.

The 750-bedroom main building—it will also have V.I.P. suites—will have many



**SCALE MODEL** of Sydney's 36-storey Chevron Hotel against the first 15-storey section, now rising at Sydney's Potts Point.

special features. These range from a decorative cascade of water in the foyer to a big Skyline Restaurant—like the "Top of the Mark" in San Francisco—400 feet above street level, and a proposed heliport on top of that.

But the four international dining-rooms will be something new to Sydney. The Mediterranean Room will serve food only from that area—Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, Turkish; The Nordic Room—only Scandinavian food. The South American—Brazilian, Argentinian, and, despite geography, Mexican. The Eastern Room, which really should be called the Northern-Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese.

A fifth room will be a Jewish dining-room connected with a reception-room for Jewish weddings and gatherings.

Chevron will use the very

latest in equipment and furnishings.

The building will have 17 high-speed lifts and 1500 telephones handled by seven operators.

## Electric-eyes

The kitchen, packed with automatic gadgets, will cost £100,000. All scraps will be deep-frozen for pig feed and sent away, from an underground loading platform 150 feet long, in solid blocks. All other waste will be mashed and pulped.

Throughout the hotel all service doors will be fitted with electric-eyes so that they will open automatically.

The laundry, which will be one of Sydney's biggest, will be able to handle 12,000 pieces or about seven tons a day. The hotel will also have its own bakery and butchery, and its

ice plant will produce up to three tons a day.

The curtains, designed and made exclusively for the hotel, will cost at least £20,000, and between 80,000 and 100,000 square yards of carpet will be needed.

Three hundred yards of hand-made Thai silk will go to make the curtains in the V.I.P. suites, and other curtain material, hand-woven in Australia, will be treated with fire- and heat-resistant aluminium.

The first section of the hotel, when it opens in May, will have a staff of 350, some of them imported from Europe, but when the second section is ready in December, 1961, a staff of 800 will be needed.

So that wages alone, when the hotel is complete, will be about £18,000 a week.

An intriguing thing about

the Chevron is that, for the first time in Australia, all people directly concerned with its construction work together on the site.

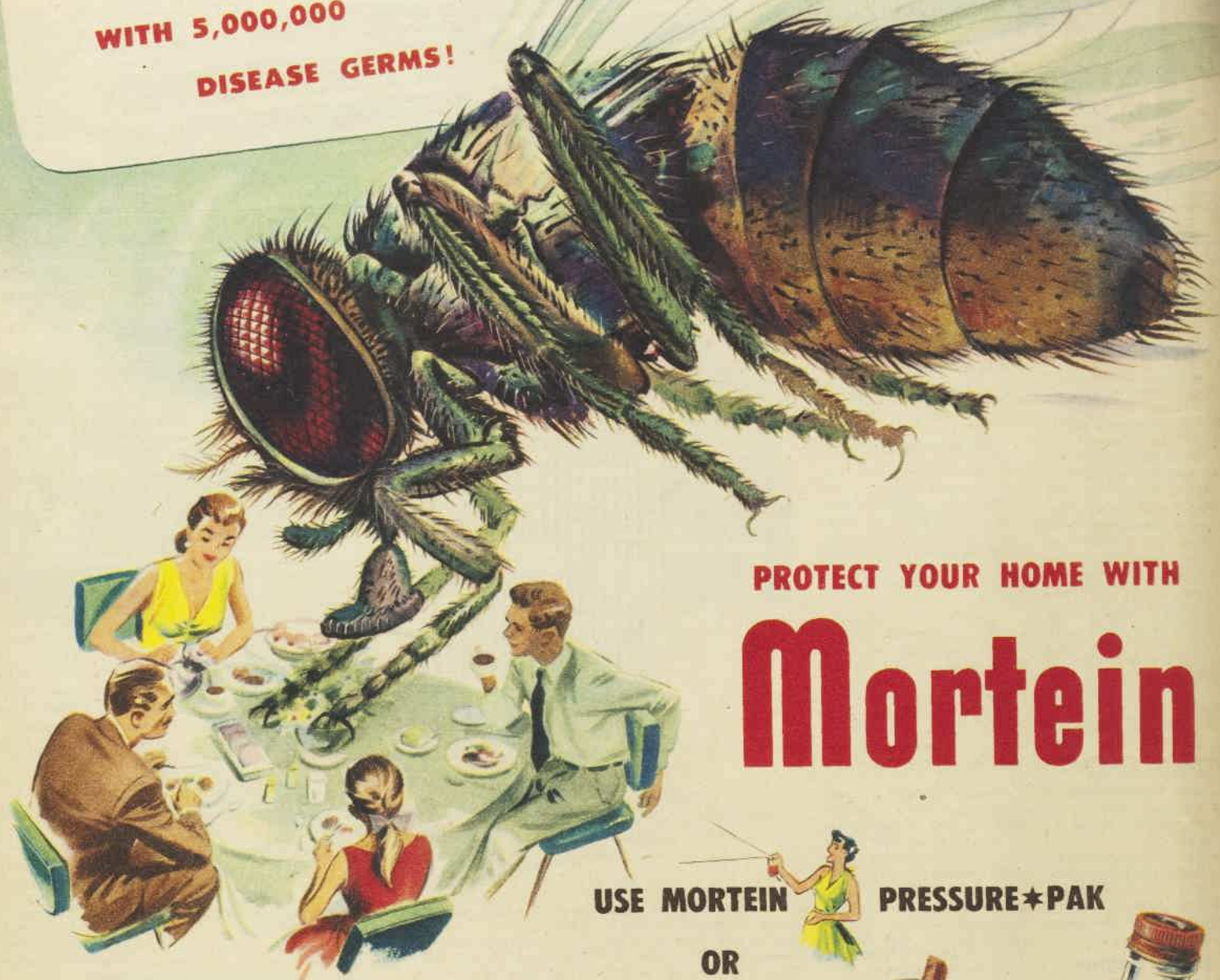
There they will plan everything from the shape of the doorknobs and the disposal of garbage to the design of curtains and the color schemes of bedrooms.

The Executive Director of Chevron Sydney Ltd. (Air-Marshall Sir John McCauley), the General Manager (Mr. Smith), the architect (Ronald Crone and Associates), and Mr. Don Hutchinson, General Manager of John Booker Ltd., the builders, all have their offices and workrooms in what was once Rockwall Private Hotel and only a long jump from where the new pub that will be so much more than a pub, with bedrooms is rapidly rising.



# The Fly who came to Dinner...

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*This fly is no V.I. Fly. He is any common fly. He could be in your home right now—dumping his overload of germs on baby's fingers, tea-towels, even upon your food: regurgitating consumed filth on table utensils, or rubbing bits of putrefaction from his sticky, hairy, germ-infested legs on anything at all.*

That is the risk you take with every fly that comes into your home. Each fly could leave any of the 5,000,000 disease germs he carries. He could bring diseases such as typhoid, infantile diarrhoea, dysentery, poliomyelitis or infectious hepatitis into your home.

So, be warned! Make sure you kill *all* flies the moment they appear. Use only Mortein. You can't — and mustn't — depend on watered down imitations. Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray. It is the safest of all to use — and certainly the most economical. Spray it regularly in every room.

**MORTEIN KILLS ALL FLIES & INSECT PESTS SURELY, SWIFTLY**

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING ... **STICK TO IT!**





# The diamond ring came on winged feet



CHAMPION PACER Caduceus affectionately nuzzles Indian Prince, his pony companion, at Mr. Sam Aggett's stables, at Glebe, Sydney, where Caduceus stays when in Australia.

By JO WILLIAMS, staff reporter

● Caduceus, the pacer that has raced his way to fame and fortune, has just bought a diamond engagement ring — for the champion's part-owner, Mr. Denis Moore, to give his wife after 14 years of marriage.

DENIS and Frances Moore married in America after knowing each other 24 days. Then it was a case of a simple gold wedding band.

In New Zealand they built up a business selling babies' prams, then went poultry farming. They had three sons. There wasn't much time to worry about an engagement ring.

Now Caduceus is Australasia's richest horse in training. He has won his owner-brothers, Denis and Dudley Moore, £68,204/10/- — £11,500 of it in less than four minutes.

And Denis said, "I've decided to buy my wife an engagement ring."

"I'd like a huge rock," she said.

She got one. How does a horse turn into a diamond mine?

"Luck. Just luck," say the Moores. "And Caduceus!"

The two brothers bought Caduceus' mother, Little Ada,

mated her with the famous American pacer U Scott. And nine years ago, at Southward Downs near Invercargill in New Zealand's South Island, the little champion was born.

From the beginning he showed he was no ordinary horse. Year after year his winnings mounted as he went on pacing round and round, faster and faster.

He toppled old records, amassed cups and titles. He's the world record holder for a mile-and-a-half, a mile-and-a-quarter, 13 furlongs, holds the Australian title for a mile.

Caduceus paces his merry-go-round mile in 1 minute 57½ seconds — less than half the time it takes Herb Elliott.

## Rich win

This year at Sydney's Harold Park Raceway he won his richest purse so far — £11,500 and a £500 gold cup — with his victory in the Inter-Dominion Pacing Championship.

It was his sixth try. He was nine-and-a-half years old, when lots of horses, especially

stallions, are thinking of retiring.

More than 50,000 people watched his dashing win, thousands more listened to it.

The television cameras caught him. He was already a public idol, a glamor horse. Now he had won the fame he deserved.

When sportsmen totted up his winnings they found his £68,204/10/- made him the biggest Australasian equine money-spinner of his time. It was £2000 past mighty Tulloch's earnings, only £3000 behind the galloper Rederaze's record for stakes won in New Zealand and Australia.

What does he look like, this fabulous horse?

He looks what he is — a good, strong, sensible fellow.

Don't expect him to whinny for a lump of sugar or shake hands with you.

Nothing like that. He's more likely to yawn in your face — when his head isn't tucked into his feed box.

Caduceus has no parlor tricks.

The Moores attribute a great deal of his success to his sensible upbringing by New Zealand trainer Jack Litten. He's never been spoiled or pampered. "That," says Denis Moore, "is the quickest way to ruin a horse."

He's small for a champion. But what he lacks in size he makes up in muscle and bone. He's a dark bay — what horse people call "a good hard color" — with a touch of white on his forehead and hind feet.

Success hasn't turned his head a scrap, though, according to Mrs. Moore, he is a bit of a ham. When the flash-bulbs pop and the crowds cheer him he "does all but say cheese."

"He's a thorough gentleman," says Sydney trainer Mr. Sam Aggett. Caduceus has boarded at Mr. Aggett's Glebe stables on all of his five visits to Australia.

Wherever he is, Caduceus just goes on eating — "a typical Moore," says Frances, thinking of the five meals a day she serves at home on the farm. Eating, sleeping, working.

He has trotted, cantered, galloped, paced, literally hundreds of miles.

He has travelled thousands more, back and forth across the Tasman, all over New Zealand, in most Australian States.

Next it will be America, at New York's Yonkers Raceway, as an honored guest from Australasia.

## Off to U.S.

Then Caduceus will be pacing for millionaire-style purses in international events. He'll meet the best pacers in the world. Victory in any one of his three races will earn him more than £20,000.

He will fly to America from Sydney on April 26. Meantime he is to have a month's holiday in New Zealand after a boat trip home with the Denis Moores as chaperons.

The hardy little champion was named by Mrs. Dudley Moore. In mythology the Caduceus is a wand carried by Mercury, messenger of the gods with the winged feet.

His Australian fans call him "mighty midget" and "wonder horse." But mostly he's just plain "Charley."

What does he get out of it all, besides a comfortable home, expert care, and three very square meals a day?

Carrots.



MR. and MRS. DENIS MOORE and Caduceus aboard the Monowai on their way home to New Zealand after the pacer's Australian triumph. The Denis Moores live near Templeton, outside Christchurch, the Dudley Moores on the next-door farm.



**BETTY KEEF  
PRESENTS:**

# Paris autumn suit news

**DIOR . . .**

**VARIETY** in shape dominates the suit silhouette at Maison Dior. At this house you will see a single- and double-breasted version of the cropped jacket—with not a belt in sight. Skirts catch the eyes. They can be slim, puffed, or pleated—but none are skimpy.



**OLIVE - GREEN** and beige check wool suit (above) has a waist-length tailored jacket and all-around pleated skirt.

(9)

**SUIT** (left) is easy-waisted in airforce - blue wool. The cravat and hat are in the same fabric as suit.

(10)

**CARAMEL** beige wool suit (right) is worn with a large matching stole luxuriously lined with dark brown mink.

Page 16



**SMOOTH WOOL** suit in scarlet and black (above) is designed with a double-breasted cropped-off jacket and a tunic-type skirt. The skirt "puffs" softly above a short hobble hemline.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 16, 1950





**RICCI'S DESIGNER**, Francois Crahay, who launched the bush jacket last season, now cuts it short. The one above is made in effective silky face cloth.



**BLACK-AND-WHITE** houndstooth wool suit (left) has a hip-length collarless jacket cinched in by a wide self-material belt. Noteworthy are the ultra-deep armholes reaching to belt level.



**VIVID BLUE SUIT** (above) demonstrates the new curved shoulderline introduced in the Ricci autumn collection. Additional news is the wool and mohair smooth-textured fabric.

### RICCI . . .

**C**ONCLUSIVELY Ricci is the suit with a jacket widely and firmly belted. Add dramatic arched shoulders, big sleeves, a collarless neckline, and a narrow hippy skirt and you have the suit silhouette from this house. Skirtlines just cover the knee.





*Scented with rare, costly French perfumes*

*... rich with beauty-giving creams*



## *lavish, luxurious* **Cashmere Bouquet**

*the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world*

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love ...  
**PINK • SKY BLUE  
PRIMROSE • WHITE**



*Kept fresh and fragrant  
in gleaming foil*



*So lavish,*

*luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*

Continued from previous page

## THE FURRED SUIT

● The suit with a fur trim is a major fashion in autumn-winter collections.



### **ROUFF . . .**

**T**HE drama of long-haired fur on tweed is a new and well-accepted fashion in the Maggy Rouff winter suit collection. The slender suit (left) illustrates this trend. The material is brown-and-black wool tweed; the collar and cuffs, red fox.

### **LANVIN . . .**

**L**ANVIN'S designer, Castillo, shows the true virtue of elegance in the mink-trimmed black cloth afternoon suit (right). The suit shows typical Lanvin tailoring with its easy-fitted longer jacket designed to balance a new longer-length skirtline.



### **HEIM . . .**

**D**ESIGNER Pomarède at the house of Heim glorifies numbers of slim semi-fitted suits with an ultra-large fur collar. The suit (left), with its chin-high collar in golden-glory fox, has the stamp of the new tailoring in this fashion house.





**SMOOTH - FACE**  
beige wool  
superbly tailored  
suit (left) has a  
double - breasted  
jacket and slim  
skirt. The suit is  
worn with a  
flower - printed  
pure silk blouse.

**CARDIN** cuts a  
long tunic - type  
jacket and slim  
skirt in fiery red  
wool (right).  
The jacket is  
demi - fitted and  
has a wide  
spreading collar.



### CARDIN . . .

**T**UNIC-LIKE, knuckle length, and slightly shorter jackets, with slim easy skirts, form the nucleus of the suit silhouette at Pierre Cardin. Jackets are demi-fitted and belts "sit" below normal waist level. Plaids and fiery colors are highlighted at this house.



**PURPLE** and dark beetroot tweed is the material choice for the Cardin-designed suit (left). A narrow self-material belt is tied casually below the waistline. The forward-worn velvet hat is typical Cardin.





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in summer heat. Wear it to enchant your happiest  
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*Lavender Perfume, Lavender Talcum Powder  
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**YARDLEY** Lavender



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By RICHARD GORDON

# DOCTOR & SON

IN the course of his medical duties DR. SIMON SPARROW had attended the birth of many babies, but now for the first time he is facing the problems of expectant fatherhood himself. NIKKI, his pretty wife, an ex-doctor herself, has decided to have the baby at home, attended by her old colleague and friend DR. ANN PARTRIDGE.

Throughout their preparations GASTON GRIMSDYKE, Simon's bachelor friend, keeps dropping in on them between his many changes of jobs and his many romantic kermishes. But suddenly he announces that he is getting married and goes off to find the right girl.

Simon has rented a bigger house from MAJOR MARSTON, whose wife has left him. But DIANE MARSTON practically throws them out while SIR LANCELOT SPRATT is visiting them. He had been discussing a settlement for their future child, but storms off in a rage to settle himself indefinitely as an uninvited guest with MR. CAMBRIDGE, a consultant at St. Swithin's, where Sir Lancelot had been a leading surgeon before his recent retirement. Simon is a little dismayed when Mr. Cambridge tells him Sir Lancelot wants to see him. NOW READ ON:

THE clinic was a short one that afternoon. Afterwards Mr. Cambridge hurried off to Harley Street to see those patients who had saved enough from their surtax to add to his own, while I telephoned Nikki before idling an hour or so in the medical school library and driving north to the Cambridge household in Finchley.

Mr. Cambridge had the misfortune of being Sir Lancelot's particular professional protégé. In the days when my godfather was the red-bearded Mr. Spratt, with a reputation already sweeping the corridors clean of students on his operating afternoons through the twin excellence of his professional instruction and his highly unprofessional anecdotes, he had spotted young Cambridge's surgical potentialities and secretly determined to train the lad himself.

Mr. Cambridge was personally planning to take his new degrees back to the bloodless peace of the University, to smoke donnish days away watching successive crops of geraniums and undergraduates mature in the college court, but the afternoon the examination results appeared Sir Lancelot had stopped him on the steps of the medical school.

"So you won the gold medal in surgery, eh, Cambridge?" He added abruptly. "Don't

look so modest about it, boy. I only just managed it myself. What now?"

"I've put in for a fellowship at Trinity, sir," Mr. Cambridge told him nervously.

"Then withdraw it."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir?"

"You heard what I said. You'd be no earthly good at research, you can take it from me. And if I didn't know my students' minds better than they do themselves I wouldn't even teach needlework."

"Then what shall I do instead, sir?" cried Mr. Cambridge in despair.

"Apply for my house surgeon's post. You may think it over and telephone me this evening. Not between eight and nine or you'll spoil me dinner."

This invitation surprised Mr. Cambridge greatly, particularly as Sir Lancelot had that morning hurled a blood-soaked swab at his head with the remark that he was "about as much use as a crate of corkscrews to the Band of Hope."

Sir Lancelot told Mr. Cambridge every day for the next year that he was the worst house-surgeon he had ever suffered, then he promoted him and told him every day for the next ten that he was the worst registrar he'd ever suffered, too.

It was the only way he knew to toughen

such a mild personality for the terrible self-criticism that runs among the successes and failures of a surgical career; but it left his pupil feeling ever after in his presence like many other middle-aged Englishmen when confronted with their old headmasters.

I could see nothing of Sir Lancelot's Rolls as I now drew up at Mr. Cambridge's gate, but his own Bentley was already standing outside.

"Your godfather rang," announced Mr. Cambridge, opening the front door himself. "He's delayed. Perhaps you'd care for a glass of sherry in the meantime?"

As I made my way in I noticed a steamer trunk in the hall.

"Just arrived from Hereford," explained Mr. Cambridge quietly.

"I wonder what's holding Sir Lancelot up?" I asked. "He's usually very punctual for appointments."

"It's a committee meeting—the International Fraternity of Surgeons."

"But he resigned from that!"

Mr. Cambridge nodded. "When he retired he resigned from everything—from the hospital rugby club to the Pantheon. Now he's written to all the secretaries withdrawing it, and no one seems inclined to disagree with him."

To page 44

"The Countess Suschika," Grimsdyke said, as he proudly presented the tall blonde to Nikki and Simon.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD





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ONS





# THE GIRL IN THE WINDOW

She was his dream come true . . . a story by **ROBERT FONTAINE**

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN

**I**LL never forget that summer if I live to be forty. I was seventeen then, and looking back on it from the viewpoint of maturity (I am nineteen now), I can see where I acted like a child. That it did not come out worse is remarkable.

Seventeen is a sort of in-between age, anyway. A fellow is not yet the man he is at nineteen. On the other hand, he is no longer a child.

To complicate matters, I was a dreamer in those far-off days, as well as a poet. Oh, don't get me wrong. I played halfback in high school and I was pretty good at basketball. But I did dream and I did secretly write poetry.

I dreamed a good deal about girls. One day my father asked me, "What are you dreaming about all the time?"

I said, "Girls."

"How?" he asked. "In a respectful manner, I hope."

"I dream they are goddesses, filled with tenderness. I worship them."

"Don't overdo it," my father said.

Actually I dreamed of one girl whom I called Helen. We fellows at school had been talking once and we had figured out what the perfect girl would look like. She had to have light hair; a nice complexion; a wide, generous mouth; a big smile; sparkling eyes; and a soft voice.

I adopted her for my own use, called her Helen, and dreamed about her. None of the girls in school were anything like her.

That summer I went to work in a department store. I was the office boy to the window-dresser, whose office was on the top floor under a skylight. His name was Firbank Monet, he insisted. He always had a bottle of wine in his desk. He wore a beret and a beard and corduroy trousers tied up with a piece of rope.

His office and warehouse was an astonishing place. It was filled with cardboard oceans and papier-mache trees, paper daffodils, and great red tropical blossoms made out of velvet.

Stretched out everywhere were mannequins. Some were whole, others had arms missing or torsos missing. You could change them around. If you liked one's face you could put the face on a different torso and then pick out the legs you wanted.

There were also different-colored wigs you could put on their heads. If you got tired of a girl with red hair you could put green hair on her.

I put one together along the lines we fellows had talked about and I called her Helen. I told Monet she was sixteen years old and had been transformed into a mannequin by witches.

Now I had not only a dream Helen, I also had a fairly good representation of her. The mannequin Helen became very real to me. I sat her in a beach-chair in a bathing-suit under a palm tree by a cardboard sea, scarlet flowers by her side.

At first I would just look at Helen and smile and wish she were real. After a time, I would think out conversations. She would say this and I would say that.

Eventually I spoke out loud to her. Oh, it was just for practice, the way my father roams around the house addressing invisible swarms of fellow aldermen.

"Helen," I said once, "you're so lovely, so gracious, so gentle, and so beautiful that I will never understand by what stroke of fortune Heaven sent you to me."

Another time I said, "Helen, I shall love you forever. Until the mountains melt and the stars fall and day becomes night. You are what I have dreamed of all my life. I adore you. Promise you will never leave me."

I repeat, this was just a sort of rehearsal. I mean I was much too shy to say things like that to a real girl, even if I had known one to whom I wanted to say them. The most I could have said to a real girl was, "Gee, you're cute," or something like that.

One day Mr. Struddlehammer, the owner of the store and a fine fellow if you didn't have to work for him, came blundering into Monet's storeroom, studio, and office, and I was stretched out on the real sand smiling up at Helen, who was sitting in the beach-chair beside the cardboard sea. I was telling her we would see the whole world together and find true love in every clime.

Mr. Struddlehammer, who wore tennis shoes exclusively, had crept up on me and listened to me for a few moments. When he spoke I jumped up. He said, "Are you crazy?"

I said, "No, sir."

"Then what are you talking to a dummy for?"

I blushed. "I'm practising for a play. A love story in one act. I—she—you see—It's about a fellow and a girl."

"It usually is," Mr. Struddlehammer said.

"It's cosier that way," I observed, laughing shrilly.

Mr. Struddlehammer frowned. "Take these props and put them down in the front window. We got a fashion show going Thursday. Monet is off somewhere having spots in front of his eyes, so I have to trust you. Make a nice set. I'll give you a diagram. You don't look stupid."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "That's a compliment, coming from you."

I had watched Monet fix windows and it was no trouble at all for me. Of course, I had to leave Helen upstairs. I put her in an old-fashioned swing and brought the other props downstairs.

Then I had an idea the old-fashioned swing, the kind that goes back and forth and has two seats on it, would be nice, too. So I dragged that down.

Mr. Struddlehammer came and looked at the window. "It's not bad," he said. "Can you make show-cards?"

"No, sir."

"All right. Have Charbis, on the second floor, make you cards like this: 'Fashion Show. Live! Noon Thursday.' And so on. Here are the slips."

I gave the slips to Charbis and forgot the whole thing. That was Tuesday of that fateful summer. That night I met the girl of my dreams. She was everything my fellows had said she should be. She looked exactly like Helen the mannequin, except she was alive.

I met her in Nagle's drugstore at seventeen minutes past seven. The temperature was 78 and the humidity was 50 per cent., which was very comfortable. I was not.

*Bob tried to attract Helen's attention as she swung back and forth, smiling happily.*

Even to this day (and I am almost twenty), I have never figured out why a fellow can talk his head off to other fellows and to his parents and even to women of advanced age like teachers, but when he is confronted with the one girl in the known universe with whom he is instantly in love, he is practically struck dumb. Philosophers, they tell me, have been brooding about this for centuries.

There was this "Helen," sitting at the counter drinking a soda, and there was I, red in the neck, beside her, dawdling over a cherry phosphate and I couldn't say a word.

Finally she said, "Are you Bob Gorham?"

I was so stunned I just sat there with a grin on my face, sort of in a trance. This girl went on, "Well, don't you know?"

"I'd like a few minutes to think it over," I said. I meant it.

She thought I was clowning and she laughed like little bells. "You're droll," she said. "I've heard about you. I'm James Mackawash's niece. I live on the other side of town. I go to McGuffy's school for girls. Our house burned down and we're staying with the Mackawashes."

"I saw you throwing a baseball around in the little park in front of our house. I asked who the nice boy was. Mr. Mackawash, my uncle, said it was Bob Gorham. He said you were sort of sappy. I defended you."

This was all too much for me. I stared into her clear blue eyes and sort of whispered, "Was it a big fire?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "Hot, too."

"Lots of smoke, I bet," I said doggedly.

"You're really droll," the doll said, "but I like you. My name is Helen Hooper."

I knew her name couldn't be anything but Helen. I nodded. I wanted to say, "Oh, most beautiful of women on this earth, thy name is well known to me as Helen, for I have consorted with thee on the heights of Athenian mountains and whispered of love to you in Arcadian groves."

I said, "Gee!"

She nodded her head as if she felt sorry for me, and as she got up to leave she gave me such a smile I knocked my drink over and spilled it.

The next day it was all over the area that a beautiful, private-school girl with a dream figure, who could have been a New York model if she wanted to, was staying around Cherryvale Park.

I rode by her house on my bicycle the next night and there were seven guys sitting on the porch steps. The panic was on and I felt lost.

How I longed to say to her outright, "Helen, I have known you for centuries. In every incarnation I have loved you with all my soul. We belong to each other. Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

About eleven that night I was feverish. I said to my mother, "Mother, we are all out of dried apricots, and I happen to know Mrs. Mackawash, down the street, a member of the Faith Church guild group that you belong to, is full of apricots because I saw her coming from Snyder's market with two boxes of them. I just have a crazy yen for some apricots."

"They'll be in bed."

"Apricots don't go to bed very early," I insisted, confused.

My mother looked right into my eyes. "You're not getting enough sleep."

"My blood is tired," I countered. "Apricots are full of rich, red iron."

"It couldn't be anything about that new girl over there?" my mother asked with a twinkle in her eye. "I doubt it," I said nervously.

The Mackawashes were still up, and Mrs. M. did not seem a bit surprised when I asked her for a cupful of dried apricots. All she said was, "My, you've grown since I saw you two years ago."

She introduced me to Helen, who was stretched out on the floor with a portable phonograph playing Dave Brubeck.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she said.

I nodded. I was tongue-tied. Oh, the lyrics in my

To page 66



An amusing story  
BY STEVE  
McNEIL

# MARRY THE

**J**IMMY McGovern peered at his mother and shook his head. At fifty-one, she was still sleek, still lovely. Her eyes were grey, her hair was nearly white, and she had a throaty, bronchial voice. She always knew what she wanted and usually got it.

"You just don't understand these things, Jimmy," she said. "You've been in the Air Force. You're out of touch."

"Look," he said, "I don't like this indirection. Why don't I just go up to Portland and ask the guy for a job?"

"Because," she said.

Jimmy groaned. "That's a great reason. Care to elaborate on it?"

"Because that isn't the way it's done. Because I want you to meet his daughter socially. The next thing you know, you'll be playing golf with him. Before long, he'll be asking you to go to work for him instead of the other way around. Tom Foley isn't giving ten-thousand-a-year jobs to any man who walks in."

"For crying out loud. I worked for him summers. I worked on the green chain, I drove a lift truck, I patched plywood, I—"

"All of which proves that you know enough about lumber and plywood to sell it. But don't think he remembers you."

"O.K., so he doesn't. Still—"

"Besides, Jill Foley is a beautiful girl. You could do worse."

Jimmy's eyes widened. "Are you suggesting that I marry this doll to get a job?"

"I'm suggesting nothing of the kind. But men do marry the girls they meet."

"That's so obvious it's a wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"Most of the men Jill meets are playboys. You might be a new experience for her."

"O.K., I get it. I'm the gruesome ex-airplane driver. And sometimes I wish—"

"I know, dear, but it's better to quit than to be displaced by a push button one of these days."

"That's all you know about it," Jimmy yelped. "It'll be a long time before—"

"Now don't get excited," Jimmy's mother glanced at her watch. "You'd better start thinking about a shower and getting dressed. Wear your grey flannels, moccasins, that black knitted tie, and your new cashmere jacket."

"Yes, ma'am. What about socks and underwear?"

"Never mind. You'll thank me one of these days."

"For what?"

"For introducing you to Jill Foley."

Jimmy went upstairs, mumbling to himself. He peeled out of his old clothes, walked into the shower, tipped his head up and got wet. He soaped himself as he sang Embraceable You. He decided that Crosby had never sung the song any better. He rinsed off the soap, and reached for a bath towel. He tried Love Me or Leave Me.

The door opened and his father stuck his head in. When he saw his son he sighed heavily.

"That's a relief," he said. "I thought for a moment we had air in the pipes again."

*Jill combed her hair as Jimmy contentedly smoked a cigarette. "What about a swim?" he said.*



# BOSS' DAUGHTER

"Jealousy; that's all it is, jealousy. Just because you can't sing in tune you fail to appreciate one of the really superb voices of the century."

David McGovern grinned. "That's what I like — supreme modesty."

Jimmy walked out into the bedroom. He picked up a clean pair of shorts out of his drawer and got into them. "You know, of course," he said, "that your dear wife and my dear mother is giving a cocktail party at five-thirty?"

"I know."

"And you know, of course, the reason for said cocktail party?"

"U'm-m-m."

"Then why don't you put your foot down!" Jimmy screamed. "What are you—a man or—"

David held up his hand. "James, my boy, you know women."

"Me?"

"They would not dream of walking directly from Point A to Point Z. That can be done by any fool man."

Jimmy found a T shirt and climbed into it. He looked at his father.

"Women would much rather zigzag. Point A to B—B to C. And so on. The trip will be interminable and sometimes frustrating, but she'll have a wonderful time along the way. Do I make my point clear?"

Jimmy got a clean shirt out of the drawer and

started putting in cuff links. "If you mean that she would rather see me marry the boss' daughter in order to get a job than to ask the boss for a job, you have made your point clear."

"I have made my point clear," David said. "Want some help with those cuff links?"

"No," Jimmy said. "Neither do I want any help with my love life, my working life, or my drinking life. I think I'll go down to Little Joe's bar and talk to some truck drivers."

David McGovern sighed. "I would like," he said, "to go with you. Except that—"

"—my dear mother, and your dear wife would land on us."

"Right. Excuse me while I get dressed?"

"Do you know what to wear?"

"Certainly. The briefing took place just before I came upstairs."

Jimmy watched his father leave the room. He dutifully selected a black knitted tie. He tied it carefully, got into grey flannels, shrugged himself into the cashmere jacket. He went downstairs.

A bar had been set up out on the sun porch. A broken-nosed bartender named Pete, wearing a white jacket, presided.

"Martini?" the bartender said.

"Bourbon and water," Jimmy said.

The bartender seemed to approve. Jimmy picked up the drink. He wandered to one end of the sun porch, which overlooked the Pacific Ocean.

The sun was starting its slide down the horizon. Jimmy looked skyward. Vapor trails laced the sky. One long, recent white ribbon slashed whitely against the blue. At the end was a black dot. Jimmy stood, transfixed.

Behind him, his mother said, "You're all through with that, you know."

He turned. "I was just wondering who it was. I might know those guys."

Geraldine McGovern adjusted Jimmy's necktie. "Now when I introduce you to Jill Foley, be casual, and don't try to be charming, because you haven't the muscle for it. Just be yourself."

"O.K., coach. Be casual."

"And I feel that I should tell you about Sally Stone."

"Why?"

"She's a Reed College graduate, fancies herself an intellectual, and loves to needle men. Pay no attention to her. She thinks that needling approach will get

some wealthy man interested enough to propose.

"She's been hunting for a bankroll for a couple of years. I had to invite her because Sheila Stone, her mother, and I went to Catlin together."

"O.K. Throw rocks at Sally Stone."

"I guess that's all. Try and act something like Gregory Peck."

"Me?" Jimmy said.

Some time later he stood in a corner and tried to remember how Gregory Peck acted. The Foleys had not yet made an appearance. He moodily contemplated the bottom of his glass, walked over to the bar and got his second drink.

He tasted the drink and looked around. People were breaking up into smaller groups, the men gravitating to one another.

Over by the window, one man was saying, "Club-head speed has very little to do with it. You have to hit the ball square."

Jimmy moved out to the sun porch. Brittle conversation assailed his ears. "I'd get my gowns at Rico's, too, if Charles made the kind of money that . . . Well, I just told Fred that I don't intend spending the whole, gloomy winter . . . Nomad walls, and a white ceiling, then for the accent points . . . I get them for two cents less at George's Market, and . . ."

Jimmy moved back into the front room. He looked idly around him and then almost dropped his glass.

His mother was coming towards him, towing a blonde, honey-colored hair, dark eyebrows, eyes the color of carbon paper. Her construction was as devoid of flaws as a new air-mail stamp.

They stopped in front of Jimmy. The faint scent which cloyed the air around her almost broke him up. "Jill, this is my son, Jimmy."

Jill Foley smiled at him. Her teeth were as perfect as the rest of her.

"M'm-m-m," she said. "A real, live jet pilot, and I've never owned one. Get me a martini, will you, Jimmy? And hurry back."

"You bet," Jimmy said. He went out to the bar, waited while Pete stirred up a martini, picked it up and turned around.

Jill Foley was surrounded by four men. He walked over to the group, said, "Pardon me," and handed her the drink. Then he stood on the side lines while the ball game went on.

To page 70



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*Bon Jantzen*



# Goya

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## EMERGENCY MESSAGE

A short  
short story

By Wyatt  
Blassingame

NANCY and I started planning our vacation in February. There was a blizzard at the time, with snow knee-deep in the yard, so I said, "Let's go to Florida."

"Fine," Nancy said. "I can lie on the beach and turn brown all over."

"A very pretty picture," I said. Contemplating it, I gave her an affectionate pat and she kissed me on the cheek, and up to this point our vacation was a complete success.

But then I figured that by leaving on a Friday we could be in Panama City by Sunday and so have two weeks on the water. "In that time I can teach Joe Junior to swim."

Nancy was taking some of Joe Junior's clothes out of the washing machine. She straightened, frowning a little. "Joe, couldn't we leave Joe Junior home this year?"

"Leave a two-year-old baby?" I said. "He can't even cook."

"Don't be silly. Aunt Emma would love to keep him."

"Naturally," I said. "But by summer Joe Junior will be old enough to enjoy a vacation. He'll be over three years old."

"Which means," Nancy said, "that for just about four years he won't have been out of my sight."

She came and put her hands on my arm. "I've been thinking that this year we could go alone. A kind of second honeymoon."

I was almost abashed at how much the idea appealed to me, but I said, "I thought it was unnatural for a mother to want to desert her baby."

Now I didn't mean that quite the way it sounded, and I still think Nancy should have understood that. But I guess she was tired. Because that's how it started, with one word leading to another.

And though anybody who's been married as long as I have—four years this past August—ought to know he can't win an argument with his wife, I kept trying.

Consequently, by the time we left for our vacation—without Joe Junior—things had got pretty bitter. Just before leaving I worked out a schedule of the towns we would stop in and gave it to Aunt Emma. "So if Joe Junior comes down with measles or something you can call us."

Aunt Emma said if Joe Junior got sick she wouldn't need me, she'd call a doctor. At the word "doctor" Joe Junior began to scream. Nancy, halfway to the car, stopped and stood swaying back and forth like the heroine on the edge of a cliff in one of those old movies on TV; then she ran for the car, jumped in and slammed the door.

The last thing we heard was Joe Junior bawling. When we couldn't hear him bawling any longer, Nancy started to bawl.

It was a wonderful start for a vacation.

Next day, however, things got worse. By afternoon we were in south Georgia, a country beloved by south Georgians but with little appeal for anyone else.

The weather was broiling hot and the town I'd picked to stay in—picking it from a map, since I'd never been there—was the only one in a thousand miles with no air-conditioned hotel or motel.

Finally we stopped in something called "Elmer Brunt's Lavender Motel." Elmer was a long, thin man



"But it's unnatural for a mother to desert her baby," Joe argued.

with a face like a bloodhound's—the kind of man who would paint his motel lavender because he never liked that color. "It's kind of hot," he said, "but I reckon it'll get hotter."

The cottage gave Nancy a headache. We went out for dinner; it was the kind of Southern cooking with which some parts of the South still revenge themselves on Yankee tourists.

Then, because it was the only air-conditioned place in town, we went to a movie. This was the cheerful story of a deformed Italian war orphan slowly dying of malnutrition.

When we came out into the heat again I murmured something to the effect that if Aunt Emma forgot to feed Joe Junior he'd never ...

I realise now the remark was not as funny as it was meant to be. Nancy grabbed me by the shirt. "You!" she shouted. "I hope you—I hope I—I'll never go anywhere with you again as long as I live." She turned and ran, straight out across the street.

There was a squeal of brakes. A fat man in a car with a Vermont licence stuck his head out and yelled something about, "You crackers!"

"Ah-h shuddup," I said.

He drove on and I stood there. If Nancy thought I was going to get myself killed running after her, she was mistaken. She'd come back in a minute.

But she didn't. Well, I thought. Let her walk home if she wants to—and I drove back to the motel.

Elmer Brunt was standing in front of our cottage. When I stopped he came up and peered into the car. "Your name Joe Evans?"

"That's how I signed the register."

"Which ain't the question," Elmer said. "Where's that woman was with you?"

"She stayed in town a few minutes."

"I reckon that's it," Elmer said. "Chief of police wants to see you. Says it's an emergency."

I just looked at him. But I was not seeing him now. Instead I was seeing Nancy running into the street, and hearing the squeal of brakes, and thinking. Another car, going fast on that highway ...

I didn't ask; I must have found the police station by instinct. I went in running, skidding up to the desk. "Mrs. Evans—where ..."

The chief said, "Take it easy, son. What's up?"

"I'm Joe Evans. You wanted —" "Oh, yeah. I got a message for you." He fumbled around and came up with it. "Fellow named Sam Watson wants you to phone him."

I felt almost sick with relief. Sam Watson is my boss at the plant.

I called him long-distance and he said he wanted me to stop in Tallahassee on my way to the Gulf. There was a job there that would take about three days and I could add the time to the end of my vacation. He said, "I'm sorry, Joe, but this is important. So I phoned your home and your aunt told me ..."

He may have said something else. I don't know. Nancy came flying in the door and flung her arms around me yelling, "Is he — Joe, is he —"

"Is who what?"

"Joe Junior! What's —"

So I told her it was just Mr. Watson. And I told her how I thought she'd been killed or something. And we stood there with our arms around each other, laughing like two drunks.

Holding Nancy, I thought she'd never looked prettier than she did then with the tears in her eyes and her hair blown and the sweat streaks down her face. And I knew that I'd never before realised how much I really loved her.

So we didn't even notice the police chief until he came over and touched Nancy's shoulder. "Mrs. Evans?" he said. "Seems like I got to arrest you."

"What for?" Nancy said.

"Stealing a car," the chief said. "Fellow named Elmer Brunt claims he told you there was a message here for your husband and you jumped right in his auto and took off with it."

Well, we got that straightened out finally. I earned a bonus for the work in Tallahassee. And the beach at Panama City was perfect. Trouble was, Nancy and I kept arguing over next year's vacation. Nancy swears after that scare she'll never leave Joe Junior again, and I claim a man and his wife ought to get off by themselves now and then. This renewed honeymoon business is a real good idea.

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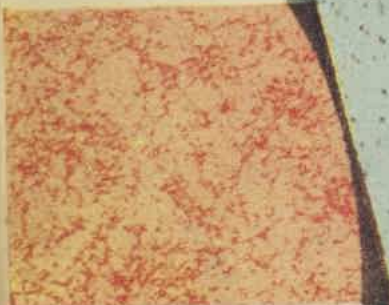
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# Blue OMO ADDS BRIGHTNESS!

**NEW DETERGENT WASHING POWDER WITH THE UNIQUE BLUE BRIGHTENER!**



See "immovable" stains vanish as dirt streams out of your wash. Find a big, bright difference in all your whites and coloureds. Brighten your life every day!



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Feel a new softness in your wash. Blue Omo is soft to touch. Dishes? Blue Omo swallows grease even in hardest water.

**BLUE OMO** *adds brightness to cleanness and whiteness*





# WORTH REPORTING

**H**AVE you just painted your living-room a bright blue, or green, or red? Does it look absolutely marvellous?

Oh, well. Brace yourselves, everybody. We have some heart-breaking news.

According to Peter Hunt ("Controller of Color" with a leading paint firm) bright colors are out and the pale, pale pastels will soon be in.

We met Mr. Hunt recently when he made his first official visit to Adelaide. So we got the latest gen on color schemes.

For instance, if you want to be in (and not out) you'll get busy with white paint plus a yellow-orange shade.

"Accent" cushions blend elegantly with this color scheme if they are plum-colored and neutralised chartreuse.

Mr. Hunt said happily that it'll only be a few months before the pastel colors are fashionable here, following the current trend overseas.

"But," he added, "with the growing influence of the very clever Australian architects and designers, it won't be very long before we set our own trends."

★ ★ ★  
**OH**, the fish section at Sydney's Royal Easter Show will be interesting this year. The Royal Agricultural Society sent us a news item about the entries.

They include Livebearers, Cichlids, Barbs, Characins, Loaches, and Anabantids . . .



**ARTHUR HURLSTONE** . . . Not scent, he says; men always follow a perfume.

## Who's right on the scent?

**ACCORDING** to Nancy Mitford, the "U" writer, saying perfume instead of scent is too "non-U" to be true.

So we thought we'd ask Mr. Arthur Hurlstone's opinion on this heady subject.

After all, he should know. He's managing director of a big perfume house.

Now visiting Australia, he says he's very pleased to discover how often we splash on his perfumes. Or should it be scents?

"Not scent, perfume please," said Mr. Hurlstone. "Dogs follow a scent—men follow a perfume."

Sorry, Miss Mitford. That's about the best reason we know for reaching for that perfume bottle.

## Parties by the hundred

**FOR** a diplomatic posting to Washington, U.S.A., it sounds as though you need a strong (party) constitution.

Mrs. Beresford Marks—whose husband, Captain Marks, was Naval Attache at the Australian Embassy—recently returned home to Melbourne after two and a half years in the American capital.

She told us that in the first year she and her husband went to more than 200 diplomatic functions. "Some people attended three a day; but we drew the line at two," she said.

"With so much entertaining to be done, I took a Cooking for Entertaining course at the Washington Y.W.C.A."

"Most of the cocktail foods we have in Australia. But miniature meat balls in burgundy was a new one to me."

"The only commodities we used 'in the raw' during the course were sugar and eggs."

"Everything else was either frozen food or packet-mix."

"Instead of butter we used mayonnaise in sandwiches . . . because of the theory that too much animal fat is bad for health."

After the course, Mrs. Marks did all the cooking for her cocktail parties. "We had to have a turkey and a ham on the side, too," she said.

She also employed a butler. He was English, and so popular in Washington that "we had to book him months ahead."

**TRAVELLING** out of Sydney on a jet flight recently, a colleague found herself sitting next to a blond man-of-the-world. Aged six.

He told her all about his travels and the countries he'd visited.

"I've been to America," he said. "N' England, n' France, n' Italy . . . Italy's a long way away, you know . . ."

He waved a careless arm. "It's over THAT way," he added informatively.

## But she can't drive a car

"SOME people think I'm eccentric," says 21-year-old Barbara Goodier. She sounds surprised.

But Barbara (who lives at Dandenong, Vic.) is an unusual girl. She's a motorcyclist: the only woman racing cyclist in Victoria.

She's been a motor-cycling enthusiast for more than two years now. And a broken back—plus two broken collarbones



**MRS. BERESFORD MARKS** . . . the diplomatic round was rugged.



**BARBARA GOODIER** . . . not even a broken back could stop her.

—haven't damped her enthusiasm.

Barbara spent six months recuperating when she broke her back about 12 months ago.

She still sleeps on the wooden board she had in hospital when her spine was healing. "I've got used to it," she explained.

But smash-ups — "I've had plenty"—don't worry her a bit. She's back on her cycle and off again as soon as she can.

"I think the danger is part of the excitement and thrill of motor-bike racing," she said.

Barbara owns three cycles. She pays for them out of her own salary as a typist-switchboard operator.

All this fast cycling — but Barbara can't drive a car.

"I'm hopeless. I can't seem to steer at all, the car just wanders all over the road."

★ ★ ★  
**A FRIEND** of ours is a stickler for discipline. He is also a fond father.

"You should see my kids in the morning," he told us, "when they come into the bedroom, salute, and say, 'Good morning, Mr. Daddy.'"

## Fat men—infated egos

**WE** do not wish to bruise anyone's feelings. In fact, we're trying to inflate the egos of fat men.

Oh, pardon us. We mean "men of substance."

That's what B.B.C. broadcaster Maurice Hussey calls them.

"We are living in a fat man's world," he said, talking about big easy-chairs and loose sweaters and such.

After consulting specialists in outsize wear, Mr. Hussey reported that the 50in. male waist is now quite common, and 62in. is no novelty.

"I am sure," he added, "the figure of the future will be triangular in profile."

He advised all men of substance: Stamp out the wicked rumor that you are lazy and pleasure-seeking . . .

Comforting footnote: You can't believe a thing they say; They're worse by far than lying males.

We've yet to find a truthful pair of bathroom scales.

Old Rhyme

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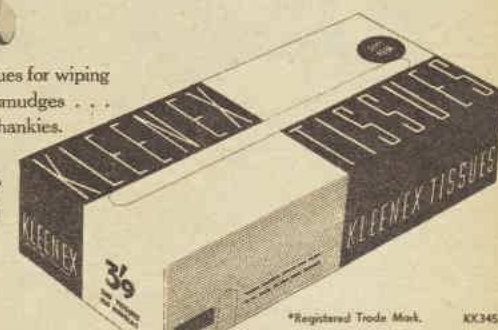
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wool — strikingly fashioned, vibrantly coloured,  
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but  
I'm  
not  
dressed!



I haven't  
put on my  
Cutex  
nail polish



How could any woman go without it? Cutex nail polish is the smartest coat you wear. Use it to accent your costume in a brilliant, clear red — or choose it to blend quietly in a softer, pinker tone. Lasting colour, that resists chipping and peeling for days and days.

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RHEUMATISM**



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommended enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)  
That women's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOIDS**

# LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

## They sang at the wedding

A WEDDING reception I attended recently proved one of the best I've ever witnessed. It was most unusual and could be called a "musical reception." As the bride and groom entered the hall the guests formed an aisle singing "Loveliest Night of the Year." Then to each toast, instead of the usual "Jolly Good Fellow," they sang an appropriate song. For the bride and groom guests sang, "For Ever and Ever"; for the bridesmaids, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"; for the bride's parents, "Friend of Mine"; and for the groom's parents, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The toasts wound up with a rousing rendition of the "Anniversary Waltz."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Nurton, Christie Beach, S.A.

## Pie-on-the-run

ARE others readers as conscious as I am of the new race of street-eaters? Eating in public (apart from restaurants or picnics) is just not done, but I continually see well-dressed girls and young men eating from paper bags as they stroll along the city streets. I wonder if they realise how unattractive it looks.

£1/1/- to V. G. Kentish, Roseville, N.S.W.

## Welcome the new

IN many country centres the practice has grown of farewelling residents leaving the district. Let's reverse this idea and welcome the newcomers with a district gathering. It could enable them to meet their neighbors, discover local activities, and generally enter their new life on a friendly basis. This would be particularly helpful to New Australians.

£1/1/- to Miss Z. Reggett, Ouse, Tasmania.

## Travel and teach

WOULDN'T it be a good idea if travellers going abroad took with them a Commonwealth Year Book, or a similar publication, so they could intelligently answer any question related to Australia and its vital statistics? In fact I think copies should be issued with passports.

£1/1/- to Miss B. Brown, Mosman, N.S.W.

## Hubby's hunch

AFTER taking our car out alone for the first time since passing my driving test, Hubby wanted to know how I got on. I told him the roads were almost deserted and I did very well. He just grunted at me, saying, "I reckon someone got wind of you taking it out." I'm furious.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. I. Starling, Norfolk, England.

## For a proper start

YOUNG couples of today are lacking in backbone. When they get married they live with their in-laws, begin a family, and expect someone else to find them a home. If they only waited a bit longer and bought their own house before the wedding, they'd realise independence and stability create happiness.

£1/1/- to F. Leach, Toowoomba, Qld.

## So he blushed

THERE was one vacant seat in the train and my friend found herself racing neck and neck for it with a young gentleman. Arriving there first, he sat himself firmly down. My friend raised his arm and announced, "The winner!" You can imagine the effect on the other travellers — and the young man.

£1/1/- to L. Bullerwell, Coraki, N.S.W.

## Cat snake-killer

GOING into our woodland one day, to my horror I saw a snake lying near our cat and her kittens. On peering closer, I realised it was dead — having been eaten close to the back of its neck. The cat spends a lot of time out hunting food for her family, bringing home quite a variety. But she's the only cat I've known to kill and drag home a snake.

£1/1/- to G. K. Pearce, Wattle Hill, Tasmania.

## What's with candles?

WHEN a woman thinks her man is neglecting her she is advised to get a new hair-do, cook a special dinner, wear a new dress, and set the dinner-table with candles. What are the virtues of these candles — apart from putting stars in her eyes and softening any blemishes? I tried them once and my all-male household grumbled about the poor light. The fact is, men are not artistic, particularly when they're eating.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. C. Bryce, Hobart.

## Cards for sentiment

• "It would be more practical for friends sending congratulatory cards to young couples on their engagement to just write a personal note and enclose 1/- (the usual price of a card) in stamps," wrote "Practical," of S.A. Here are extracts from a few of the many readers who wrote — all favoring cards:

WHAT a place the world would be without a little sentiment. Choosing a pretty card with a well-worded verse gives pleasure to both senders and recipients — well worth that shilling.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Sweeney, West Swan, W.A.

UNTIL last week I would have — perhaps — been on "Practical's" side. But as the mother of a newly engaged daughter I now say let's always send cards. My girl's happy face when she opened her cards was a joy to see.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Graham, Clayton, Vic.

CARDS are a lovely idea: what would life be without them? As few of us can count many real friends, the total value of stamps wouldn't buy much for home these days.

£1/1/- to M. Vimpany, Carrum, Vic.

I'M a Scot and am practical to a degree, but not to the extent that I would prefer stamps to a card. Attractive cards — the creative work of another — and their delightful verses are a pleasure to receive.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McIntosh, Holland Park, Qld.

A PERSON can be too practical. I wouldn't exchange all my cards for any practical gadget.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. der Kamp, Oxley, Qld.

WHY must every occasion be turned into a money-making adventure? I still have all our cards, and it's an evening's enjoyment to look through them, remembering old friends and the many new ones we have made. Each has its own personal message to bring back happy memories.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Van Os, Ringwood, Vic.

# FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

## "Shall Brothers Be?"

Jo Mackintosh (Jarrols).

This story of the marriage of an English girl and a West African attempts to set forth the topical problem of racial differences. In England, where the couple met at a social club, they were merely two well-educated human beings drawn together at first by their intellect. In Africa, where they went to live, two civilisations, thousands of years apart in customs and outlook, separated them. The marriage, stronger than most in companionship and physical attraction, had to face a more severe test than most normal marriages.

Though clumsily written in parts, the story is interesting and reveals through the author's first-hand knowledge of West Africa her understanding and sympathetic tolerance of both sides involved.

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

## "The New Zealanders"

Maurice Shadbolt (Gollancz).

A collection of penetrating short stories by a 27-year-old New Zealander, permeated with an introspection which has marked so much of best New Zealand writing. The situations are not new, but the vividly portrayed, peculiarly characteristic New Zealand background gives the stories an exciting freshness. They show clarity, maturity, and acute perception. Mr. Shadbolt goes to the root of the problem of small-town juvenile delinquency in his poignant "Love Story," and shows the irresistible drawing together of Maori and Pakeha (European) in his moving and beautiful "The Waters of the Moon."

## "Lady L."

Romain Gary (Michael Joseph).

Anarchists, assassins, and aristocrats thread their stormy or elegant way through this story. Lady L., 80-year-old grande dame of English society, reveals to an old, rather pompous admirer her real past. Shocked as he hears of her rise from the Paris streets, via a Pygmalion-like grooming by anarchist friends to take her place in the society they wish to destroy, thence to marriage with an eccentric English duke, he is incredulous until she produces tangible proof.

The story divides into an English and French section. In the latter, author Gary scores with his Gallic touches of satire, but his style and highly imaginative plot are too contrived to be taken seriously.

Review copy from Angus and Robertson.



# HOME and FAMILY

- CHILD-CARE
- COOKERY
- HOME PLANS
- CONTESTS

## Teach them to "share"

BY A DOCTOR

● *A selfish child can grow into a demanding, unhappy adult; so early in life teach him to share.*

THERE is a well-known story of a little boy who saved some of his allowance each week for many weeks for a birthday present for his mother, and when the birthday came around proudly presented her with a — football!

Now, when we analyse fairly what happened here, we see that the little boy was not really selfish—he wanted to give something, and had stinted himself to save.

But in choosing his present he followed his own heart's desire. He just couldn't imagine anyone not wanting a football. He hadn't learned to consider other people's needs.

Parents would do well to examine some of the problems involved in developing in children the spirit of giving and sharing, as distinct from the pleasure of merely receiving.

### "Disliked, unpopular"

We all know children and adults whose generous impulses have been retarded or under-developed. They are devoid of all the social graces, disliked and unpopular, demanding everything and giving nothing.

This is no more than an extension of their infantile behaviour into adult life.

We are born selfish and self-centred. Our original instincts are acquisitive, and our original thoughts are of food, comfort, and pleasure—for ourselves and ourselves alone.

Perhaps at four years of age or so the idea of sharing with others begins to take hold if it is properly and gently taught.

But commands are useless, because ordering a child to give something away, or share it, can produce resentment instead of generosity.

This is where the entire background of the parents comes in, as well as the child's early education.

Here, too, is where religion comes in, for in religion is the basis of all ethical teachings.

So when our children are taught giving they must be taught in the spirit of the golden rule—that in sharing gifts lies our greatest happiness.

The accepted and well-loved child living in a harmonious household will present no problems when he reaches the age when he can be taught the importance of giving and sharing; the rejected child is another problem entirely.

Are there rejected children? Ask any pediatrician or any psychiatrist.

It is difficult to believe, but a doctor must, far oftener than the outside world imagines, sit quietly without visible shock or surprise while a mother says, "I resent this child"; or "I cannot say I have ever had any affection for him."

Obviously, sharing and giving can hardly be expected from the rejected child who has received nothing.

Parents should make a special effort to give the child they do not love the same care and training as the child they do.



When a child reaches the age of receiving an allowance, he can also be taught a little of the spirit of self-denial. It is good for the child to know that part of his good fortune should go to others, not only at Christmas, but always.

I do not think that a young child should be induced to make too great a sacrifice of favorite toys or objects. Anything resembling the spirit of true sacrifice must come as a spontaneous development, after correct training.

### Poignant generosity

Generosity of spirit and sacrifice are not the monopolies of the rich, or those who have material things to give.

A poignant example occurred a few years ago when a migrant Polish woman came to me with a child she was arranging to rear as her own.

I pointed out to her that the child had a spinal deformity, and in her poor but eloquent English she said: "I know, but I want give him chance. If me no do it, maybe nobody."

It was at Christmas that she came, and I thought nothing could have expressed the spirit of the season better than this poor woman's action.

The child who has everything may also present a problem.

Mary was a child of extremely wealthy parents. The sheltered security of the private school she attended did not emphasise to this sensitive child that there were poor people in the world as well as rich.

However, when she later went to a university she began to have periods of depression, weeping spells, and other emotional disturbances which led her mother to seek advice.

A little questioning brought out the extraordinary fact that Mary was ashamed of being rich.

She had become acutely conscious, for the first time in her life, that many, many people were in need of money.

I advised an increase in Mary's allowance sufficient to permit her to help those less fortunate, and Mary finally became happy and well adjusted.



A new  
and  
improved  
formula  
in a  
new and  
Glamorous  
Pack



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TOUGHEST PAINT UNDERFOOT!

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● Every wife who is worried about a husband taking his job too seriously should persuade him to read this article. It will be more effective than a tranquilliser.

# A WORD TO FATHERS

● Last year in some of the world's biggest cities an estimated one-third of all prescriptions at chemists' was for tranquillisers or sedatives. Most of the customers were men.

WHAT is causing this desperate search for tranquillity?

And what is behind the prevalence of heart conditions in men over 40, the shorter life expectancy of men as compared to women, the rising trend in nervous disorders?

Everyone knows that the pressures of

## Worry

modern business can promote a case of jitters.

So let's take a look at some of the factors that build up tensions in today's breadwinners, often to the extent of destroying mental calm and personal happiness.

### 1. Oversensitivity

Many men take incidents at work far too much to heart.

Modern business is far more complicated and highly organised than it used to be.

Even top executives are hemmed in by precedents and policies, and the wishes of directors, shareholders, and financial backers.

Under these conditions, decisions are rarely governed by personal considerations.

So, if you get by-passed on a promotion, ignored when you offer well-meant ideas, criticised for something that was not your fault, needled by envies and prejudices which prevail wherever people struggle for advantage and advancement, don't take it more seriously than the situation really requires.

Don't let a business, or the people in it, get your goat.

Adopt a "professional attitude," wear an armor over your feelings during the business day, do your best, and be philosophical.

You won't always get justice and you may not get the breaks, but you will get more peace of mind.

Remember, nervous crackups don't go with peace of mind.

### 2. "Talking it over"

There's a strong temptation to tell your wife all about the frustrations, ingratitude, discrepancies, and injustices that add up to your day's work.

If she loves you she will side with you loyally and blindly, for she will hear only your side of the story.

Also, she hates to think her man may not be as capable as others.

So the chances are she'll only join you in hating the boss—and make you more resentful than ever.

This doesn't mean you cannot talk over business and financial matters with

your wife. This is both necessary and advisable. But it is poor judgment to bring into the act people she doesn't even know, and details of irritations in your business life which she can't understand or judge.

### 3. Don't overwork

The chances are your job will take from you all you can and will give, mentally and physically. It's up to you to decide how much you want to give for what you get.

There are no monuments along the halls of business institutions to people who have worked themselves into heart attacks or nervous breakdowns by trying to do too much.

Don't be an eager beaver, and don't be a slave.

If you need help, ask for it.

Attend to the small things, like making phone calls, as they crop up; otherwise the same old scraps of paper—memos of your own procrastinations—will confront you each day.

### 4. Perfectionism

None of us can afford to be or wants to be sloppy and careless.

But there is such a thing as "practical perfection"—which simply means work that meets normally high expectations.

The man who tries too hard to be perfect never relaxes at his work and

## is a

never enjoys it. What's worse, he drives everyone near him into a state of jitters.

Adjustment to life—and especially to business—consists of accepting people and circumstances as they are.

Try to get things right, but don't strive for the impossible or your nerves will always be frazzled—and you will soon join the dreary ranks of the fuss-pots, the chronic worriers.

### 5. Overambition

While the old saying "any boy can be Prime Minister" is a tribute to the democratic system, it is a statement of principle rather than fact.

The fact is that equality of opportunity may exist, but not equality of ability and talent.

There's room at the top—but only for a few.

The trail of overambition is littered with the wreckage of the "also-rans."

The people who get along best and accomplish most are those who are satisfied with accomplishments within the scope of their capabilities.

Adjust your planning and dreaming—and your standard of living—to your physical, mental, and financial powers, and you won't be tasting the bitter brew of disillusion in later years.

### 6. Resentments

Resentment is the worst of slow-acting poisons.

If you are nursing a grudge—against your boss, your associates, or your wife—you are simply working against yourself, detracting from your working efficiency, spoiling your personal happiness, losing your capacity for making wise decisions.

The only way to get rid of a gnawing resentment is to express it and get it off your mind.

However, it's best to handle it diplomatically; there's no sense in burning bridges unnecessarily.

When you air personal resentments you often find they are not entirely justified, for there is another side to every human story.

You may even find that you were entirely in the wrong.

In any case, when the air is cleared, the road into the future suddenly becomes smoother and straighter.

### 7. Loafers

Don't work yourself into a state when you see a loafer "getting away with it" by being promoted.

Remember that most evils are self-corrective.

The man who is getting away with murder is probably murdering his own future.

Someone, sometime, takes a good, long look at who is doing what, and why.

When that time comes—usually when earnings or results aren't so good—the "smoothies" get found out, the loafers get the gate.

### 8. Learn to laugh

It's easy for an intense, oversensitive person to take himself too seriously—to feel misunderstood, unappreciated, even persecuted.

Sometimes he falls into the trap of overestimating his own importance. Everyone is out of step but him.

There is just one cure for such an attitude: Learn to laugh at yourself, to recognise your own shortcomings.

You just can't stay tense when you're smiling or laughing, inwardly or out-

## killer

wardly. People with a built-in sense of humor don't crack up.

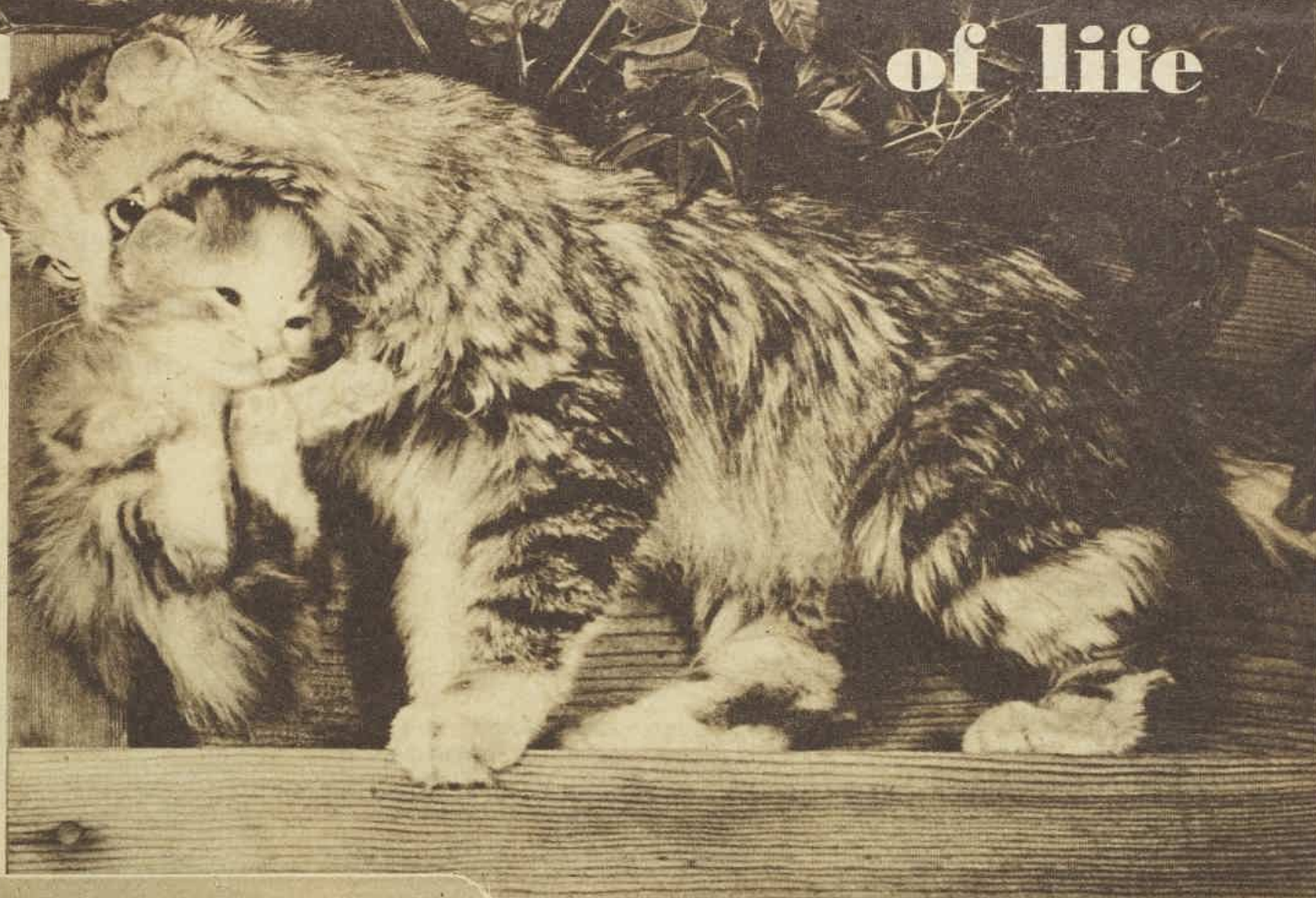
All this sounds philosophical, is philosophical. But it's the philosophy of hard-bitten experience, of costly trial and error, of close and accurate observation of people and events.

Wise men do take advantage of human experience, derived from reading and from what they see about them. Which is why the wise so seldom land on the couches of psychiatrists or become addicted to tranquillisers and sedatives.



# Thomasina teaches the facts of life

**Parents  
worry  
about  
sex  
education  
— this  
mother's  
problem  
was  
solved  
by a cat**



The author, a woman doctor, wanted her children to learn the facts of life in a healthy, balanced way, without sordidness or shock. She doubted whether human teachers, psychologists, or even clergymen were equal to the task of instruction. Finally, it was Thomasina, the mother cat, who taught the children all they needed to know — without shocking anybody.

**M**ODERN parents are very worried about sex education. They know they must do something about it, but most of them don't know what.

The trouble is some parents get easily embarrassed, and others don't know the facts accurately enough to answer all the questions they may be asked.

In addition, many think it unwise to give children facts that can be dangerously and prematurely used, for a well-informed, immoral child is a menace to his fellows.

Complicating the problem further is the fact that even experts disagree on how to impart the knowledge.

Some declare the whole thing is simple; parents should merely answer questions truthfully when they are asked.

But others—just as expert—

say sex instruction is a teacher's job, to be taught as a school subject.

Like most mothers, I decided I had to find out the right thing to do.

I got booklets to guide me, and found them excellent.

I answered the children's questions truthfully and simply, and they got their facts correctly.

## "Frightening"

I felt that everything was easy—until a child reached the age of seven.

Children over seven asked more difficult questions.

Also, it's hard for children to frame exact questions, and I felt they didn't always ask just what they wanted to know.

Other children were undoubtedly imparting wrong and frightening information, and there was a danger my

family might not always check with me.

Trying to find out what to do, I attended a round table discussion on sex education. I heard schoolteachers claim they should be telling children the facts of life. I heard a Freudian discuss infantile sexuality, and a clergyman stress the importance of keeping sex information and moral education side by side.

I came home convinced that the subject in schools should be limited to simple biology arising incidentally in a biology course. Children should not be exposed to the emotional problems of their teachers.

And I thought, heaven save my children from Freudian psychologists, for they have such an unbalanced idea of ordinary children.

The clergyman made me think hard.

I didn't quarrel with his principles, but I felt he had only part of the answer. I believed a child's instruction should over the years lead to a realisation that love and parenthood are wonderful, exciting experiences, as well as serious responsibilities.

Then, just when I was stumped, nature came to my aid.

No, I don't mean I was to have another baby. I had explored that field already, and the children had learned a lot and we had all enjoyed waiting for the baby. But it was all rather personal—it didn't quite strike the right objective note.

What happened was a friend gave my little boy an ordinary kitten, a guaranteed male, and called Tom. In my innocence I accepted the gift.

Months slipped by, and one day my husband remarked that the "cat next door seemed very interested in our Tom."

## Natural curiosity

Yes, Tom was Thomasina. Soon she was obviously going to have kittens—and I discovered the children had watched the whole courtship with intense interest.

Their questions came from straightforward, natural curiosity.

"Mummy, doesn't she have to get married?"

"Can girls have babies without being married?"

"Mummy, the big black cat from down the road is here, and Thomasina likes him, too!"

"What will the kittens be like, Mummy?"

And from one of the older children: "Mummy, she is

awful. It is much better to have one father cat, and be fond of him."

And so it went on.

Thomasina was nearly sent off in disgrace many times. Her morals were appalling. Her courtiers were many, and she had no shame about leading them on. She seemed quite pleased about all the caterwauling that went on at night, and the fights for her favors.

The children quickly saw for themselves that human ways were better. The older ones now understood promiscuity, and why certain little hussies act the way they do.

They also appreciated that courtship and marriage arouse strong emotions that should not be played with too seriously before people are old enough to cope with them.

The younger children were oblivious to the emotional side, but they quickly grasped the anatomical and physiological facts without embarrassment to anybody.

I might still have got rid of Thomasina, but some misguided neighbor—infuriated by sleepless nights, no doubt—poisoned our faithful old doctored puss in mistake for Thomasina.

So she was all the children had left.

In any case, they were dying to see the kittens. I overheard discussions on when they would be born, and whether it would be worthwhile to keep an all-night vigil to see them arrive.

We waited patiently, and at five o'clock one morning my nine-year-old daughter wakened me excitedly, "Mummy, they're here!"

What was here, I pondered sleepily. How could I have not realised?

"Mummy, one is dead; come quickly, there's something queer about it."

My goodness, what had I done? Had I frightened my children by letting them see an abnormal baby, and would they fear it for life?

Not so.

When I arrived on the scene I found four sweet little new kittens, and Thomasina energetically washing them all.

## Pre-natal care

Over in the corner lay a little malformed tabby body. The children all surveyed it, but they quite cheerfully accepted the explanation that when an animal carries a litter of five, one may easily get damaged.

Also, the children all agreed humans arranged things much better by usually having only one baby at a time.

They quite agreed, too, that Thomasina hadn't looked after herself very well during pregnancy and could have had an injury, but that we had fed her properly, so it wasn't a deficiency.

Thus they had a lesson in ante-natal care, and learned such care was important.

The little body was duly disposed of. Thomasina, inter-



Continued on page 39



# RICE... WITH A DIFF

**R**ICE, from as far back as 2800 B.C., has been a familiar, and in some countries important, food in every household, from palaces to peasant huts. Unfortunately this very familiarity has led to neglect of this inexpensive but nutritious and valuable food. Housewives tend to forget it is one of the most versatile and budget-stretching foods and can be used in sweet and savory dishes.

White or polished rice which has had the germ and bran layer removed from the grain is more popular than the brown or unpolished variety. But it is in these sections that quantities of vitamin B and iron are contained; therefore the unrefined rice has more nutriment.

There are many ways of cooking rice, and every chef maintains that his method is correct. The following two seem to be the most popular. The first method gives a firm, dry, unseasoned rice specially suitable to include in savory dishes. The second and less tricky method gives a soft, separate grain ideal for sweet dishes.

• **Method No. 1:** Wash the rice grains in several lots of water or until the water runs clear. Place in a saucepan and add cold water until it comes to one inch above level of rice. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, bring quickly to the boil, then simmer very slowly for 12 to 15 minutes. Rice grains should be separate and the water evaporated.

**Note:** Unless it is cooked very slowly the rice has a tendency to burn and stick to the saucepan.

• **Method No. 2:** Drop the rice into a large quantity of boiling water with salt and a little lemon juice or rind. Boil rapidly with the lid off the saucepan for 15 minutes. Strain into a colander and run under hot or cold water tap until water runs clear. Stand colander over boiling water to keep rice hot.

In both methods 1 cup raw rice should absorb sufficient water to yield 3 cups when cooked.

Level-spoon measures and the standard 8-liquid-ounce cup are used in these recipes. Quantities are sufficient for 4 servings.

**FRIED RICE** forms the basis of the national dishes of many countries. The Chinese-style combination shown below is one that has become very popular in Australia as a hot buffet dish. See recipe on this page.



## NASI GORENG

Three-quarters pound fillet pork, 2 tablespoons lard or bacon fat, 2 cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1½ cups raw rice, 2½ cups well-seasoned stock or water flavored with meat cubes, 2 eggs, ½ cup raisins, 1 long red chilli, 2 bananas, ¼ cup peanuts.

Cut pork into small cubes, saute in a deep pan in heated fat with crushed garlic and curry powder until browned all over. Add rice and continue frying until rice is browned also. Pour over the hot stock, stir well, then cover lightly with a lid and simmer slowly for 20 minutes. Beat eggs lightly, fry in a well-greased pan until it resembles a thick pancake; remove and cut into squares. Add to the rice mixture, together with the raisins, finely sliced chilli (seeds removed), sliced bananas, and peanuts. Cover again, and continue cooking until well heated through. Serve piping-hot as a separate dish or as an accompaniment to other meat dishes.

**Note:** The various ingredients which form the flavorings to Nasi Goreng can be altered to suit individual tastes. Alternative or extra foods include: Chopped chicken livers, chopped cucumber, prawns, zucchini or other marrow, sultanas, desiccated or shredded coconut.

## FRIED RICE—CHINESE STYLE

Four cups cold dried boiled rice (allowed to stand overnight if possible), 2 tablespoons oil, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped shallots, 1lb. shelled prawns, 4oz. chopped cooked bacon, salt, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Heat half the oil in pan, add shallots, and cook for one minute, remove from pan. Heat remaining oil in pan, add beaten eggs, and when eggs are half set add rice and salt to taste; fry, turning frequently until rice is lightly browned. Add shallots, bacon, sugar, and prawns, mix thoroughly. Serve immediately with a separate bowl of soy sauce.

If preferred, eggs can be cooked and sliced as described in recipe for Nasi Goreng.

Extra ingredients, such as Chinese cabbage (chopped and lightly cooked), bean sprouts (blanched and lightly fried), diced bamboo shoots, and diced water chestnuts, can be included.

• This week we feature recipes using rice adapted from the famous dishes of many countries, new, and others are old favorites. They are all well worth including in your menu.



**FLAVORS** of tomato, onion, rice, and meat well to make this attractive luncheon or leftover meat or tinned luncheon meat.

## LUNCHEON MEDLEY

One pound frankfurts, 1 cup home-cooked, tinned, or frozen peas, 2 sliced onions, ½ cup raw rice, 2 carrots and 2 potatoes (all cut into thin slices), 1 tin tomato soup, salt, pepper.

Wash rice thoroughly under running water, place in saucepan boiling salted water and cook 10 minutes. Drain and rinse. Cut frankfurts into thick diagonal slices and combine with peas, partly cooked rice, onion, carrot, and potato. Season with salt and pepper. Fill mixture into greased ovenware dish, pour over tomato soup. Cover with fitting lid and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve piping-hot garnished with parsley.

Alternatively the ingredients of the above medley could be filled into the dish in alternate layers, and each layer sprinkled with salt and pepper.

## HONEY-SPUN RICE

Half cup raw rice, ¼ cup honey, ½ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup cold water, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, almond essence, cooked or tinned apricot pulp, almonds and cherries to decorate.

Wash rice thoroughly, place into large quantity boiling salted water, cook quickly 15 to 20 minutes. Strain through colander,



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 16, 1960

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

**A GUIDE TO  
GOOD MUSIC  
— page 3**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Why must English be compulsory?

WHY should English be a compulsory subject in public examinations? English is our national language, and most students speak it fairly well, but some, who may be very good at subjects such as maths and science, simply cannot write intelligent and imaginative English. If a student gains five subjects, regardless of what they are, he should receive an Intermediate Certificate, and not be deprived of a career which would not necessarily require him to write flowery essays. Our country needs technicians, bankers, tradespeople, and scientists, not poets and authors.—*Jane Perry, Port Lincoln, S.A.*

## What eyes?

IN the popular tune "Seven Little Girls in the Back Seat" there is an adjective used describing "eyes." Can anyone enlighten me as to what that word is? My brother says it's "soupy," Dad says it's "droopy." I thought it was "filthy," and I've heard someone else say it's "firty." What sort of eyes has the driver got?—*Anne O'Brien, Greenethorpe, N.S.W.*

## Kiss no fun

I AGREE with Pat Boone that a kiss is a sign of love or affection. I do not see how a kiss can be good fun. Am I old-fashioned?—*"Standoffish," Ringwood, Vic.*

## Foolish bikinis

GIRLS who wear bikinis must be very scatterbrained. Are they too stupid to realise that the manufacturers of these flimsy costumes are making fools of them by selling a quarter of the material for twice the price? Why not get a stylish one-piece costume, plus admiring glances, instead of disdainful stares?—*"One-Piece," Bankstown, N.S.W.*

## Ban smoking

SMOKING should be forbidden by law until a person reaches a certain age, perhaps 17 or 18. Young boys and girls smoke only to show off and look big.—*Frank Oberklaid, Kew, Vic.*

## Holiday travel

MY girl-friend and I are 18, and work in the same office. By saving a little money each week we have quite a large sum for holidays. Since leaving school, during our Christmas holidays we have been to Brisbane and Adelaide, and this year we went to Melbourne and Hobart. Next year we intend to go to New Zealand. This is a wonderful way to spend the holidays and meet new friends.—*"Travelling Light," Homebush, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.



PEGGY ELFIS  
... content with brown

## Why blue?

WHY do authors of poems and composers of songs always praise blue eyes? A new pop song is "Little Blue Eyes." In the song "The Girl on Page 44" has baby-blue eyes, and it's "The Eyes of Blue" that "Come Smiling Through." Why not brown, or green, or grey eyes? Many beautiful women don't

have blue eyes. I have brown eyes and am content with them.—*Peggy Elfis, Ingham, Qld.*

## Praise from Mum

MAY I, a mother, put in a word of praise for today's teenagers? Go on wearing your bright, comfortable clothes, singing your happy songs and dancing your rock-n-roll. Enjoy yourselves all you can as long as you don't forget your manners, and you will keep the genuine respect of adults. I admire today's teenagers greatly, and am sure that they are developing initiative and experience which will make them wonderful citizens of the future.—*"A Mum," Traralgon, Vic.*

## Helping others

HOW many teenagers realise how much enjoyment can be obtained by helping others less fortunate than themselves? I spent part of my holidays looking after handicapped children at their annual seaside camp, and loved every minute of it. The enjoyment and gratitude of the kiddies more than repaid the effort on my part. Helping others tends to destroy the selfish "all for me" attitude

which often makes teenagers unhappy and discontented.—*"Volunteer," Baywater, W.A.*

## Job for boy

RECENTLY I heard a mother say that she never got her daughter to do the dishes, but always her son, because her daughter will have to do them all her life, whereas her son will get married and never do them. Do you agree with this?—*"Washed Up," Sunshine, Vic.*

## Decent fun

I AM one of a group of girls who very much enjoy decent fun. We love "going beat" occasionally, and assure you there is nothing wrong with this. At our "beatnik" dances we wear dark glasses and sit on the floor between dances. But also we dress up and go to the local church dances and town hall dances. We are really just the same whatever the dress.—*Judy Taylor, Footscray, Vic.*



JUDY TAYLOR  
... not really beat



GWENDA COLLETT  
... no longer white

## Uniform worry

HIGH School Parents and Citizens' Associations should have pupil representatives at their meetings. Our P. and C. has decided our uniforms—white blouses, navy skirts, white socks. Pupils who have to travel on buses 30-odd miles to school find that their blouses are not white when they reach school and we are "told off" by some prefect for not taking pride in our dress. Down with white blouses!—*Gwenda Collett, Toodyay, W.A.*

## Stingy women

WHY are women so stingy? Recently I sold tickets for a worthy cause. Most women looked straight ahead and disregarded my appeal, but almost every man bought a ticket. They grinned self-consciously at being "caught," but paid up with a smile.—*Janet Kerrison, West Tamar, Tas.*

## 55 per cent. against Sunday movies

● Julie Read, of Tasmania, asked (T.W., 17/2/60) for readers' opinions on whether cinemas should be open on Sunday nights. A slight majority (55 per cent. of all letters received) oppose the idea—but in Western Australia, where Sunday movies are already established, 90 per cent. of the readers support them.

## FOR ...

AT first I was not in favor because I believed that Sunday was a day on which you worship in your own church. But after some thought I now believe that if you go to church some time on Sunday it does not matter what you do for the rest of the day. I think that cinemas being opened on Sundays would have a lot of advantages. In Sydney there is not much to do on a Sunday, and if there were pictures on it would keep a lot of young girls and boys off the streets.—*"In Favor," Sydney.*

I LIKE to go to the movies on Sunday nights and so do my family. Here in Perth there are two city theatres open on Sunday night. Most suburban theatres and all drive-in theatres are open. These are nearly all packed, especially the drive-ins.—*E.G., Perth.*

ONE of the reasons cited against Sunday shows is that they interfere with Church. In London, in one theatre that I know of, the local church puts notices inside the theatre saying, "Why bother going home straight away? Come in and have a cup of tea, and join our Evening Service." In this way

more people go to church than would go ordinarily.—*Bobbie Davidson, Ulladulla, N.S.W.*

IT is a good idea to have cinemas open on Sunday nights. In Maryborough there is one open every Sunday night, but it doesn't start until 8.30 so as not to interfere with church services. The proceeds go to charity.—*Kathryn Jurs, Torbanlea, Qld.*

SUNDAY is the day for relaxation, and what is the difference between watching TV or going to a film?—*Evelyn Harding, O'Connor, A.C.T.*

AS long as one has been to church on Sunday, theatres could open at night. In Europe Sunday nights are when the cities are gay and bustling, but Sydney is a dead bore. Maybe Sunday night films would liven it up a bit.—*"European," Beecroft, N.S.W.*

I AGREE entirely. Although Sunday is a Holy Day, I see no reason why people could not worship in the same way as usual, and also enjoy the cinema in the evening. Cinemas have been open on Sunday nights overseas for years, and no one seems to object to them.—*Irene E. Piccolo, Torrensville, S.A.*

## ... AGAINST

FOR Christians, Sunday is supposed to be kept sacred. Sunday is becoming more and more like any other day of the week, which in my opinion is wrong. I consider that people have ample opportunity for entertainment without using the Sabbath. Movies and other social activities are necessary, but not to the extent of depriving us of our Sabbath. Entertainment is no substitute for Christian belief.—*"Christian Teenager," Victor Harbor, S.A.*

WE should be satisfied with going to the cinema any other day of the week and keep Sunday apart as a quiet family day. After all, it is a special day. Having no movies gives us a chance to create our own amusement for a change.—*"Satisfied," Sandringham, Vic.*

IF teenagers spent Sunday learning about God instead of being at the movies, which mostly are neither educational nor beneficial to the young people of today, I am sure there would be less juvenile delinquency in the world.—*Heather Blanch, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.*

SUNDAY is a Holy Day, and if people cannot fit all their social activities into six days and nights I think it is about time they slowed down a little. I visited Tasmania at Christmas-time, and felt this practice was started to attract people to cinemas before television comes to Tasmania later this year, as everyone is aware of the near-empty theatres night after night since the advent of television in other States.—*"Tasmanian Visitor," Footscray, Vic.*

WHY go to the cinema and pay to get in when you can go to church for nothing, and only put as much as you wish in the collection plate? Church services are twenty times more educational, whereas Cowboy and Indian pictures only teach you a bit of rough language.—*Philip C. Schafer, Kingwood, S.A.*

WE should all try to keep Sunday different from other days. Along with a lot of other teenagers I know, I enjoy spending Sundays at church. At times we all meet after church at different homes to sing songs and have supper, and we have just as much fun.—*Jill Manning, Floreat Park, W.A.*



By **MARTIN LONG**,  
music critic of  
the "Daily Telegraph,"  
Sydney

● Lots of people respond to good music but don't know much about it in a technical way.

**T**HEY usually find that some music appeals to them straight away, while other works are harder to grasp at first go.

The rather dry-sounding titles of most musical works—symphony number so-and-so or concerto in such-and-such—aren't much of a guide and the gaudy, enticing covers that shout at us in the record shops don't answer the big question—what work will appeal to you now and go on appealing after many playings?

This list aims to be a sort of exploration chart for the young listener who wants to get to know good music. It doesn't pretend to cover all fields, but it does hope to suggest works that will attract you straight away and which you won't grow tired of later.

And it would make a sound basis for a library of good music.

Most of the works on the list are orchestral. There are reasons for this: orchestral music, with its richness and color, has a quick appeal; works for solo instruments or voice tend to be shorter, so that several go to a disc, and the policy here is to recommend works rather than discs.

It is a good idea, by the way, to get hold of some books that explain the technical terms that keep cropping up in music.

There are several good paperbacks, including "A Guide to Orchestral Music" (Fontana Books), "The Symphony" and "A New Dictionary of Music" (Penguin Books).

Although you'll pay up to £2/17/6 for most of these discs, they work out cheaper than pop music. Instead of playing them two or three times a day for a few weeks, you'll play them two or three times a month for the rest of your life.

#### **BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7**

Beethoven was a strange, powerful genius who set out to change music and really did succeed in influencing most of the music that has been written since his time.

This tumultuous symphony has all the Beethoven power, yet its rhythm and melody make it immediately appealing.

The best recording available is probably that played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner (R.C.A.).

#### **SCHUBERT: Unfinished Symphony**

Schubert died young, and nearly all his music has a quality that is fresh, youthful, and lyrical, yet rather wistful as well.

You find these traits in this unfinished symphony, which is perhaps the most popular symphonic work ever written. (Schubert, it is now believed, did finish the work, but entrusted the score to a blundering fellow who lost the last half of it.)

The recording to recommend is by



Eduard Van Beinum with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips).

#### **TCHAIKOVSKY: Pathétique Symphony**

Tchaikovsky was a gloomy, mixed-up Russian who took himself rather more seriously than we take his music today.

"Pathétique" here means "tragic" or "emotional" rather than "pathetic," but in spite of some sombre and stormy passages it is the symphony's catchy tunes (one became a hit song a few years ago) and the rich and exciting sounds that keep the work evergreen.

There is an outstanding recording by Russian conductor Mravinsky with the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra (Philips). You can also get a good recording by the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra very cheaply through the Popular Record Club.

#### **BACH: Brandenburg Concertos**

These lively concertos are an ideal introduction to the composer whom many musicians call the greatest of all.

You will find that the orchestra of Bach's day (he died just over 200 years ago) has quite a different sound—sharper and more pungent than that of the modern orchestra. So it is important to choose records that give the works in the authentic style of Bach's day.

The best available locally is that by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Munchinger (Decca), but by paying more you can get imported versions (German Archive series, and London Philomusica under Thurston Dart) that are more authentic.

#### **MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 39 and 41**

Mozart lived in a time when poise, elegance, and good manners were the things people admired in music. He was great enough to achieve all these qualities to perfection and yet convey depth and power.

Shortly before he died (aged 35) he wrote three great symphonies—Nos. 39, 40, and 41.

The first and third of these are splendidly recorded on one disc by Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Coronet).

#### **HAYDN: Symphonies**

Haydn was an older contemporary of Mozart and had a rather more earthy and jovial personality. This shows in his music—though he, too, often reveals an unexpected tragic quality.

He wrote a vast quantity of music, and you can't go far wrong with any of it, but one can recommend two discs with a pair of symphonies on each: Van Beinum conducting the "Surprise" and "Military" Symphonies; and Benjamin Britten conducting the "Farewell" and "Schoolmaster" Symphonies (both Decca).

#### **HANDEL: Water Music**

Handel, a German-born, naturalised Englishman, spent most of his life in early Georgian London.

This happy suite of "outdoor" pieces was written for a Royal party on the Thames. It belongs to the same period as the Bach concertos, and again you should have an authentic performance.

The best is an imported Archive disc, but you can get a good local release by Van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips) and another by the Boyd Neel Orchestra (Decca).

● To page 7





LEFT: Frances Long and Jan Anderson (right) help Kaye Breadsell get ready for a party.



PRETTY Kaye Breadsell on the rocks at Trigg Island, W.A. Kaye is a Y.M.C.A. and State Champion gymnast and came third in last year's Miss Sunshine Quest.



IN the gym Jan balances on the high bar with Kaye's help while Frances watches from below.

## Perth gymnasts are glamor girls, too

- Three Perth teenagers, Kaye Breadsell, Jan Anderson, both 18, and Frances Long, 19, provide pretty proof that gymnastics don't turn girls into lady Tarzans.

**F**OUR years of strenuous gymnastics have not made the girls hard and muscular.

On the bars, on the Olympic beam in the gym, they're sure and agile, yet at a party they're poised and softly feminine.

The three girls were members of the Y.M.C.A. team which won the Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. Women's National Gymnastic Championships in Melbourne last year. They are members of the Y.M.C.A. Young Women's Club, which uses the men's gym and equipment.

And this year they're representing Western Australia at the first Australian Gymnastic Championships, which began in Melbourne on March 9.

From this meeting should come any selections which may be made if Australia is represented in gymnastics at the Olympic Games in Rome.

The fourth member of the State squad, Dawn Harman, of Joondanna Heights, trains at a private club.

Kaye and Jan started going to the "Y" gym classes when they were 14, and were among the first members of the Thursday night classes.

They're both Y.M.C.A. and State champions, and helped to pioneer women's gymnastics in W.A. by demonstrating and appearing in hundreds of displays in the country and in the metropolitan area.

Frances Long joined in 1957. The three girls now help to supervise other Y.M.C.A. classes.

Page 4—Teenagers' Weekly

## TENNIS IS NOT A LOVE GAME

- Tennis and boys don't mix, says the new Australian woman tennis champion, 17-year-old Margaret Smith, a shy, unaffected girl from Albury, who beat the reigning world champion, Maria Bueno, in a quarter-final and fellow Australian Jan Lehane in the final of the Australian Championships at Brisbane this year.

**A**TALL, rangily built girl with brown hair and a suntanned complexion, Margaret, lives only for tennis, but still manages to take the game in her stride with an appearance of casualness.

She has played tennis since she was nine years old.

"There were tennis courts opposite my home in Albury, and I used to go over there after school every day," she said.

Eventually she got so keen on the game she went to a coaching school, where she met professional teacher Wal Rutter.

It was about two years ago that she decided tennis would be the main love of her life—after she had won the Schoolgirls' Championships in Sydney. She also won the Under-17 and Under-15 Country Championships in Victoria, and in the 1958-59 tennis season was runner-up to Jan Lehane in the Victorian Junior and Australian Junior Championships.

She holds the Queensland, N.S.W., Victorian, and South Australian Junior Singles titles. Although she beat Jan

Lehane in the Australian Singles Championships, Jan beat her in the Australian Junior Singles Championships.

Margaret, who went to St. Augustine's College in Wodonga, Vic., did a commercial course before leaving school, and moved to Melbourne 12 months ago to work as a typist in Frank Sedgman's drinking-straw business.

Frank keeps an eye on her tennis career, although her coach is now Keith Rogers.

Her training consists of gymnasium three nights a week and running two nights a week. She plays tennis three or four mornings a week for about two-and-a-half hours. Most nights she is in bed by 9 o'clock.

She doesn't go out at night very much, and wipes off boy-friends with a firm "Tennis and boys don't mix."

Although she played softball, and was generally interested in sport at school, she has no time for any sport other than tennis now. She does a little swimming, and loves surfing.

Margaret doesn't believe in too much emphasis on fashion on the tennis court, but thinks competition tennis frocks should be neat and attractive. She has

six tennis dresses, some with pleated, gathered, and flared skirts.

She has ambitions for an overseas tour, but says despite talk that she should go overseas this year she does not feel she should go until next year.

"I think I should consolidate a bit first," she said.

Frank Sedgman, who is Margaret's guide and mentor in tennis, says that Margaret is one of the most determined players he has ever met.

He thinks she is possibly the best woman tennis player Australia has produced, with the exception of Nancy Bolton, who might, he thinks, have been a little better.

"Margaret has powerful serving and volleying, as well as very good ground strokes. She has plenty of confidence—and is not nervous on the court."

Next year he feels she should go overseas, and if she does not go with the team he hopes she will be sent privately.

She lives for tennis, he says, and has a very big future, as she is extremely conscientious in her practising, and has as good prospects in tennis as any Australian tennis star at the moment.

- Turn to page 16 for our pin-up of Margaret.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March 16, 1960



# MY FIRST FABULOUS ALLOWANCE

By PENNY FORD

● I had £2 in my pocket . . . it seemed a fortune. And to think I'd have another £2 of my own next week . . . and the next . . .

I WAS then 15 and mother decided that it was time for me to learn the value of money. The £2 was for clothes, gifts, fares, entertainment—in fact everything except board and lodging.

It was a marvellous feeling of freedom. To be able to buy my own clothes, just what I wanted, without parental direction.

I soon came down from my rosy clouds, of course, when I discovered all the things that £2 simply wouldn't buy, no matter how hard I stretched it.

Bus fares to my school cost about 5/- a week, including extra for hockey practice, and Girl Guide meetings.

I decided to buy clothes with the rest. Alas, I had forgotten the little things like heels and dry-cleaning that pop up regularly at the wrong time.

Dry-cleaning was the worst, and I became an expert at sponging and pressing my brown school tunic and blazer.

After I'd disposed of the problems of school clothes (I had a good supply of hand-me-downs from an older cousin) I reviewed my wardrobe.

The most important thing I wanted to buy was a new winter coat. My old one was a purply maroon, and I loathed it. But I had to save desperately and it was not till the following summer that I walked proudly into a shop and came out the owner of a £17 coat.

## Buy the best

I was lucky—it was a really good coat, straight-cut, off-white, and fashionable. I am still wearing it four years later.

Buying the coat taught me a lesson invaluable to all young budgeters—always buy the best you can possibly afford.

Don't rush into the sales and buy something just because it's cheap. Choose carefully, and take your mother along to advise you.

The first winter I had my allowance I rushed in and bought a pair of red shoes at a sale. They were cheap, but that was all. They never looked really nice, and lasted only one season.

Obviously it's not economical to spend a lot on clothes you will grow out of. When buying a dress, make sure it can be let down from the waist or hem.

Another tip for those on an allowance: Keep an emergency fund. Set away a certain amount for fares, another for clothes, and something for extras.

It's a ghastly feeling to remember suddenly that someone has a birthday next week and you simply can't afford a decent present. Or you might want to go to the pictures with the gang—mother will probably lend you the money, but it will make a hole in next week's allowance.

## Learn to sew

Try to avoid the lay-by system. If you have enough will-power you can wait for anything, and it'll be all yours as soon as you buy it.

If you can sew your own clothes, that's half the battle of budgeting. It enables you to

have double the number of clothes for the same cost—or the same clothes for half the cost.

Most important of all, don't let budgeting become a burden. Have a splurge occasionally. Buy yourself a good book, or a new record, it's a wonderful morale booster to know you've been extravagant.

Why don't you ask your parents for an allowance, too?



LEARNING to sew is worth while. It will make your allowance go twice as far.



**WHEN you have an allowance it's wonderful to be able to choose and buy your own clothes—but it's a good idea to have Mum along for advice.**

Let's suppose you have the average wardrobe of a 16-year-old schoolgirl—a winter skirt, several jumpers and blouses, a couple of cotton skirts and dresses, sandals, flatties for casual wear, slacks, and shorts—plus an adequate supply of school clothes.

## Formals needed

Don't worry too much about your school uniform. It's not worth getting a new one if you're leaving school soon, so try to make it last.

You'll find in your last two years at school you'll need a few more formal clothes for school dances and parties.

Separates are a wonderful help, in both winter and summer materials. I'd suggest a velvet skirt and top for winter, and a lighter taffeta or silk for warm evenings.

Here is how my first year's allowance was spent:

Fares . . . . .	£15/10/0
Entertainment and gifts . . . . .	£20/0/0
Emergency repairs..	£10/0/0
School stockings and gloves . . . . .	£6/0/0
Blazer (second-hand)	£4/0/0
	£55/10/0

After those necessities had been provided for I had £44/10/0 left to fritter away on weekend and casual clothes, and this is how it went:

Coat (to be bought in two years) . .	£8/10/0
Material for velvet separates . . . . .	£5/0/0
Black suede shoes . .	£5/10/0
Handbag to match shoes . . . . .	£3/0/0
Summer party separates . . . . .	£5/0/0
Underwear and stockings . . . . .	£10/0/0
	£37/0/0

And that left £7/10/- to spend on something frivolous and exciting—a special cardigan and some books and records.

An allowance is fun, and makes it a lot easier to manage when you finally have a job.

And it's certainly less strain and worry for your parents!





JULIE ANNE COLEMAN . . . 41 words a minute with one hand.



PAT RICH . . . more confident, no longer dependent.

● Jenny Dickie, Pat Rich, and Julie Anne Coleman are able typists. Yet Jenny is totally blind, Pat is paralysed with polio, and Julie Anne can use only one hand.

## DISABLED GIRLS WHO HAVE BECOME **ABLE TYPISTS**

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

WHEN Bruce Wales, principal of a Sydney business college, told me about them, I wondered how they could possibly cope.

"They'll be competent secretaries soon," he said. "You'll see how they cope when you meet them."

As he led the way to the typing room Mr. Wales said: "These girls are terrific."

"They were sent to us by the Social Services Department of the Government."

"They've had vocational-guidance advice and they're mentally and physically capable of doing the course."

When they arrived the first thing Mr. Wales said to them was this: "I see you've had polio (or, you've got only one arm; or, you are blind). Well, you'll get all the physical help you need here."

"But as far as the course is concerned you'll have to stand on your own feet. To us you're entirely normal."

Julie Anne and Pat were sitting together. Such pretty girls — Julie Anne, dark, blue-eyed, and 17; Pat, fair, with humorous eyes, wiser than the average 18-year-old.

### How they cope

They said they'd love to show me how they coped with office routine. They'd like others to be encouraged.

Julie Anne began first. "I've been coming here for ten months. I can do 70 shorthand words a minute and 41 typing words — I think," she smiled at Mr. Wales hopefully.

"That's right," said the Principal, "and don't forget that a

typist using two hands usually averages about 60 words a minute."

"But I can use the second finger of my other arm for the shift key," protested Julie Anne. "It's quite easy. I just work over the keyboard with one hand and use the reverse fingering for the other side of the board."

She demonstrated. Her five fingers just flew over the letters.

"You know, I didn't think I'd ever be able to handle the keyboard," she said. "I had spastic paralysis when I was two and it affected my arm and a leg."

"When I left school—I went to the Presbyterian Ladies' Col-

lege at Croydon for ten years—I'd got my Intermediate Certificate and I didn't know what I could do for a job."

"Then my father told me about an American girl who did 45 words a minute typing with no arms—just stumps. So I thought if she could, I could with one good hand easily."

Was it easy to start with?

Julie Anne pulled a face. "No. I used to get terribly upset. But Dad used to say, 'Remember Katherine, the American girl!'"

"So I kept on. And I started knitting, too. I've knitted twin-sets and two jumpers."

"Eventually, I expect to be able to handle a telephone switchboard."

Julie Anne's optimism was matched by Pat, who chipped in with: "Yes, I've got so much more confidence, too, coming to business college."

"I used to be dependent on my parents—scared to be without them. But now—"

"I'm on the college social committee!"

### Ready for job

Pat hadn't been to a large school since she caught polio when she was eight. After being bedridden for three years she took up typing for therapy.

Now, with 90 words shorthand and 52 words typing a minute, Pat is almost ready to go out and get her first secretarial job.

In the same enormous room, filled with the chatter and chatter of a hundred girls, sat Jenny Dickie calmly typing while a teacher dictated.

A yellow Labrador sitting on a mat at her feet looked at us suspiciously and Jenny's hand left the typewriter and strayed to the dog's neck.

"What is it, Esta?" she asked, and then, knowing that someone was watching, she smiled and said, "Have I made any typing mistakes?"

No. Jenny's typing was perfect.

She told me she'd first learned the keyboard years ago at the Blind School in Wahroonga, but she hadn't had any training in speed typing.

**JENNY DICKIE . . . takes dictation with Esta, her guide dog, at her feet.**

When she found life on the family farm near Bega, in southern New South Wales, a bit boring she decided to do the typing course in Sydney.

But to carry out her decision was not as simple as it would be for you and me.

"To start with I had to get a guide dog," she said, patting Esta.

"Then I had to get accommodation in Sydney with someone who'd have Esta, too, and eventually we found board with a family in North Sydney."

"The next hurdle was to get used to business college."

"It was a bit noisy for Esta at first, but she's office-trained now."

"I bought the rug here for her, and one of her friends—she's got lots of friends—gets her a saucer of water every day."

### To be secretary

After only 3½ months at college Jenny already can type 35 words a minute. The only difference her blindness makes to her training is that a teacher has to dictate for her.

"Eventually," said Jenny, "I want to be a secretary. Other blind girls are."

"I'm going to do shorthand soon, too—probably by private tuition in braille and then I'll come here for the speed training."

"You know I quite like it now."

I glanced round to find Pat and Julie Anne. They were concentrating at their typewriters. They looked happier than the other students.

Mr. Wales was right. For the first time these three girls had a sense of self-sufficiency, simply through being able to cope with a typewriter.





# LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker



ON HONEYMOON. Jimmy Darren and Evy Nalund after their wedding last month in New York are now in Greece, where Jimmy, U.S. actor and recording star, is working on "The Guns of Navarone." Jimmy and Evy, a former Miss Denmark, are among Hollywood's brightest youngsters.

## GOOD MUSIC

• From page 3

### CHOPIN: Piano works

Chopin was a supremely sensitive writer for the piano and his highly romantic music appeals equally to the sophisticated and the unsophisticated.

Nearly all his piano music is recorded; a record of the Impromptus and other works by Claudio Arrau is to be recommended (Festival); there are other recorded recitals by Lipatti, Brailowsky, and Rubinstein.

### BRAHMS: Violin Concerto

Brahms was a deeply serious man who was gruff and forbidding on the outside but very human in a rather wistful way underneath. You can feel all this when you listen to his music.

It may not have the immediate appeal of the other works I have listed, but it is worth getting to know. One can recommend Heifetz' interpretation of the violin concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (R.C.A.).

### STRAVINSKY: Petrouchka

This brilliant and exciting ballet is an example of what is still called "modern music," though this work was written nearly 50 years ago.

But it was about that time that composers broke away from the classical "laws" of harmony and melody and began to write as they pleased, more or less. This music used to shock the conservatives, but even the unsophisticated listener today will find its dissonances and "jazzy" effects stimulating.

A recording by Pierre Monteux and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra includes another colorful Stravinsky ballet, The Firebird (R.C.A.).

WAGNER: Overtures and Preludes

Like Beethoven, Wagner was a revolutionary who set out to change music. Though he lacked Beethoven's strength he was a sorcerer with musical sounds and he had enormous influence.

He wrote very long operas which you possibly won't want to buy yet, but some of the overtures and preludes to them are good, self-contained examples of his music.

I recommend the preludes to The Mastersingers (his only comedy) and Tristan and Isolde (which contains the most scorching love music that had been written then). You can get both these (and some other Wagner excerpts) on a record by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra under Jochum (Fontana).

### RICHARD STRAUSS: Till Eulenspiegel and Don Juan

Strauss was a brilliant "player" upon the orchestra who took up and developed Wagner's lush orchestral technique.

These two very popular "symphonic poems" tell in music the stories of two bad boys—Till Eulenspiegel was a mischievous troublemaker in German legend; Don Juan, of course, was the great lover.

The two works are recorded on one disc by Clemens Krauss and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Decca).

• In future issues Martin Long will write about other works worth adding to your record libraries.

**Local talent:** Three highly creditable versions of overseas hits have just been released by local artists.

Lucky Starr and The Hepparays do "The Big Hurt" and "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" (Festival 45). Billy O'Rourke does "Running Bear" on a Rex 45, with Billy Owens singing his own rocking "Blue Woman" on the other side. Both boys are featured vocalists with Melbourne's popular rock-n-roll band The Thunderbirds.

### NINETEEN - YEAR - OLD

New Zealand girl singer Carol Davies, a discovery of The Joye Boys, does "Sweet Nothin's" on a Festival 45, with The Band-Its. Flip is "Little Bit." Judging by Carol's strong, confident style, she's already done a lot of singing, and you'll be hearing more of her.

### "WILBUR KENTWELL

Plays Astaire And Rogers" (Columbia LP) presents the pianist-organist, with Cyril Bevan on drums, in a toe-tapping selection of numbers from the great string of Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers films that began in the 'thirties. Kentwell actually manages to recall 40 numbers, all of them agreeable, and many now of evergreen status.



Perry Como

**Pops:** Like to have a Perry Como for just the price of a 45? R.C.A. makes that easy by taking "Donkey Serenade" from the "Como Swings" album and flipping it with a slow, romantic number, "Dance Only With Me." Plus Mitchell Ayres' orchestra and The Ray Charles Singers. Not bad.

**FROM** the sweet-singing Everly Brothers: the very appealing ballad "Let It Be Me," plus Don's own "Since You Broke My Heart" (London 45).

**LATEST LPs** from Pat Boone ("Yes Indeed!" London) and Tommy Sands ("When I'm Thinking Of You," Capitol) are further landmarks in the progress of these two young men from early rock-n-rollers to mature and polished entertainers.

Pat's selections, the more varied in mood, include "My Baby Just Cares For Me,"

"American Beauty Rose," "I'll Build A Stairway To Paradise." Tommy swings gently through a selection with the accent on romance: "Always," "Fools Rush In," "Say It Isn't So."



Tommy Sands

**EDDIE LUND**, the American who made his home in Tahiti and became accepted as one of its authentic composers, offers a dozen of his compositions (including one used in the movie "Mr. Roberts") on "Rendezvous In Tahiti" (Festival LP). The recording was made on the island, and uses Tahitian musicians and singers.

**Operetta:** The melodic charm and gaiety of Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" seems impervious to time. The Sadler's Wells Opera Company and Orchestra, conducted by Vilem Tausky, present the elegant and sparkling Viennese operetta on an H.M.V. LP. It shouldn't be too hard to find a few people in the family to throw-in for this one.

**Ballads:** A new Festival LP offers bulky balladeer Burl Ives with The Ray Charles Singers in an entertaining and far-ranging selection of songs, including "Till Willow," "Lydia, The Tattooed Lady," "I Never See Maggie Alone," and a leavening of traditional ones. Ives at his less folksy. Available as either mono or stereo.

**Classics:** Debussy (1862-1918) wrote it considerably cooler than his predecessors, and if you've never taken kindly to the weightier "greats," after listening to "Images, For Orchestra" (R.C.A. LP), you may find that Debussy's your man.

Three pieces, "Gigues," "Iberia" (a Frenchman's impressions of Spain), and the spritely "Rondes de Printemps" are played by Charles Munch and The Boston Symphony Orchestra in a fine recording that would grace any collection.

A TASTE for the lighter classics is well catered for by a series of Pye EPs, among which is Sir Adrian Boult conducting The Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra in

selections from Delibes' "Coppelia" ballet, and Sir John Barbirolli and The Halle Orchestra in two Delius pieces, the "Irmelin" prelude and "On Hearing The First Cuckoo In Spring." Barbirolli—again with The Halle—can be heard in the tuneful ballet music from Rossini's opera "William Tell."

**Ballets:** Jean Martinon, conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, faithfully recalls the romantic magic of "Giselle," oldest and most celebrated classical ballet still to be performed. A Decca LP.

**Climbers:** Another Lloyd Price-Harold Logan special: "Lady Luck" (W and G 45) again has that great Price beat. Lloyd isn't quite so happy with the slower "Never Let Me Go" on the flip.



Lloyd Price

**CONWAY TWITTY'S** current hit, "Lonely Blue Boy" (M.G.M. 45), has something of a surprise on the flip-side. It's a serious, semi-spoken number written by Conway entitled "Star Spangled Heaven."

**Jazz:** "Bobby Troup and His Stars Of Jazz" (R.C.A. LP) presents Troup and a team of first-class jazzmen in a polished, easy-going jazz session that's a pleasure to listen to. Among those you'll hear with pianist-singer Troup are Benny Carter, Shorty Rogers, Jimmy Rowles, Red Norvo, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne. The numbers are fine, not too familiar and yet just familiar enough.

**"IN PERSON,"** a Coronet EP, presents singer Tony Bennett and Count Basie in "Ol' Man River," "Firefly," "Lullaby Of Broadway," "Solitude." Count me in for Basie.



Bobby Troup



# AUTUMN PATTERNS

Here are some of the best looks going in autumn teenage fashions. All can be made from easy-to-follow patterns. Panel on opposite page tells how to order.



AMERICAN TEENAGE SPECIAL—two dresses to wear three ways — as separate units, or one over the other. Sketches above and right clearly illustrate the idea.

5588.—Party pinafore dress has a prettily scooped neckline and double-breasted front fastening. The dress is self belted. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5589.—One-piece shirtwaist dress—among its charms a skirt that swings freely. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. The centre sketch shows the two dresses worn together. The result, a smart autumn-into-winter outfit.



**HOW TO ORDER:** Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please print name in block letters and state size required.

5590.—Slender unbelted suit. The jacket can be worn with or without the separate cowl collar. Large collars are autumn fashion news. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

5592.—Smart one-piece pinafore-style skating dress and long-sleeved shirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires, dress 1½yds. 54in. material. Shirt, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5593

5593.—Widely belted one-piece day-time dress has the new season's bat-wing sleeves and slender skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



5592

5591.—Short-skirted dance dress has a prettily moulded bare-necked bodice-top and a wide flirty skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5590



5591



Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

### Country dreamboat

**"LAST** August I was asked by a boy to go to his end-of-term school dance. I went, but did not see him afterwards, as he is a country boy. He and my brother went to the same school, so when I went up to my brother's prize-giving I saw this boy again. We talked for quite a while and he seemed friendly and I think he quite liked me. I did not see him again after that, as he had to go home to the country again. My problem is this: I have a school dance coming up in May. I know he is working in Sydney. Do you think it would be forward of me to ask him to the dance? I am doubtful, because by that time it will have been six months since I last spoke to him, and I do not wish to appear forward. If it is all right, should I ring to ask him, or write? Also, how long beforehand should I do so? I am 15½.

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

I don't think you would be the least bit forward to ask him to partner you to your school dance. I think he would enjoy taking you—he asked you to partner him to his end-of-term dance. I'd wait until about a month before the dance and ask him. You could ring him or write him a note, whichever you'd prefer to do or think you'd do best. But leave it till about a month beforehand, if you ask him any earlier it really puts him on the spot; no one knows what they will feel like doing that far ahead.

### Shyest boy in world

**"I** WONDER if you can help me with my problem? It is that I am very much in love with a boy who must surely be the shyest person in the world. He is 20, I am 19. I met him through my elder brother, who plays tennis with him. Right from the start I was attracted to him, but he is too shy to start a conversation with me. I am sure he is also attracted to me, as different friends have said or hinted so, but what can I do to help him overcome his shyness and be friendly? I see him each week at tennis, and he always speaks but goes red and looks at the

ground. He is very wrapped-up in all sports and has not, as far as I know, had a girl-friend. I have, however, been out with plenty of boys, but none of them meant anything to me. His shy, reserved manner and the fact that he is known to be a perfect gentleman appeal to me greatly. I have never met a boy who as well as being good-looking and modest is also well-spoken and polite. He is everything I ever want in a man. Please help me to be friendly with him, I have been patient so far, but it is gradually depressing me as I have never felt like this about any boy before."

"Helpless," Vic.

It is very hard to make any headway with a boy as shy as this one apparently is. I think your best chance is through your tennis. I'd try an appeal to him to help improve your game. Ask him what is the matter with your tennis, say that you're sorry to worry him, but you feel he is the only person you can ask, because you'd know he'd understand that it was important to you. Take it slowly and don't rush him. If he's as shy as he sounds, you've got quite a job ahead of you. What about your brother? Could he ask him to your place sometime? Actually, I think it's best just to go ahead without enlisting your brother's help, because you don't want to frighten this nice man with too much organisation. And you never quite know what your brother might say?

### Too sensible

**"I** AM a boy of 16 years of age. For some time now I have been very keen on this 13-year-old girl. I have been having cokes with her in the milk-bar near her father's service station. My problem is that she is too sensible for her age. She has refused to go out with me because she thinks she is too young. (Her parents would let her, I am sure.) She also told me to go out and mix with people of my own age, so that I will be, to put it in her own words, able to find a girl good enough for me. I am crazy over this girl, and what puzzles me is that she is not pretty and hasn't even a good figure. I want to keep her, and I know she likes me.

### Transport of joy

**"I** AM 17 and have recently met a very nice girl whom I wish to take out. She lives in a suburb which is a couple of miles away from the theatre, and I don't know whether I should hire a taxi to take her to and from her home, or take a tram, which comes within a quarter of a mile from her home."

"Undecided," N.S.W.

Take the tram. Getting a taxi would be simply bunging it on, and probably the expense that would make your dates less frequent.



She is good enough for me. Should I wait around for her, by taking her advice, or isn't she worth it?"

"Crazy Kid," S.A.

She sounds an absolute treasure. Certainly take her advice, keep away from her and go with other girls and let her grow up to at least 16 before you ask her out again. She'll be even nicer then than she is now, and I'm sure she'd be well worth waiting for.

You know perfectly well that she is far too young to go out with boys and that you are a very foolish boy to ask a girl of this age out. I'm sure her parents wouldn't allow her to go with you, they would know that what their daughter should do now is concentrate on growing-up and getting herself educated.

Love is a puzzling business as you say, which is probably what makes it so fascinating. As you have noticed prettiness and shape don't seem to have a great deal to do with it.

### Never been kissed

**"COULD** you please help me? I like a boy at my school, and when I see him I don't know whose place it is to speak, his or mine. I am nearly 16 and have not been kissed. Many of my friends say I am behind. Could you tell me if I am?"

"Advice Needed," W.A.

It is your privilege to speak first. If you don't, the boy would be rude to speak to you. No, I don't think you are behind in your kissing. Your trouble is you are too honest with your friends. Don't worry; kissing will catch up with you.

### Invitation worry

**"OUR** school social is going to be held in a few weeks' time. I expected a boy who has taken me out for six months to ask me to the social (I am sure he would like to take me). He didn't turn out to do so, so I accepted another boy's invitation. This other boy is a nice, sensible boy and I wouldn't like to refuse him yet I am a little worried because of the other boy. Do you think it will be all right to go with the one that asked me first, as my girl-friend says that it might get me into a terrible mess? (By the way, the boys are both very shy.)"

B.E., Qld.

You've accepted one boy's invitation, so if you go to the social you must go with him. It is unfortunate about the other boy, but these things do happen.

### Foot trouble

**"I** HAVE terribly broad feet and because of this I can't have many nice shoes. I have to force my foot into narrow ones, but I usually end up getting awful ones that stretch and look terrible. I wear lace-up shoes to school, and change into my rubber thongs when I get home. My friends say that

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



**BEING** a teenager is one of the hardest things in the world—but if you're good at it, it's a wonderful time.

To be good at it is hard, because for the first time you come up against emotions that don't behave like the straightforward emotions you've had before.

When your teenage emotions start to bounce they make you behave in a way you wouldn't have thought possible. You make a scene about your little sister sitting on your bed (she always has), you think secretly that your mother is awful (and you know she's not), and you practically pull the house down round everyone's head and burst into tears because your bead choker broke.

In other words, your emotions are testing you out, and you have to learn to do that thing that sounds so ghastly—discipline yourself. You've got to learn to smile instead of cry when you're overtaken with mysterious pangs of emotion, to be polite instead of snapping someone's head off.

It takes a lot of poise and courage to act this way. Poise is the ability to deal with any situation which may arise without blowing your top. Courage is more indefinable. Some people say it means you are brave—and so it does. But social courage is what helps you through those turbulent teenage emotions.

That famous writer Ernest Hemingway had the best of definitions of this sort of courage, I think. He said it is "Grace under pressure," which is surely just another way of saying, "Smile when you want to cry."

is the cause of my broad feet, but I haven't had my thongs very long. What should I do?"

"Broad Foot," Vic.

You should stop trying to squeeze your feet into narrow shoes immediately unless you want to end up with serious foot trouble. Nowadays shoes are made in multiple fittings, and it is indeed a problem foot that can't be fitted into an attractive shoe. If you have these one-in-a-million feet, you have just to have your shoes made.

Everyone wants to wear nice shoes, but no girl can afford to let vanity override her better judgment and buy a pair of shoes that don't fit properly.

Badly fitting shoes are the quickest thing to mar a pretty face.

I don't agree with your friends that wearing thongs have made your feet broad. Broad or narrow feet are an inheritance, not an acquired characteristic.



# TURN YOUR BATH INTO A BEAUTY AID

By Carolyn Earle

● *One of the nice things about the daily bath is that it makes you feel good. So whatever you do, don't just daub your fingers into the wash-basin, hop into your pyjamas, and dash off to the cot two or three nights out of the seven, saying "I'm too tired" or "It's too late to have a bath."*

**Y**OUR daily tub or shower is not only a means of keeping fresh and clean—it's a jiffy beauty treatment as well.

Probably there is no bath so relaxing and prettifying as the warm, sudsy tub, especially if it is scented with sweet-smelling bath salts or toilet water and you can loll back at your ease and read for a while, like the girl pictured at the right. There's usually time to do this only at night.

If you've never used them before, bath salts will dissolve more readily, and the effect will last longer, if you scatter them directly under the tap before you run your bath; perfumed oils are best dropped into the tub as it is filling.

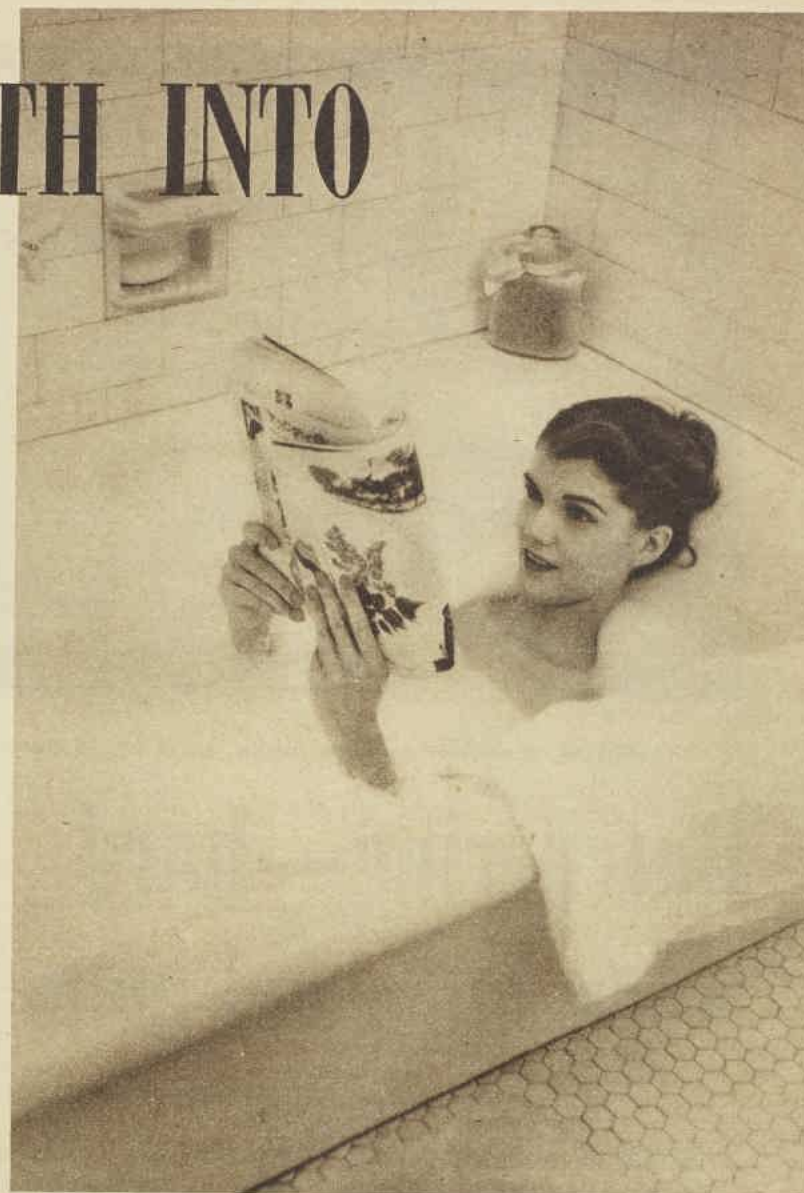
When you feel thoroughly lazy from soaking in deep suds, scrub yourself all over to get really clean.

It's lather plus friction that cleans your pores and scales off dead skin, so work with a will with a coarse washcloth, loofah sponge, or bath-brush.

The best time to take a warm bath is just before bedtime, then you can go happily off to bed and a sound sleep. But don't take your bath immediately before eating or for about two hours after a meal. It's bad for the digestion.

On the other hand, maybe you're a shower girl and couldn't care less about a plunge bath. For a quick morning wake-up or a late afternoon pick-up when you're tired and hot, take a brisk shower. Warm or cool, this is the best bracer of all.

A good shower "system" is to first get wet all over, then step away from the spray while you soap and scrub so you won't rinse



off too quickly. The shower scrub can be really brisk, and a few drops of bath oil is a fragrant finishing touch.

Just pour a little bath oil into the palms of your hands and smooth it all over your wet skin before the final rinse, then let the water run again. The warm shower will steam the oil into your skin.

Even after a vigorous towelling the scent of the bath oil will remain and help prolong a wonderful feeling of well-being for hours.

A nice alternative to this bath-oil routine is a brisk rub-down with toilet water AFTER you've dried with the towel, or a generous dusting with your bath powder. A powder-mitt saturated with fragrant dusting powder is grand for this purpose and fun to use.

Most girls will have one or the other of these preparations tucked away among their toilet things.

Of course, you will also use your favorite deodorant—it takes only a split second to put on—

but whether you use it at night after your bath or in the morning is purely a matter of preference.

For comfort and convenience, treat yourself to a bathtub beauty tray to hold all your bath paraphernalia.

In the ordinary way these might include a big cake of mild soap, face-washer, water-softener, which may be oil, salts, meal, or bubble bath, a box of dusting powder or powder-mitt or a bottle of body lotion.

And if you can afford one, don't forget a long-handled body-brush for friction rubbing, a nail-brush, and a soft, absorbent bath-towel. For a cool rub-down, let your towel air while you are tubbing.

For a start it's best to use preparations with scents that match, so that there will be no conflicting perfumes. Bath oil or toilet water, soap, and dusting powder all come in matching sets from which you can choose what you like.



**IN ROMAN TIMES** the girls, all out for glamor, used strawberries and raspberries to stay sweet.



**NOW** the idea is a bath and perfume — before applying a suitable deodorant or anti-perspirant.





## OTHER BOYS' JOBS

BILL DUTHIE, second-year apprentice butcher, will be only 20 when he qualifies.

# Butchering—hard work but good money

By Susan Abbott

● The temperature was 120 degrees while Bill Duthie and I were making dripping in the back of the shop. For him, a second-year apprentice butcher in Sydney, it was all part of the day's work.



"SHOCKING, isn't it?" said Bill, batting a moist eyelid as we shovelled another lot of minced fat and suet into the copper. And as he stirred the melting fat and finally strained it into a tin, he told me about the butchering business.

"The game's got a lot to recommend it," he said. "When you're qualified—that takes five years of apprenticeship—you can earn up to £35 a week. "That's if you really work hard, like working in a boning factory or as a butcher at the abattoirs.

"Then, of course, if you've got enough money you can buy your own business. Or you can be the manager of a shop—go out and buy the meat and run the whole show."

Bill will be only 20 when he qualifies, but in the meantime the apprenticeship is, as he says, "gruelling work"—making

MAKING DRIPPING is hot work—120 degrees when this picture was taken.

## FOR YOUNG SCIENTISTS

# Eggs and salt

● Have you ever wondered what happens when you dissolve salt in water?

FILL a tumbler or jar with water—but not so full that the water is "heaped" above the brim.

Do you think that a tablespoon of salt can be put into the water without causing it to overflow? No, you probably won't believe it—until you try it.

Add the salt, which must be well dried, gradually while you stir with a thin wire.

The volume of the water increases a little, but not anything like as much as you expected.

This strange fact shows that the volume of the water with the salt dissolved in it is less than the volume of the salt and the volume of the water together.

Where does the salt go?

Water consists of water-molecules, which—as in every liquid—are continually moving about, leaving quite large spaces between each other. It is into these spaces that the salt goes.

This experiment also shows that salt water is heavier than fresh water, or, in scientific terms, has a higher specific gravity.

It is very hard to suspend anything in water; to do so it must have EXACTLY the same specific gravity. But here is a trick by which you can make an egg appear to be suspended.

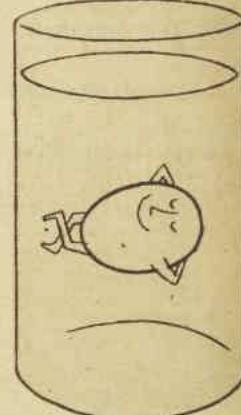
A fresh egg floats on very salt water, and sinks in fresh. Pour about half the salt water out of your jar and put in more salt—as much as will dissolve in the water.

Put a fresh egg into the jar and it will float on top of the salt water.

Now, very slowly, pour fresh water down the side of the jar until it is almost full. If you're careful, the fresh and salt water won't mix and the boundary between them is almost invisible.

And because the egg sinks in fresh water, it will stay in the middle of the jar, apparently suspended.

● From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.



dripping, cleaning up the shop, and making sausages.

And the wages—starting at £5/7/6 a week, and going up each year to £7/3/6, £9/17/6, £13/8/6, and £17 for the fifth year—are, in Bill's estimate, too low for the first few years.

"But it's a trade, see," he explained, "and it's just about the only trade you don't have to go to night school or tech. You learn while you work from the boss and the other boys."

It was mainly because of no night school that Bill, at 13, decided he was going to be a butcher. When he left Bondi Technical College at 15, he became an apprentice to a small city butcher.

## £7 for kit

Bill found that a butcher had to be equipped for the job. Not only did he have to be "big, strong, healthy, and cold-blooded," but he had to have a special butcher's kit.

The white coat, apron, steak-knife, two boning knives, steel, and a leather pouch and belt cost him about £7.

From knowing nothing just over a year ago, Bill can now make a pound of sausages in 10 seconds, sharpen his three knives in 15 minutes, and cut chops as fast as you can say knife.

One way to tell a skilful—or lucky—butcher is to count his fingers.

"Oh, it's dangerous all right," said Bill. "I've been lucky. Haven't had one stitch yet."

The other butchers in the shop crowded round when they heard Bill and I discussing accidents. "I've been 10 years in the game, and have had 27 stitches," said one, "but haven't lost a finger yet."

Each butcher, I was told, is insured against accident by his employer. Should the boning knife slip disastrously, there's a lump sum to collect: £725 for the loss of a thumb, £275 for a finger, and £2100 for an arm to the elbow.

Getting back to more cheerful discussion, Bill said that delivering orders in the van was one of the nicest jobs of the day.

If business was brisk, Bill said, he sometimes served in the shop, speaking as though this was a pretty senior part of the butchering game.

"You've got to use all your personality," he said. "Some of the customers get a bit cranky—shocking they are—but you meet lots of nice ones."

Bill told me it took years to learn all the different cuts and joints, and how to butcher a carcass—but, once learned, the skill could take you round the world on a working holiday.

"A bullock's the same the world over," he said. "If you learn to cut up an Aussie one you can cope with anything."



# How NOT to look in Autumn (or ever)



*She's dressed to the gills in flowers and frills,  
But the saccharine act is quite cloying, in fact.*



*Avoid any scenes of you in tight jeans.  
Can't you see in his face, you've fallen from grace?*



*The morn you're a mess from toe to tress  
May just be the day you're on public display!*



*Pony tails have had their day;  
"A sweeter you" is here to stay!*



*Her silhouette's wrong; she doesn't belong.  
Four inches of clearance would save her appearance.*



*Too much bangle and bracelets that jangle —  
She can't resist them; but who'd ever miss them?*



*Boys don't like girls  
Who go out in pin curls;  
Till your hair looks just right,  
Keep it ALL out of sight.*



*When your bag is so loaded  
You hardly can tote it,  
Begin spring cleaning  
With proper purse preening.*



# TEENA by Linda Terry



## A GUY's song is ended but

# The MALADY lingers on!

- I figured out the other day what a feller needs to be a bull's-eye hit with girls — rock-'n-roll.

NOT just the ability to dance it. You have to be able to give out with it, too.

Yes, the rock-'n-roll artist is a feller who knows that the way to a girl's heart is through her butterfly - fluttering stomach. When I figured this out the curtain went up on my career on the Rock.

(This is not such a drastic change in jobs as it may seem. There are hundreds of girls who'll tell you my career's been on the rocks for months!)

But on with the show...

The first, and a most important, thing I had to decide in my daydream was what to call myself.

Why not my own name? Well, I didn't reckon that the girls who

hate my written squeals would become fans of Robin Adair's vocal ones.

Anyway, a rock-'n-roll star's name has to be really different. Maybe it's because fans wouldn't dig a handle that a feller's parents had already dug up!

I thought of calling myself Crash Craddock, but decided it would sound too much like a bloke already named Brash Haddock. I also had an idea

### How blunt is blunt?

GIRLS who criticise Robin Adair are bad sports. Even though at times he is a rather blunt person—i.e., someone who says what he thinks without thinking—other times he really hits the nail on the head. In time the do-it-yourself movement might be carried far enough to include thinking, and then Robin can be in on it, too.—Lesley Beacham, West Ryde, N.S.W.

of calling myself Bob Bliss, but there was too much Joye in the name. I might have heard the Col of the Wild!

Finally, I hit on a name that was really a far cry from anyone else's — Sobbin' Robin.

Getting the name, however, was only part of my dream start. In rock-'n-roll, too, the old saying is true — clothes make the man.

Man!

Apparently the rock "hop" sacks don't dig hopsack. A singer seems obliged to wear satins, sequins, and silks. I decided to go one better — and wear fur suits at all my shows. What a setting to sing that great Rock tune "Mink to Me Only With Your Eyes!"

I soon found out that there's more to being a Rocker than meets the ai-yi.

For one thing you have to rehearse. Yes, indeed. Do you really think it's easy to learn lyrics like "Bye-bye, baby, bye-bye, baby, bye-bye?"

The first number I imagined myself singing was that sophisticated song "Oh Yeah, Uh-Huh." It took me hours to say "uh" instead of "huh" and vice-versa.

Then I pictured my manager saying that my voice was okay, but I needed some musical gimmick.

"Can you play a guitar?" he asked. "No."

"Great!"

So I started to strum a guitar with, literally, no strings attached. It's not cheating. We rock-'n-roll artists just subscribe to the idea that what you don't know can't hurt you!

Suddenly, just as I was at a peak of my career (giving a command performance of "Advance Australia Rock" to Mr. Menzies), I woke up.

Now I'm back working in different keys — the typewriter variety.

Of course, in my daydream I didn't quite reach the ultimate in being a Rock star — writing a song. Then your number's really up!

But I'm happy to say that I've done that now.

My song is inspired by all the girls who've pointed out that my physique is not up to par with that of a certain TV cowboy hero.

I call my song "Cheyenne, Cheyenne Harvest Moon."

Actually, I Navajo I had it in me!

—Robin Adair





*other people's jobs...*

## *telegrams and Telegraph tell of young actress' success...*

We went to see Lorraine Bayly on the morning after Hayes Gordon's revival of "The Man" opened at the Ensemble Theatre. There she was, excitedly reading telegrams and criticisms—unanimous in their congratulations on the group's work ("... electrifying performance ... most exciting ..." said the Daily Telegraph's critic).

Lorraine Bayly must be one of the most energetic—as well as talented—young actresses in Sydney. By day she helps Hayes with the administration work of his Ensemble Theatre ... at night she plays Ruth in "The Man." And in addition to all this, Lorraine is a serious student of the piano at the Conservatorium! Enough? Not for Lorraine—she is about to resume her singing lessons!

A founder member of the Ensemble group, Lorraine has played in all their productions and studied drama under Hayes Gordon for three years. She also "studies," we are pleased to report, the Daily Telegraph—every day! "To me," says Lorraine, "the Telegraph is the fastest and most entertaining way of keeping up with the world—it seems to cover everything that interests me."

**PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW**

**READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY**

# **Daily Telegraph**



**MARGARET  
SMITH**

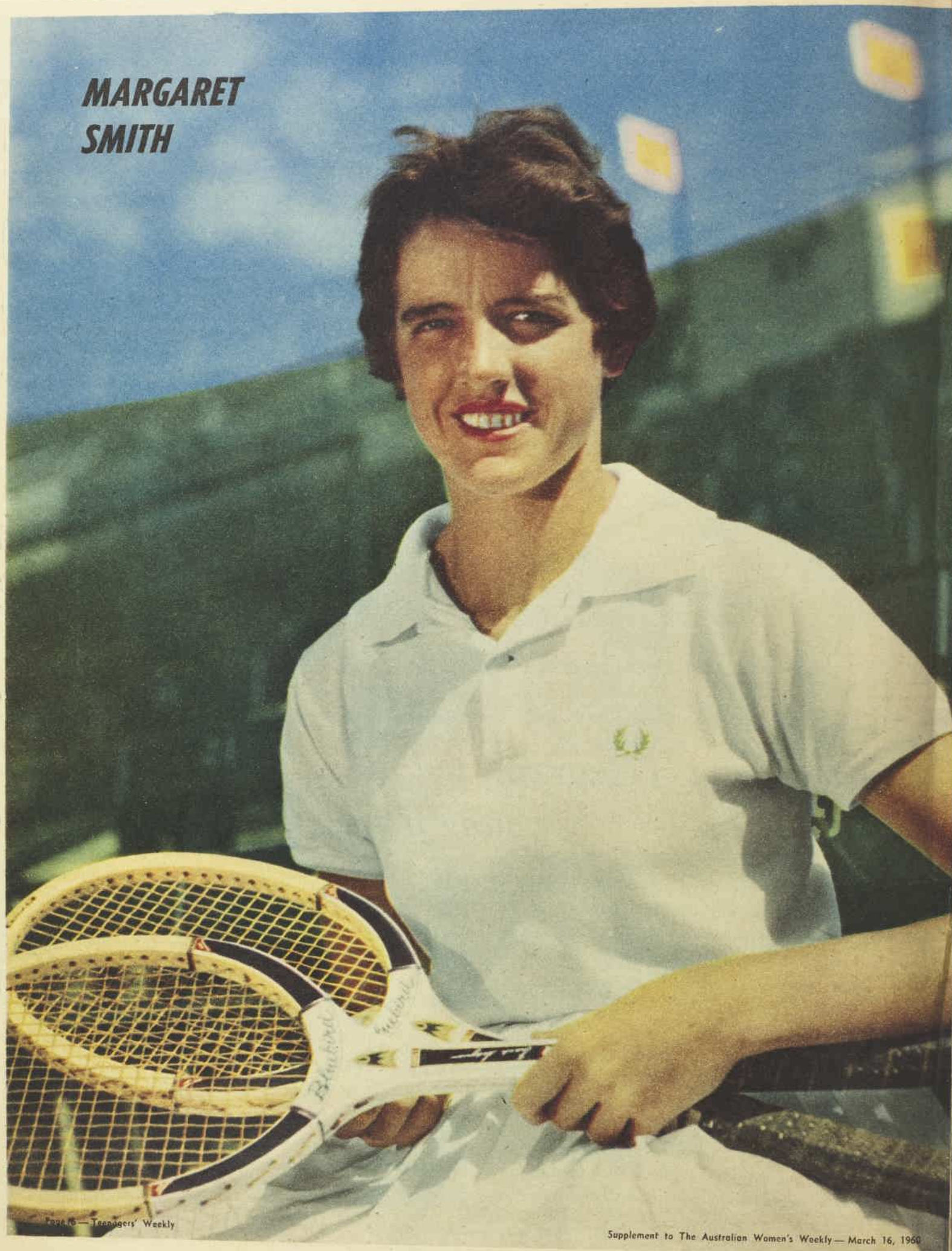


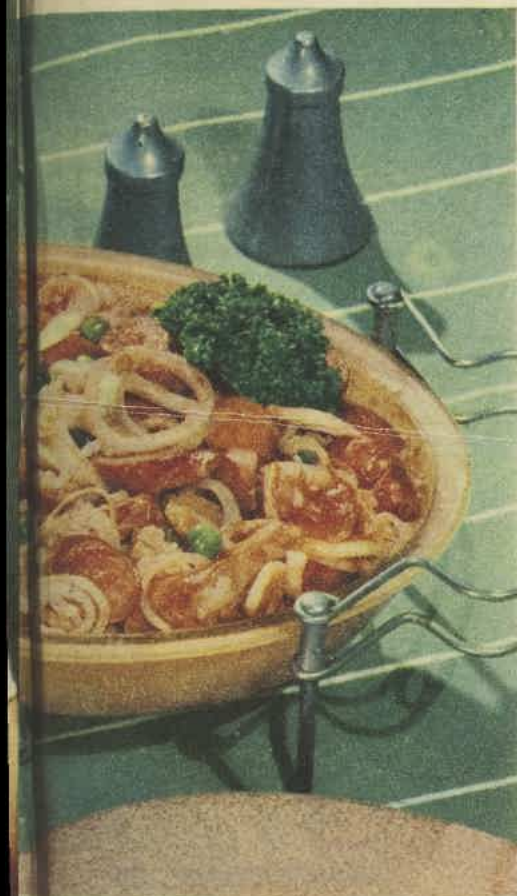
Photo — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 16, 1960



# ERENCE

rice. Some of them have been of different countries, some are both sweet and savory, they in your cookery scrapbook.



peas, and green peas combine nicely. Substitute diced cooked meat for the frankfurts if desired.

Put cold water over, drain well. Mix with honey, place sugar and cold water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Beat egg-white stiffly with salt. Gradually add syrup, beating well. Flavor with almond essence. Mix half the mixture with the honey-flavored rice, pour into ovenware serving-dish. Cover with apricot pulp, then remainder of egg-white mixture. Place in slow oven until top is set and is lightly browned. Decorate with almonds and cherries.

## CABBAGE-LEAF ROLLS

Large cabbage leaves, boiling water, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1 onion, ½ lb. lean steak, ½ lb. fat pork, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, ¼ to 1 cup breadcrumbs moistened with milk, 2 cups water or stock, 2 to 3oz. butter.

Wash cabbage leaves well, cover with boiling water. Allow to stand 5 minutes or longer to soften, then remove the firm center fibre from the large leaves. Combine rice, finely chopped onion, minced steak, and minced pork. Season with salt and pepper, add beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Place a spoonful on



**NASI CORENG**, an Indonesian dish, adapted as shown above, is simple, speedy, and economical. It can be served as a main course or as a vegetable accompaniment to meat dishes. Recipe is included in this section.

each cabbage leaf. Fold over, making small parcels. Tie loosely with coarse cotton. Pack into a large saucepan with 2 cups stock or water. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Pour off any remaining liquid, add butter, and continue cooking gently until rolls are lightly browned, then turn and brown other side. Serve hot.

## HAWAIIAN MEDLEY

Half an ox kidney, 4 rashers bacon, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 tablespoon chopped onion or shallot, 2 cups cooked rice, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, 8 pineapple slices, small quantity melted shortening, parsley.

Wash kidney, soak ½ hour in salted water. Remove skin, cut into small pieces. Remove rind from bacon, chop 2 rashers, cut each remaining rasher into 4 pieces. Place chopped bacon in pan with shortening and onion or shallot, fry lightly. Add kidney, cook until lightly browned. Turn into basin, add rice, salt, pepper, sauce, and beaten egg. Place pineapple slices on greased oven-tray, brush with melted shortening. Cover each with generous layer of kidney mixture, top with a piece of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve piping-hot garnished with parsley.

## CUCUMBER RICE SALAD

Three-quarters to 1 cup cooked drained rice, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad oil, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 small tomato, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives or shallots or onion, 2 tablespoons finely diced cucumber, ¼ cup vinegar.

Roughly chop hard-boiled egg and tomato. Marinate cucumber in vinegar with pinch of salt for at least 15 minutes, drain. Combine all ingredients, mix well. Place in a bowl, cover and chill. Serve in crisp lettuce cups with other salad vegetables and cold meat.

## CHOCOLATE RICE

Half pound raw rice, 2 cups boiling milk, 1 small piece orange or lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup grated sweet chocolate or 3 tablespoons drinking chocolate, 3 eggs, whipped cream and preserved pears.

Place rice in saucepan with cold water, bring rapidly to the boil, and drain immediately. Add milk, rind, salt, and sugar, place over very low heat until rice is soft. Stir in egg-yolks, chocolate, and stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into a greased ovenproof dish, and bake in a slow oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with whipped cream and pears.

## SARDINES BENGAL

One large tin sardines, 1 shallot, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, juice of ½ lemon, ¼ cup stock or water, 1 to 1½ cups cooked rice, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Drain sardines of oil, saute sliced shallot in oil until lightly browned. Drain off all but about 1 teaspoon of oil, add curry powder, flour, and salt. Stir over gentle heat 1 or 2 minutes. Add stock or water and lemon juice, continue stirring until boiling. Make a mound of cooked rice on a large platter or on individual plates, place sardines on top, and pour sauce over. If served on a large platter, arrange tails of sardines towards centre, making a wheel pattern. Heat in oven and serve hot, or chill and serve cold. Garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

## BERRY ALMOND SHAPE

Berry Layer: Half pound tinned or frozen berry fruits, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Almond Cream: One pint milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup hot water, 1 tablespoon ground rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup cooked rice.

Drain liquid from berries, add sugar, lemon juice, and gelatine to liquid and stir over heat until dissolved. Add water to make up to ¼ pint (if necessary), allow to cool. Set a layer 1 in. deep in wetted mould. Keep remainder in warm place to prevent setting. Blend ground rice with milk, stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add sugar and almond essence. When quite cold stir in dissolved gelatine and cooked rice, pour half carefully on to jelly in mould. When set, add half remaining berry jelly, then remainder of almond cream, allowing each layer to set before adding another. Mix reserved berries with remainder of jelly, pour into mould. Chill until set. Unmould, serve decorated with cream and extra berries if liked.

## CHEESE APPETISERS

One cup grated, well-matured cheese, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish, pinch cayenne, 1 to 2 dessertspoons sherry or tomato sauce, 2 cups cooked dry rice, fat for frying.

Combine cheese, salt, chopped capers, horseradish, cayenne, and sherry or tomato sauce, mix well, and mould in 1 in. balls. Roll in the rice and press it in firmly. Place in hot fat and deep-fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper, pierce each with a cocktail stick, and serve hot.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



# Salad bon-bons win prize

● An interesting salad combination is used as a filling for the appetising rollettes which win the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

**THIN**, even slices cold cooked corned beef could be used in place of ham in the salad bon-bons if liked.

Recipes for a rich liqueur cake and tasty sardine savories win a consolation prize of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

## SALAD BON-BONS

Twelve slices pressed ham or other similar luncheon meat, 2 cups finely shredded lettuce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped white onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  diced green cucumber, 2 medium-sized white onions cut into fine rings, 2 tablespoons thick salad dressing or mayonnaise.

Combine lettuce, chopped onion, cucumber and salad dressing in a bowl, mix well. Place a portion on each slice of ham, roll up and secure with cocktail sticks. Place 2 or 3 rings of white onion on each ham bon-bon and serve for a buffet luncheon on lettuce leaves with tomato wedges, olives, and gherkins.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Blackstock, Private Bag 92, Warracknabeal, Vic.

## LIQUEUR CAKE

Sponge: Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One cup plain sweet biscuit crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon chopped moist peel, apricot jam, sherry.

Chocolate Cream Topping: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons cocoa, sherry.

Beat egg-whites until stiff,

gradually add sugar and beat until sugar dissolves and mixture holds its shape. Add egg-yolks one at a time and vanilla. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cornflour, and lastly add the hot milk in which the butter has been dissolved. Turn into 2 well-greased 8-inch sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Next day split one layer in halves and put aside. Prepare filling.

Crumble second layer of sponge into basin, add biscuit

crumbs, walnuts, chopped raisins, cocoa, cinnamon, well mixed together, the peel and sufficient sherry to make a moist mixture. Work well together; spread both halves of the split sponge with apricot jam and on one half spread the filling thickly over. Top with the second half of sponge, jam side down, on filling. Spread chocolate cream over top.

Chocolate Cream: Beat butter until soft, add sifted icing-sugar gradually and then work in cocoa. Add sufficient sherry to make a soft, fluffy mixture.

Note: This cake is best if made 24 hours before cutting.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Pennicott, High Street, Oatlands, Tas.

## BRETON FINGERS

One large tin sardines, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt, slices of bread, 2 tablespoons browned bread-crumbs, 3 tablespoons finely grated tasty cheese.

Drain oil from sardines and mash; add Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Toast thin bread slices on one side only and spread sardine mixture on untoasted side. Combine browned bread-crumbs and cheese with the oil from the sardines and place on top of sardines. Place under a low heat and grill until hot and lightly browned. Cut into finger lengths and serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Maartensz, 63 Broughton Street, Concord, N.S.W.



**SALAD BON-BONS**, served with crisp salad and savory pieces, make a colorful centre-piece when arranged on a large platter. See recipe this page.

## WINNING HINT

**COSY** winter fires aren't so far away and it's a good idea to start storing up peel of used oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, and drying it in the sun or in the oven (after baking). This peel is quick-catching kindling and makes the room smell pleasant.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. F. Amos, 9 Carlyle Street, Hawthorn, Vic., for the hint above.

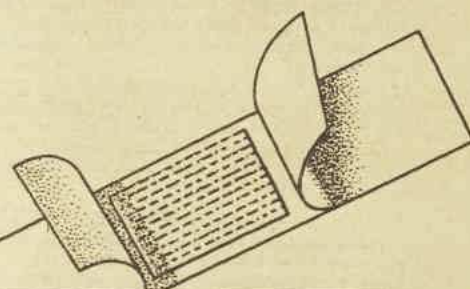
If you have a hint about housework, cooking, or gardening write it on one side of a sheet of paper with your name and full address and send it to: Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

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CONTEST

# "Happiest Day"

● Judging is now under way of the many thousands of entries in our "Happiest Day" contest, in which mothers can win a first prize of £500 and fathers £250.

● Entries have now closed. Results of the final judging will be published soon.

FOR mothers, there will be a second prize of £50, six prizes each of £10, and five of £50. This week a mother and father each win progress prizes of £10 each. Their letters are below.

## MOTHER

£10 progress prize to Mrs. Bald, P.O. Box 29, Ballarat, Victoria.

My story goes back to the beginning of the war.

We were living on one of the Pacific Islands, but as the situation looked rather grim for all women and children we were evacuated to Australia.

Two months later my baby was born in Brisbane.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and the announcement that our island had also been bombed, and the Pacific is now with the blood of the victors.

After anxious months of little news, we accepted an invitation of my aunt and uncle to stay with them on a small farm in the Mallee.

Imagine our joy, and surprise, to receive a telegram one day saying my husband would arrive in Melbourne on today.

"Wednesday night we prepared for a three a.m. rising to meet the train at four.

"My uncle found the car had a flat battery—and the nearest neighbor miles away!

"My cousin got out the old farm jalopy and towed my uncle in the car round and round the Mallee scrub until the engine started, then ran the engine for some time to charge the battery.

"Then began the trek through sandhills and many farm gates to the station.

"Those gates were our downfall. Stopping to open them, go through, and shut them flattened the already weak battery, and the engine just quietly stopped in the middle of nowhere!

"My uncle said something about going for help and disappeared into the night.

"After half an hour (which seemed an eternity to me as I wondered if we would get there in time, had my husband managed to get the train—and what my uncle would say if he hadn't!) lights appeared and off we went in a utility truck to the station.

"With the first rays of the Mallee dawn the train tracks began to sing and there was the train, and out of the

guard's van (the only seat available) stepped my husband, to meet his smiling five-month-old daughter for the first time, on a little sand-swept railway station."

## and FATHER

£10 progress prize to Mr. Alfred S. Turner, Glen Murrey, Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W.

"My happiest day as a father was the day our daughter was born.

"To appreciate my joy, one has to go back over the years. As a small boy I was left an orphan, and was reared to manhood by a bachelor uncle, in a farmhouse where emphasis was strictly on the male.

"My knowledge of farming in all its variety was extensive; my knowledge of ladies, of make-up and other mysteries—such as how dresses with no tops stayed in place, of the power that a faded photograph of a beautiful French lady had on my bachelor uncle—was absolutely nil.

"Although I first knew my wife when she was a schoolgirl, we did not meet again for nearly ten years, and from that

day my world began to change. My six-foot-tall two hundred pounds of manhood just wanted to get married, but I had to learn patience.

"I discovered that ladies like to be courted, and that there are a thousand and one little things that a mere man knows nothing about.

"Eventually after a year we were married, and to the orphan boy who had not known the touch of a woman's hand for many a year it was as if a heaven on earth had been made just for me.

"Then, after a few months, my queen told me she was to become a mother, and I a father.

"I, who had never been blessed with patience, once more had to learn to wait, counting the days, at times feeling very frightened, and all the time being sure it would be a girl.

"The climax came one beautiful day in September, when our daughter was born, and for the first time in my life I held a baby in my big hands, while my wife wiped away my tears of joy.

"As I knelt at her bedside, I was the happiest father in the world."

## Thomasina teaches the facts of life

Continued from page 35



frightened in early infancy (I was told) by dogs.

She was now transformed. Her kittens became her life. She spent almost all day with them and fed them almost continuously.

She appeared acutely anxious if we went too close to them—and perfectly happy when they were all feeding at once.

"Mummy, did you like feeding us?"

How could I hope to express the utter bliss of nursing a baby? I never could have told them adequately, but there it was in front of them, plain to see.

"Mummy, look how gentle she is with them. She has her arm around one. Isn't she a wonderful mother?"

And so it continued, as they saw that immoral, selfish brute develop into a devoted mother.

They watched her wash the kittens all over every time we touched them ("Mummy, did you keep us as clean as that?"), and they watched her keeping them out of harm.

They took a kitten occasionally, and when she appeared anxiously looking for it, they watched her with great glee as she carried it back to its bed.

"Mummy, she's just like you

with Steve" (my youngest child), "you always did rush after him all the time."

Then the eldest said, "Haden't she better have some vitamins, when she has to feed all those kittens?"

So they gave her soup, fresh meat, and milk, and even administered some vitamin drops.

Thomasina's post-natal care was excellent! And the children learned this lesson, too.

### Independent

Finally came the day when the kittens' eyes opened and the day when they scrambled over the saucer and fell in—but also drank some milk, independently of Thomasina.

They are growing up now. Thomasina is with them less, and is less agitated about their wanderings.

"Mummy, doesn't she want them any more? I'm glad you and Daddy stay with one another and keep us all together."

"Wouldn't it be awful if we never saw Daddy at all, or if Mummy went away before we grew up?"

Thus Thomasina imparted to the children even the horror of divorce.

However, she is showing a definite interest in the cat next

door again. But there'll be no "again" for us! This time I think she will simply have to visit a vet.

But thank you, Thomasina. We have all had a wonderful and enjoyable lesson in sex education, as nature intended it to be taught.

I, too, have had lessons, in watching Thomasina teaching her children to be clean, and guide their early ventures into the world.

I have noted that Thomasina certainly "demand" fed her children. But now they are learning the way they should go, and soon they will be independent, able to face the world alone. Thomasina has been a good mother, as well as a good teacher.

Away, well meaning school-teachers and Freudian psychologists. Thomasina has done the job better than you could.

I agree wholeheartedly with Emerson. "Nature ever faithful is to those who trust her faithfulness."



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- HOW TO MAKE A CHEESE GRILL FOR BREAKFAST.**
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# EASY TO EXPAND

● This week's Home Plan No. 805 can be built as a one-bedroom house and two more bedrooms can be added at a later date for a growing family.

A COMPLETE set of plans for this house can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres. The addresses are listed in the panel at right below.

As well as selling standard home plans, these Centres will advise you on every aspect of home building. They are staffed by experienced personnel, who will study your requirements and ensure that you get the best

possible house within the limitations of your site and budget.

Home Plan No. 805 which we show on this page is an excellent proposition for newly married couples. It has been designed by our architects Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack.

The house can be built with one bedroom, and when the budget permits two more bedrooms can be added later.

It could even be extended to four bedrooms if wished.

The house can be constructed

on a completely flat block or on a steep slope with the carport underneath.

If steps are needed to make up the change in levels, they could be placed in the gallery connecting the two wings of the house.

In this design the architects have concentrated on completely isolating the living from the sleeping areas. The two are connected by the gallery.

This gallery can be used as an entrance hall and sunroom, and makes an ideal play area for young children.

In the perspective sketch above, the house is shown built with a timber frame and a pitched roof. It could also be constructed in brick with a flat roof.

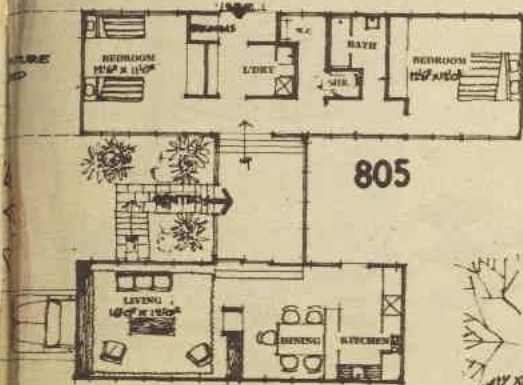
The area as a single-bedroom home is 10.5 squares, with two bedrooms it is 11.75

squares, and with three bedrooms 13 squares.

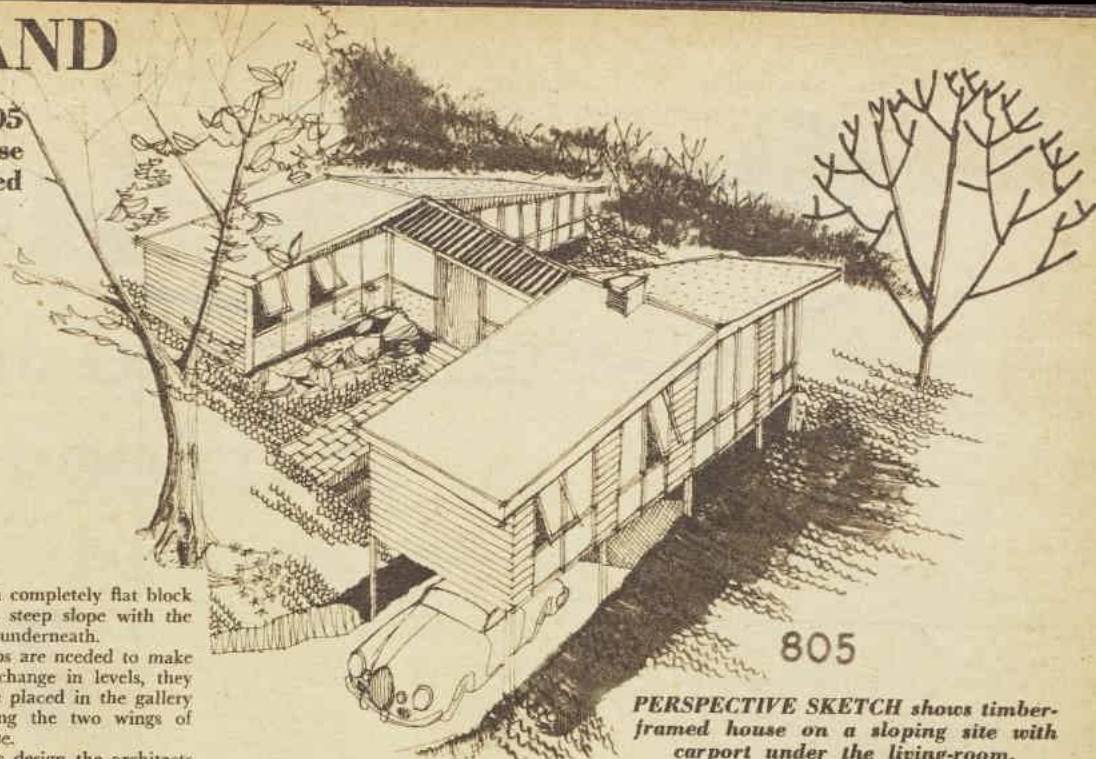
Approximate costs are as follows: 10.5 squares in timber—from £3250 to £3600; 11.5 squares in timber—from £3450 to £3800; 13 squares in timber—from £3900 to £4250.

On a steeply sloping site with a carport underneath, as shown in the sketch above, an extra £350 should be added to any of the above prices.

For more accurate prices for your own site, consult your local Home Planning Centre.



FLOOR PLAN No. 805. Two bedrooms have been included and space for third bedroom is indicated. Kitchen and dining areas have been combined.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows timber-framed house on a sloping site with carport under the living-room.

## OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES

PLANS for this house and other small home plans can be bought for £10/10/- a set from any of our Home Planning Centres which are situated in the following stores:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. (Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's. (Please ring J2311 for appointment to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

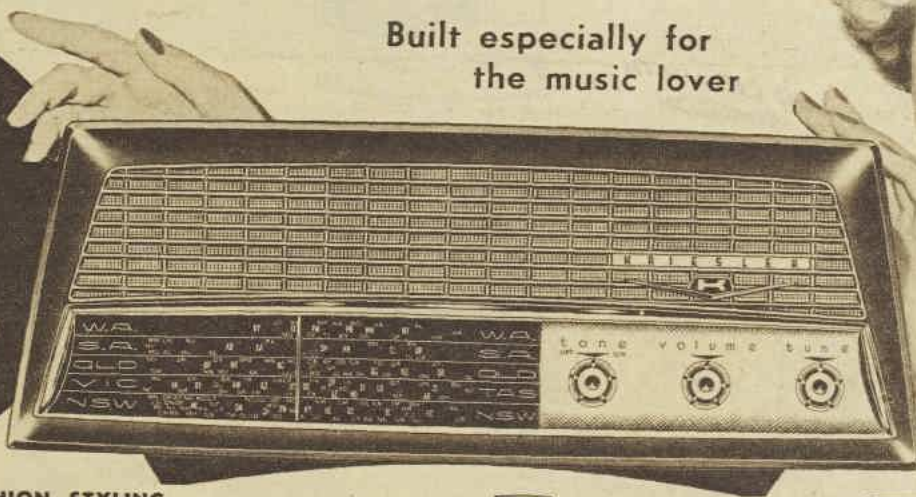
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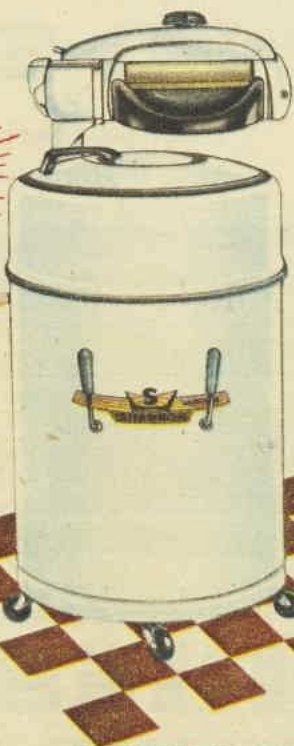
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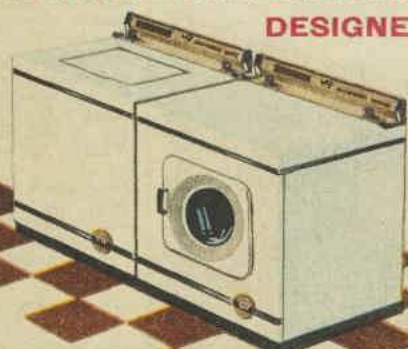


# SIMPSON

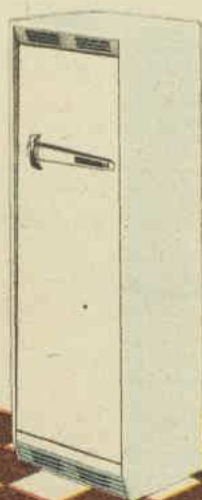
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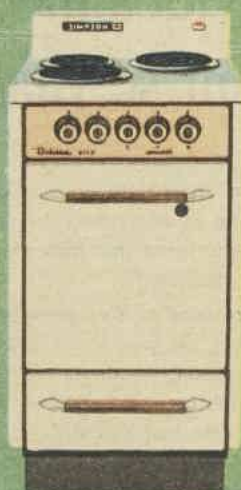
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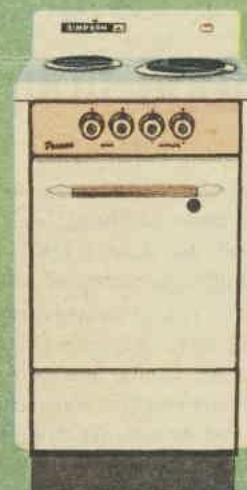
### HAVANA

Thermostatically controlled oven with glass 6/8" and non-up shelves. 3 radiant hotplates (one with simmerstat control), lift out for easy cleaning. Height over hob, 36 1/2"; depth, front to back, 21 1/2"; width, 24 1/2". White, Ivory Two-Tone Pink and White. £108\*



### BAHAMA

3 chrome-trimmed radiant hotplates, one with simmerstat control, big storage drawer, thermostatically-controlled oven. Completely new design with controls on splashback panel. Height over hob, 37 1/2"; depth, front to back, 25 1/2"; width, 20 1/2". £78.0.0\*



### PANAMA

Thermostatically-controlled oven, with round corners for easy cleaning. Compact range with 2 radiant hotplates (one with simmerstat), new easy controls. Height over hob, 37 1/2"; depth, back to front, 20 1/2"; width, 20 1/2". White or Ivory porcelain. £65.0.0\*

**SIMPSON** — Famous for home appliances for over a century

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There is nothing more important to a mother than the health of her family. In providing for their well-being, she does everything in her power to give them nourishing food, but there is always the doubt in her mind that they may not be getting their full requirements of nourishment and vitamins.

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BREAKFAST



LUNCH



AFTER SCHOOL



BEDTIME

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

[from page 21]

"Naturally, I'd be delighted if it means Sir Lancelot intends to spend more time in London," my host continued, when he had fetched the decanter. "I'm sure that all of us at St. Swithin's would agree. It's only right that such great gifts as his shouldn't be lost to the hospital entirely. Though I must confess that he seemed rather surprised at the place continuing to function without him at all."

My godfather's retirement had in fact given St. Swithin's its greatest stimulus since the empty, antiquated outpatients' block was blown up one night in 1941. Every consultant had been incubating little schemes to hatch in the milder climate once the thunder of his opinions had rolled away.

Mr. Cambridge himself had almost at once started a statistical department (Sir Lancelot declared statistics as unreliable as weather forecasts), ordered air-conditioning for his operating theatre (Sir Lancelot would as soon have ordered himself a bottle of scent), and started smoking his pipe in the surgeons' room (Sir Lancelot smoked only after dinner, and then only Havannas).

"I'm honored to offer him such hospitality as I can," the surgeon went on. "Though of course it is a little difficult now I'm in the middle of all my plans for the bi-centenary celebrations. You knew that Pennyworth got the St. Swithin's council to vote me to take charge?"

"Congratulations," I said. "Yes, I heard this afternoon."

OF course, I had also heard of Sir Lancelot declaring publicly this was only because Pennyworth put the motion at five o'clock, when everyone was dying for their tea and would have agreed to anything.

"I think I can get royalty to open the historical exhibition in the Founders' Hall," he told me proudly. "And Mr. McCurdie's statue to Humanity will look very well inside the Main Gate. But for some reason your godfather seems to object to—ah, hello, my dear," he broke off, as we were interrupted by his wife. "Sir Lancelot rang to say he'd be in for dinner as usual."

"I'm sorry, Simon, that your godfather has become so quickly bored with life as a country gentleman," she said to me.

"I think he rather misses the bustle of hospital life," I suggested.

I suddenly remembered that Celia Cambridge and Sir Lancelot hated each other. For years they had conducted a complicated quarrel, the cause of which had long ago been forgotten by everybody including themselves, but which probably started when she kept him in control in the operating theatre by slapping freshly boiled instruments into his upturned, thinly gloved palm.

Celia had been a famous theatre nurse at St. Swithin's, and when Mr. Cambridge proposed to her after a steamy courtship among the sterilisers all the other nurses who wanted to be catty—and there are always far too few marriageable young surgeons to go round—declared that if she managed her husband like she managed her theatre she'd have him in Harley Street in no time. She was barely tall enough to reach across an instrument trolley,

To page 45



## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 44

but she had the determination of the Brigade of Guards.

"A pity he cut himself off so completely in the first place," murmured Mr. Cambridge, staring at the carpet.

"On the contrary, Bertie. I think it was a very good thing for the hospital that you got rid of him."

"But he's a very great surgeon, my dear."

"I'm not denying that for a moment. But if you'll excuse me for saying so, Simon, the way my husband and all the other men at St. Swithin's let Lancelot go on bullying them year in and year out is nothing short of a disgrace."

"I was once his house-surgeon, my dear."

"Which doesn't give him the excuse for treating you like one of the rest of your life."

"My godfather can be rather difficult at times," I murmured.

"I never found him difficult at all. Bertie refuses to stand up to him, and that's all there is to it."

"We heard the front door close."

"I'm going back to the kitchen," said Mrs. Cambridge promptly.

"Celia is a little overwrought today," apologised her husband.

**T**HE sitting-room door opened and Sir Lancelot came in with us.

"Cambridge," he said at once, ignoring me. "I wish you would raise the question of the hospital telephones at the next meeting of the medical council. Must I always be answered by a casualty porter in need of attention by both the speech-therapy and child-guidance clinics?"

"When I tried to get in touch with you this afternoon, the man replied most impolitely to my entirely reasonable demands for efficiency, and then abandoned the instrument for fifteen minutes on the casualty reception desk. I was in this period informed by various people that my wife was as well as could be expected. I must have my ambulance at once to bring the Cross, and my stomach contents were ready if I would care to come and fetch them. Public relations, Cambridge! These days the telephonists are as important as the surgeons. I want to talk with you, now."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, Cambridge, I shall be conducting a certain amount of personal business while I am here. It might be convenient for me to have the hall room across the hall as my study."

"Perfectly convenient, Lancelot."

"What's for dinner?"

"I think Celia's got some . . . roast pheasant."

"Yes, I am fond of pheasant. Now perhaps you will leave me for a few minutes with this young man."

"My surprise at the scene I was obliged to participate in at your house," Sir Lancelot went on when we were alone, "was exceeded only by my amazement at reading your letter of explanation. To be taken in by a confidence trickster, and an amateur one at that, indicates a stage of mental retardation exploited by practitioners of the three-card trick on the corners of racetracks."

### Notice to Contributors

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"I'm very sorry about your inconvenience, sir," I said humbly.

"And so you should be. It was only with difficulty that I found a bed for the night at the club."

He paused, and went on reflectively. "But one cannot live in a club forever. One begins to suspect one is as decrepit as the other members look. It's a pity I sold the house in Harley Street. I never stay in hotels, of course."

"They kindly offered me a shakedown here," he continued, looking round like a health visitor in some particularly unfortunate slum. "Though it is not wholly satisfactory, and Cambridge's wife can sometimes be very irritating."

"Do you expect to be staying long, sir?" I asked hesitantly.

"I must certainly stay a short while to give Cambridge a hand with the bicentenary. Heaven knows what they're all up to at St. Swithin's. Cambridge is, of course, perfectly hopeless on committees. He always loses his agenda and forgets to address the chair and votes the wrong way. Anyway, you can never hear yourself speak in the St. Swithin's council for the scream of grinding axes."

Doctors are enthusiastic politicians, and visitors to our big hospitals would be surprised to overhear the groups of specialists conversing earnestly in the corridors discussing not matters of life and death but whether the building sub-committee could get away with painting the professor of bacteriology's new departmental lavatories bright pink.

"Committees are simply a means of providing our ruling classes with an excuse to waste time and a bit of excitement," Sir Lancelot declared. "Anyway, all the real work's done in the corridors outside. You might pour me a glass of that sherry."

"What they really need to celebrate the bicentenary is a congress of the International Fraternity of Surgeons," he announced as I handed him his drink. "I shall have a word with Cambridge about it after dinner." Then he asked abruptly, "You still have a roof over your heads?"

"Strictly speaking, I'm afraid we haven't."

"It is, of course, a matter of supreme indifference to me whether you yourself sleep in the nearest cowshed. It is only your wife who has my sincerest sympathy. You have tackled this hennaed haridan?"

"Mrs. Marston? Not with much success, I'm afraid."

"Why not?"

"She's rather difficult to handle, sir."

"If you are incapable of handling difficult women at this stage of your professional career, I despair for you. I can only say—Good grief! What in the name of heaven is that?"

To my alarm, he was staring in horror at something on the table behind me.

I was at first puzzled myself, turning round to discover an object resembling an ostrich egg with holes bored in it. But noticing the words "Humanity" on a small pedestal underneath, I suggested, "Perhaps it's the model for the new St. Swithin's statue?"

Sir Lancelot flung open the door.

"Cambridge!"

"Yes, Lancelot?" said Mr. Cambridge, appearing almost at once.

"Do you mean you actually intend to stick that on public view?"

Mr. Cambridge followed Sir Lancelot's finger nervously. "I'm afraid it has—er, already been commissioned from Mr. McCurdie," he admitted.

"Then tell the feller to knock up something different. If I ordered Humanity I'd expect

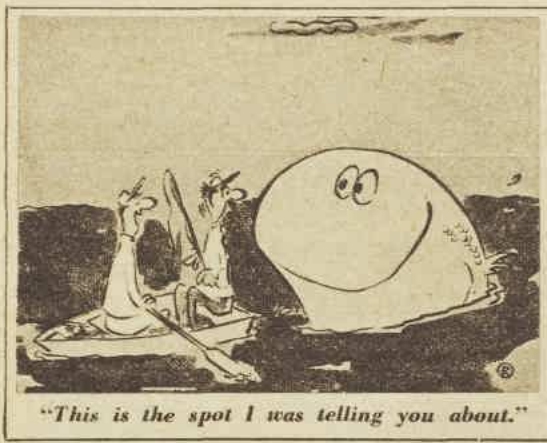
to get Humanity. Something with angels and so on. Really, Cambridge! I must insist you get the council to countermand that pathological monstrosity at once. Yes, my dear?"

"Dinner is ready," announced Mrs. Cambridge, a little pale.

"Excellent! I am extremely hungry." He turned to me. "Would you care to stay for a bite?"

I explained that mine was waiting at home, and gratefully took the opportunity to say good-bye.

"I once learnt a very interesting way of preparing pheasant," I heard Sir Lancelot declaring as he made his way towards the dining-room. "Which I shall demonstrate to



you, my dear, one of these fine days."

"Celia has asked me to say how delighted we are you're having a baby," said Mr. Cambridge at the front door. "Though—if you'll forgive me for saying so, Simon—it might have been very much easier for everybody if you'd put off the whole idea until after our bicentenary."

"Either you or your husband must first have actually paid twenty-six contributions of any class for the period between the time of entering insurance and the date, or expected date, of your confinement," I read to Nikki.

"And, second, have paid or been credited (for example, for weeks of sickness or unemployment) with at least twenty-six contributions of any class for the last complete contribution year before the benefit year in which the confinement takes place, or in which the confinement is expected. Now what the devil does all that mean?"

I was studying leaflet N.I./17A, the sixteen-page pamphlet by which Her Majesty's Government instructs her subjects how to claim the compensations they have voted themselves for perpetuating the population.

"What on earth's the difference between a contribution year and a benefit year?" I gumbled.

I read on: "A benefit year is a period of twelve months beginning five months after the end of the contribution year."

"What can they possibly mean by that?" I asked. "It seems an awful pity for the chaps in Whitehall that Nature didn't decide on a tidy period of twelve months, with an extra day thrown in on leap years."

"Nine months is quite enough," said Nikki, putting down her knitting. "Do you know what I'm going to do the moment I'm back in circulation?"

"Buy a lot of tight-waisted dresses?"

"I'm going to storm the platform at the next meeting of the Royal College of Obstet-

ricians and insist on delivering a lecture. I'm going to call it 'The Minor Disorders of Pregnancy,' and announce it with a hollow laugh. For months I've had cramp, swollen ankles, varicose veins, heartburn, and backache, my face is puffy, my hair's ghastly, and I feel the size of the dome at St. Paul's. And every time I complain to Ann she says what am I worrying about, my blood-pressure's fine, and looks at me as though I were being fussy."

"Don't worry, darling," I told her cheerfully. "It won't be for much longer. Pregnancy's an eminently self-limiting condition."

"At the moment I'm getting terribly fed up with the whole project."

"A perfectly normal psychological reaction."

none of these schemes. There had been no more fearsome politician in the history of St. Swithin's, and his ability to breathe a word in the right ear or to grasp the right lapel would in Westminster probably have put him in the Cabinet. Although no longer on the council himself, he persuaded sufficient old friends to vote for an International Surgeons' Conference.

Sir Lancelot further disconcerted the St. Swithin's staff by starting operative surgery again, by simply inviting himself to assist Mr. Cambridge in the theatre.

His notion of assisting at an operation was like the Yarmouth waiter's of assisting young David Copperfield with his dinner, and after declaring "I want you to treat me exactly as yer houseman, Cambridge, and swear at me if I get in the way," he would take over more and more of the procedure until he was shortly cutting out anything he fancied himself. Mr. Cambridge, meanwhile, was becoming noticeably short-tempered and developing the beginnings of a facial tic.

"Is the old boy still staying with the Cambridges?" asked Grimsdyke, when Nikki and I met him in London a few days later.

"He's practically one of the family," I told him.

"Poor old Cambridge!" said Grimsdyke.

"Poor Mrs. Cambridge," said Nikki.

We were enjoying what was probably my wife's final outing, sitting in the bar of a small West End restaurant where Grimsdyke had insisted on taking us in compensation for all the dinners supplied in the past at our place.

It was a plush-lined place with pink lighting which gave all the food the look of being laced with cochineal and all the guests of suffering from polycythaemia rubra vera, and the head waiter had given Nikki a look of fearsome disapproval on arrival; but Grimsdyke declared that it was the current place to watch all the fashionable actors, actresses, and politicians feeding themselves, if you wanted to.

"How about splitting a bottle of Bollinger before we eat?" asked Grimsdyke, turning to more serious topics.

**A**S I hesitated, he added, "Just the thing for Nikki's condition. All the old middler books advise a glass to keep the mother's spirits up, along with a daily ride in the Park. And don't worry about the bill," he went on. "I've another guest arriving in a few minutes whom I particularly want to impress. What's your ogreous old godpope doing, anyway?" he demanded, ordering the champagne.

"Mainly wrecking all poor old Cambridge's plans for the bicentenary. Though why he should make such a nuisance of himself I don't know. Particularly when a few months ago he swore he wouldn't touch the business with the end of a long pair of forceps."

"But haven't you heard the gossip?" asked Grimsdyke, who always had. "Why, in order to mark the bicentenary of the dear old place," he went on, as Nikki and I shook our heads, "the powers that be are dishing out a knighthood. You know, an honor for all worn by one, like when they give a medal to the captain of a ship which goes down very decently with all hands."

"It's all terribly secret, of course," he added, lowering his voice slightly. "And no one knows who's going to be the lucky chap. But obviously if old Cambridge runs the fun and games he's well in the running."

"But why should a modest fellow like Cambridge let himself in for it in the first place?" I asked, feeling puzzled. "I know he hates messing about

with committees and he doesn't give a damn for titles. Anyway, his practice is big enough to do without a built-in advertisement."

"Personally I can't imagine anyone wanting to be a knight," Grimsdyke agreed, "now that it doesn't involve something exciting in the line of rescuing beautiful maidens from dragons. You just have to make a lot of speeches and get touched by every charitable organisation in London. Though there must be something in it, I suppose," he added, inspecting the bubbles in his glass reflectively.

"For a surgeon who's reached the top," I suggested, "I suppose it's a way of going into posterity."

"Either that or getting some ghastly disease named after you," said Grimsdyke. "I'll stick out for a barony myself. It must be jolly good fun getting up in the House of Lords and telling everyone what's wrong with the world, without even having to kiss a lot of beastly babies every five years."

"I expect it's the wife who wants the title really," said Nikki.

"You have a point," Grimsdyke observed. "They've said at St. Swithin's for years that if she were dead and opened, you'd find 'Lady Cambridge' lying in her heart."

Further speculation was interrupted by a waiter bending over my friend's shoulder and announcing, "The lady has telephoned to say she will be a few minutes late, sir."

"Thank you. I should shortly like you both," he went on as we looked at him inquiringly, "to meet the charming girl whom I hope will be the future Mrs. Grimsdyke."

"No!" Nikki and I exclaimed at once.

"Yes, indeed. You can't imagine the hours I've put in, Simon, since we had that little chat in your sitting-room last summer. Following your advice to the letter, the first thing I did on reaching town was to cast my address book into the flames."

"As soon as it went up in smoke, of course, I knew I'd made a damn silly start—I could have flogged it for quite a bit of cash to the houseman at St. Swithin's. But it was symbolic. A purified Grimsdyke was about to face the world."

He looked at me, seeming disappointed that I did not appear particularly impressed. I was used to Grimsdyke's recurrent attacks of morality, when he would cut down his drinking, smoking, and betting, start out on a long walk, and even take his bath slightly cooler in the morning. The only difference over the present one lay in the spasm usually being precipitated by a severe hangover.

"Becoming a better man," my friend went on, sipping his glass of champagne, "has turned out to be a darned sight easier than finding the right girl. At first I was almost reduced to sticking a pin in the membership list of the University Women's Club. Then I got the hang of it, and met some very decent females. If I might be allowed to say so, it's been a pretty close race that tonight enters the finishing straight. Did you remember that sweet little thing Angela Falgrove Badderly?"

I frowned.

"The girl I was chatting to last week, the afternoon you were buying Christmas presents in Harrod's."

"Ah, yes . . ."

"Of course, she only works in a shop because it's the fashionable thing among her friends. Angela's terribly aristocratic—they've got the old country house, or rather they did have until they let it go as a reform school. Presented at Court, too, or she would have been if they hadn't stopped the whole business. But the family's very

To page 47



# Fresh Idea....

Pour on Carnation  
for the best dessert  
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You'll love the way creaming with CARNATION brings out that delicious, fruity flavour. Pure, fresh, "double-rich" CARNATION is so rich it actually whips! No wonder it gives desserts such a smooth, rich, luxury taste — a taste you can't get any other way.

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# Carnation Milk

FROM CONTENTED COWS — SO RICH, IT EVEN WHIPS



modest about it all, and live in quite a little place near Holland Park.

"I got along with her famously. The only trouble was her father, a retired brigadier whom I think is suffering from some of those senile mental changes. Acted most oddly when I was there, sometimes."

As Miss Palgrave-Badderly had seemed about sixteen and her conversation consisted in asking me if I knew a large number of people whom I didn't, I felt the attitude of her father was a stroke of luck. But Grimsdyke always did have a weakness for pretty girls behind counters.

"Then there was Hesta," he went on, "whom you never met. She really was intelligent. I don't think she could talk about anything that didn't affect the lives of half a million people. I ran into her in an espresso bar, and we saw quite a lot of each other for a while. I learnt all sorts of interesting things about State monopolies and the condition of the peasants in the Ukraine."

"Pity you didn't marry her," I remarked. "You could have got through your evenings without television."

"She wanted me to go to some sort of jamboree in Trafalgar Square, holding a placard," he explained with a touch of embarrassment. "I mean to say, there are limits to what a chap can do. On a Sunday morning, too, when I look forward to my little bit of sin."

"After that there was a nice girl called Amanda, who painted and kept falcons, but I don't bother you with all that. The fact is, the lady you are about to meet," he ended, suddenly becoming solemn, "is the one whom I feel fit to bear my children."

"And I hope she enjoys it," murmured Nikki.

"There's just one thing, old girl," Grimsdyke went on anxiously. "Having great trust in your judgment, I wonder you'd just sort of . . . well, ask her over critically before committing myself to anything definite?"

"Really, Grim!" I exclaimed, "you can't expect me—"

"Just for old time's sake," I entreated. "Remember at St. Swithin's when you stopped me running off with that con-sumer's assistant? I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll have a little code. If you think she's a horror, say, 'There's been a lot of rain for the time of year,' and I'll take no further action. But if you think she's just the one, remark lightly, 'It looks like a change in the weather,' and I'll turn on the charm. Now's that?"

"I'm sorry," I said firmly. "But if you're really contemplating such a serious step as marriage, the whole idea's completely out of—"

At that moment the waiter appeared to announce, "The lady has now arrived, sir," and Grimsdyke made for the lobby.

"I wonder what she's going to look like?" said Nikki, glancing at the door.

"Oh, pretty smashing. I should think. He always could pick 'em, even as a penniless medical student."

We were interrupted by the appearance of a handsome blond girl about six feet tall, whom Grimsdyke led in as though she had just won the Derby.

"The Countess Suschika," he announced proudly. "From Latvia."

However ridiculous I thought Grimsdyke's code, we had hardly sat down to dinner before it was clear the ordinary obligations of friendship would compel me to use it. The

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 45

Countess was far too strong a prescription for Grimsdyke's suffering celibacy.

"Have you left Latvia long?" asked Nikki to open the conversation, as the Countess started munching her way through a pile of hors d'oeuvres.

"Ach, no! I am not in Latvia since I am a tiny baby," she explained. "I am in Sweden and in Norway and in Germany, and now I am in Finland, where I learn the massage. And next I start a school of massage in London."

"Lulu's a Scandinavian masseuse," announced Grimsdyke proudly.

"I do hope you'll like it in England," I told her.

"Ach, yes," she said warmly. "You have such lovely things here. Such roast beef and bacon and eggs. And such fish and chips! They are so quaint, but I love them so much already."

**G**RIMSDYKE caught my eye. "Massaging people all day does rather take it out of you."

"And what a lovely restaurant this is! It is much better even than the 'Teatergrillen' in Stockholm. I do not care much for drink, which upsets my liver and my kidneys," she said, draining her wineglass. "But eat I always can."

The Countess got through her food with the fascinating efficiency of the garbage-disposal machine in our kitchen sink.

"And you, my dear," Lulu said to Nikki, pausing to pick her teeth between courses. "You do the exercises for expectant women, no?"

"Not very regularly," Nikki confessed. "So many of them seem devised for pregnant female contortionists."

"I have a wonderful exercise for pregnant women," declared Lulu. "And you must have the massage. I shall give it to you. I give it to Gaston every morning."

Grimsdyke looked rather shamefaced at this revelation, but murmured, "Jolly useful for toning you up."

She paused as the next course arrived. I prepared to give Grimsdyke my frank opinion of his prospective bride.

"I hope you will soon have a change in this rainy weather," said Lulu just at that moment.

This put me in some confusion. I could only murmur feebly, "The damp can't last much longer."

"Do you mean there's been a lot of rain for the time of the year, Simon?" asked Grimsdyke pointedly. "Or do you think it looks like a change in the weather?"

"I think myself it is going to freeze and snow," said Lulu.

"I mean," I said, trying to remember how our arrangement went, "that we're in for a moist spell."

"Now what on earth do you mean?" asked Grimsdyke rather shortly.

"I told you perfectly plainly," I replied, annoyed at being drawn into the performance at all. "I said it's going to be wet."

"Do you wish to state," he continued, leaning across the table and speaking as though I were a difficult patient in the children's clinic, "that there has been a lot of rain for the time of year? Or do you mean that it looks like a change in the weather? You must mean one or the other. I do wish you'd try and make up your mind which."

"You can't blame me for hardly knowing what I mean," I replied, feeling my face redden. "The whole business is so confusing, not to mention being perfectly stupid."

"You English!" said Lulu cheerfully. "Always arguing about the weather."

She started about her exercises again, but Grimsdyke skillfully switched the conversation to cricket.

"But surely he could never seriously have intended to marry that," I said to Nikki, as we drove away later. "Why, it wouldn't be a marriage. It would be like sharing digs with an Army P.T. instructor."

"Anyway, it's too late now," he said briefly. "I'm flying to spend the Christmas holidays with her family in Helsinki."

"You haven't proposed to her?" I asked in alarm.

"As it happens I haven't. And it isn't any affair of yours if I do. You've simply got to taste for women, Simon. How you managed to land such a nice one as Nikki has always been as much a mystery as why she ever accepted you, anyway."

"Now look here—" "Being a gentleman, I do not

## Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Perhaps he's just fond of massage," suggested Nikki.

"Heaven knows what the woman's doing to his muscular system!" I exclaimed. "For years it hasn't been subjected to any greater strain than raising pints of beer."

But Grimsdyke seemed in great spirits when the next morning he telephoned our surgery.

"Isn't she wonderful?" he asked at once. "Lulu I mean. I've never met a woman in my life with so much of the vital force they used to teach us about in biology. I'm delighted you approve of her, old lad."

"Just one second," I interrupted him, wondering how to break the news as tactfully as possible. "I may have got a little confused over the whole damn silly business, but I never said anything like that."

wish to bandy a lady's name about on the telephone wires any further," he said loftily. "Goodbye. Oh, and Merry Christmas," he added, ringing off.

Nikki and I discussed several ways of spoiling his romance, until our discussion of Grimsdyke was interrupted by a consequence of our own, as Dr. Partridge rattled up in her car.

"It won't be long now," she said to me, coming downstairs afterwards. "Give us a ring as soon as you can, old thing. I need a bit of time to start the old bus sometimes in this weather."

"But we'll get plenty of warning with the first one, surely?"

She gave me a severe glance. "Can't say. Look at that case in the paper this morning. The wife of this shipping million-

aire fellow—what's her name

"Not Lady Corrington?"

"That's it. Went to Switzerland for her Christmas holidays, and had to go to a Geneva clinic a month premature."

I started to laugh, but she was out the door on the way to her car.

The next afternoon I went down to St. Swithin's for the last gastric clinic before Christmas. It was held for only a handful of patients, whose normal expressions of dyspeptic gloom were deepened by the prospect of facing the festivities on a glass of milk and a biscuit.

When the clinic was over, Dr. Pennyworth asked the three of us back to his house for a glass of sherry. Dr. Granley-Dickins had to refuse because of an acute mania in Ealing, but Mr. Cambridge and I drove to Queen Anne Street, where the senior physician lived in elegant bachelorhood with his collection of Bristol glass and a housekeeper resembling Mrs. Squeers.

He was a slight, bald, quiet man, with an old-fashioned Daimler, an old-fashioned chauffeur, and old-fashioned manners, who whispered his way round his patients and materialised at each bedside like a courteous ghost, and was probably the last physician in London to wear spats and write his prescriptions in Latin.

"Has Sir Lancelot gone back to Hereford?" Dr. Pennyworth asked, as we stood round the fire sipping sherry, which, like himself, seemed paler and dryer than normal.

"He's still staying with me," replied Mr. Cambridge briefly.

"Is he?" Dr. Pennyworth looked surprised. "I haven't seen him much in the club recently."

"I don't think he has much time to go to it. He's very occupied with the bicentenary, you know."

"Surely he won't wish to leave Lady Spratt all alone at this season?" remarked Dr. Pennyworth.

"He isn't leaving her all alone," said Mr. Cambridge gloomily. "She's going off on a cruise."

"A very original idea for Lady Spratt," Dr. Pennyworth observed.

"It wasn't her idea, it was mine," complained Mr. Cambridge. "I saw an advertisement. It was in the paper. It struck me that he himself might like to get away for a few weeks into the sunshine. Very reasonable for a man of his age."

"Very reasonable," I agreed. Dr. Pennyworth. "So I suggested a cruise. But he simply turned it into an opportunity to stay a bit longer in London. Not, of course, that I'm anything but delighted to entertain him over Christmas. One would have been equally honoured to entertain Lister or Pasteur. But . . . well, Christmas is supposed to be a sort of family occasion," he went on morosely.

"And I was rather looking forward to spending it with the girls. I hardly get to know them these days, apart from the fortnight when we all play cricket together on the sands."

Mr. Cambridge sounded so miserable that I said, "Look here—I've got a large house on my hands, and we could easily change our plans and have him to stay with us. Nikki's unlikely to go off before New Year's Day at the earliest. And after all, I have got some sort of family connection with him."

"It's very kind of you, Simon. Very kind of you indeed. As a matter of fact I've already suggested it," Mr. Cambridge confessed. "But he won't go. Too much work, he says, for the bicentenary."

"I really can't understand why he's taking such an enthusiastic interest in it," frowned Dr. Pennyworth.

Sir Lancelot certainly knew about the knighthood—he had

known about everything at St. Swithin's for the past forty years—but as he had literally cut his own way into the titled ranks many years before I suspected that he just wanted to dish Mrs. Cambridge's chances and pay out Mrs. Cambridge for all those red-hot instruments.

"There was a painful scene, a most painful scene, the other night," said Mr. Cambridge, who after a second glass of sherry began to unbutton his troubles.

"I had to inform Mr. McCurdie, the sculptor, that we have changed our minds about his statue. I asked him round to my house. He is a perfectly charming fellow," he explained to me. "And quite a gentleman. You wouldn't think he was an artist for one moment. But like all these people he is somewhat strong-minded."

The surgeon paused.

"Then Sir Lancelot came out of his sitting-room and started on Mr. McCurdie. I've never seen him quite so angry before, except when a patient had the temerity to question his treatment. But I fear that for once Sir Lancelot met something like his match."

"I hope it came all right in the end," I asked nervously.

"My wife," explained Mr. Cambridge, "jumped into the breach. She is rather adept at such situations."

"Perhaps you remember in Sir Lancelot's theatre, the day he had that terrible row with the anaesthetist? I'm afraid that Celia doesn't quite understand what a great man Sir Lancelot is."

"We have had one or two most unfortunate episodes in the house, particularly when he has commented on her cooking. On one occasion she put a red-hot vegetable dish into his hands, I suspect not entirely accidentally. But I think that evening she put both Sir Lancelot and the sculptor rather to shame. Mr. McCurdie left shortly afterwards, threatening to send writs."

"Then I expect you've heard the last of it," said Dr. Pennyworth hearteningly.

Mr. Cambridge shook his head.

**T**HE next morning, he went on in a pathetic voice, "Sir Lancelot announced he was instructing his solicitors to start proceedings against Mr. McCurdie, for about a dozen things from breach of contract to common assault and battery."

"I tried hard to dissuade him. I told him it would be all most frightfully expensive. And then . . . Mr. Cambridge swallowed. "Then he explained it would all be paid for out of the Bicentenary Fund. That's the one all the hospital graduates subscribed to. I'm sure they won't want their money spent on litigation."

"I certainly don't want my own thirty bob spent on it," I told him warmly.

"My wife—I mean I—was particularly anxious to take charge of the bicentenary personally. And now Sir Lancelot's managed to scotch every single idea of my own, and is going to fill the place with foreign surgeons, six of whom are to be billeted in my house. Dear me, dear me! I don't know what I shall do. I really don't."

Mr. Cambridge abruptly collapsed in a chair and held his head in his hands.

"My dear fellow! Have another glass of sherry!" said Dr. Pennyworth in alarm.

"If there's any way in which I can possibly help—"

Mr. Cambridge didn't hear us.

"And that's not all," he went on. He stared fixedly into the fire. "Far from it. I don't mind Sir Lancelot spending an hour

To page 50



## DRI-GLO TOWELS

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**FORD PILLS**

# Ornamental sage



• *Salvia patens*, or blue sage, is a perennial with intense blue flowers. Needs staking because of its height and slender canes. Once it flops badly the stems cannot be straightened.

## GARDENING

• The *Salvia*, or sage, is a large family of herbs, sub-shrubs, and shrubs belonging to the mint family that grows almost anywhere in the world.

SEVERAL valuable garden perennials are included in the family, the flowers of which grow in spikes, racemes, or panicles on tall stems of blue, purple, red, pale yellow, or white.

They range from 2ft. to 4ft., and are easy to grow in Australia.

Tall varieties, such as *azurea*, need staking when their heavy heads of bloom bend the slender canes. Any good garden soil suits them, but they are best grown in rich loamy ground that gets the sun most of the day.

Most of them can be grown from seed, but the perennial types are best raised from root cuttings taken in winter or early spring. Tall varieties should be given corners or back positions, where their spreading habits will not interfere with other herbaceous plants.

In addition to those illustrated, *Salvia farinacea* (ultramarine-blue), *S. pitcheri* or *grandiflora* (blue, hardy, low-growing type), *S. argentea* (white, yellowish, pale rose, or blue), and *nemorosa* (hardy 3ft. perennial blue) are also obtainable in Australia. The sage used for flavoring food (*S. officinalis*) is hardy, and lasts for years with careful handling.



• *Salvia azurea* grows to 6ft. and has blue flowers, much in demand by floral decorators. This provides the deepest blue of all *Salvias*, blooming through summer into winter. Cut back after flowering.



• *Salvia splendens*, or bonfire, gaudiest of the reds or scarlets, is a biennial and should be replaced after the second year. Frost-tender, it should be planted alone in beds, or small patches used for accenting other strong-colored plants.

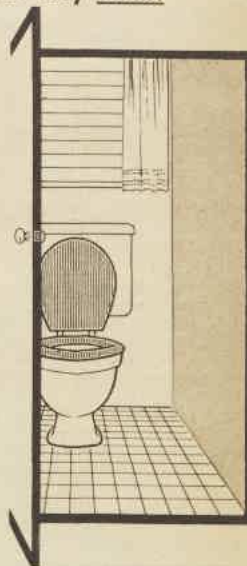
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**NEW VEET**



in the bathroom every morning. I don't mind him thumping about in his room half the night doing his Japanese exercises. Not a bit. Such things must be allowed a man of Sir Lancelot's standing. I don't mind him ordering all our meals, whatever the expense. I don't even jib at pig's trotters once a week, if he happens to be fond of them."

He silently wiped his glasses. "But the real trouble," he declared quietly, "is the television."

"Ah, yes," I recalled. "He has views—" "I bought a television set a few months ago," Mr. Cambridge went on. "I thought it might amuse the girls. I can't understand the programmes very well myself. Sir Lancelot noticed it, of course, as soon as he moved in. He was rather rude about it."

"After that, of course, we never dared turn it on. The girls were very upset. Then one evening, as it was getting near Christmas, I took Celia and the girls to a musical comedy as a treat."

"As so happens, as soon as the performance started I was called out to see a case. It didn't seem worth going back to the theatre, and I don't care much for that sort of thing anyway, so I went straight home. What do you think I found? Lancelot in the sitting-room, looking at the television. 'Just doing some sociological research,' he explained."

"So after that you could turn your television on sometimes?" I suggested.

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 47

"After that," said Mr. Cambridge solemnly, "we could never turn the damn thing off. Sir Lancelot does sociological research every evening—right from the moment those peculiar young men appear and start talking about the weather."

"Then he has to have his eggs boiled for exactly two minutes, and a special kind of blacking for his shoes, and as he doesn't believe in laundries my wife has to starch his collars and press his suits. And then there's this fuss about no one opening his particular newspapers and—oh, dear, is that the time? I shall be out in the kitchen again."

Mr. Cambridge sprang up, and snatching his hat without another word made for the door.

"Bertie is far from himself," observed Dr. Pennyworth.

"I feel rather responsible for it all," I told him. "If it hadn't been for this baby we're having, Sir Lancelot would never have come to London in the first place."

We stood on the doorstep watching the surgeon disappear towards Cavendish Square, distractedly trying to remember where he had parked his car.

Nikki and I spent Christmas within safe distance of base at her parents' house in Richmond, where for me the festivities were overshadowed less by my wife's condition, or the image of Sir Lancelot in a paper hat presiding over the Cambridge's table.

than the bright new sports car my brother-in-law had bought himself. I needed to invoke powerfully the spirit of the Season to prevent myself dwelling on the injustice of feckless young men roaring about the countryside in fast cars when they should instead be having wives and babies.

It was clear that by the time



"Have a good day, dear?"

I could afford a sports car myself my reflexes would have become too slow to risk driving it, and I was resigned to the small old saloon in which we drove home late on Boxing Day, ready for the casualties of Christmas at the next morning's surgery.

As soon as we got in I pattered round our cold unfriendly rooms like a good householder, and returning to the sitting-room was surprised to find Nikki beside the empty fireplace reading a book.

"That must be pretty interesting," I remarked. "You haven't even taken your coat off."

She held up the title. I read "The Elements of Practical Midwifery."

"I think I've started," she announced.

"No! Not already?"

"I'm absolutely certain. I've got a definite backache. It began just as we were driving through London."

"That's certainly the first sign," I agreed.

"It's starting to come and go, too."

I paused, considering the symptoms.

"Let's have a look at the book again," I said.

AFTER half an hour of diagnostic dithering which would have made any of our own patients promptly telephone another adviser, we concluded that Nikki was in fact experiencing the onset of the first stage of labor.

"Right," I said, getting up. "I'll telephone Ann Partridge."

"And what shall I do?" Nikki asked.

I scratched my head. I couldn't remember being consulted at such an early period.

"Go to bed, I suppose."

"No, I'm not. I'm going to clean out the kitchen," she said firmly.

Ann Partridge wasn't at her surgery. There was no reply from her lodgings, and I was beginning to feel anxious when someone came on the line and told me to call the obstetrical department of the local Memorial Hospital.

"Hello, old thing," she said, reaching the telephone after a delay which seemed several hours. "What's up?"

"Nikki's gone into labor," I explained quickly. "I hope you're not in the middle of another case?"

"No, I'm in the middle of a hospital party." From her tone

I gathered she was rather enjoying herself. "You're quite sure?"

"Yes, of course I'm sure. Perfectly."

"Oh, very well. I'll be along as soon as I can decently detach myself. Keep her quiet and comfortable."

I pattered round the house, moving things about. I tried to read a magazine, but it was as useless as trying to read one in a dentist's waiting room.

the registrars got it going with a bottle of ether in the petrol tank. Heard a lot about you," she said as I introduced Grimsdyke. "And how's the patient?"

"Sitting up in bed reading 'Barchester Towers.'"

"Jolly sensible. It's as good a sedative as any in the pharmacopoeia."

"Anything I can do?" I asked anxiously, as she brought her bag inside.

"Nothing, except forget you're a doctor?"

I left Ann with Nikki upstairs. Retiring to the sitting-room, I fetched a bottle of whisky I'd hidden in one of the freerwork bookcases.

"How's Lulu?" I asked Grimsdyke, mainly to keep my thoughts off the proceedings.

I might have mentioned one of his distant relatives.

"Lulu? All right, I suppose."

"You mean," I asked, my hopes rising, "that she's turned you down?"

"Turned me down? No, nobody's turned me down. But we had rather a disagreement over this beastly bath business."

"Bath business? But you have quite a lot of baths. When we shared a flat you were always hogging all the hot water."

"Not that sort of bath. Personally I don't think I could start the day without half an hour in the warm water with a packet of cigarettes and the crossword. But there's a limit to everything. Having spent her life periodically charging naked through Scandinavian pine forests, Lulu is a great one for the sauna."

"It's a sort of supercharged Turkish bath which is all the rage in Finland and such Arctic places. Anyway," he interrupted himself, "you won't want to hear all about it just now."

"Yes, I do. It'll keep my mind distracted, like the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"Well, we arrived at Helsinki Airport—jolly expensive trip it was, now you come to think of it—to be greeted warmly by Lulu's fond family."

"We had quite a jolly party, drinking Schnapps and eating cold-fish sandwiches. Then Lulu insisted the two of us went off to the local sauna."

"Like a fool," Grimsdyke went on sombrely, "I agreed. Fact is, I'd heard vaguely it was a sort of communal bath, like the ones you have after playing rugger. But with mixed bathing allowed. Don't misunderstand me," he added quickly. "It's all done in a very hearty spirit and above board. Just sunlight and fresh air to the pores."

"Of course," I said.

I looked at my watch. Ann Partridge seemed already to have been upstairs a terrifyingly long time.

"That was my first mistake," said Grimsdyke disconsolately. "We arrived at this place, which looked very reasonable in the snow among the Christmas trees, but at the front door Lulu promptly bid me goodbye. The communal idea was just another of those fine old national customs that have died

To page 53

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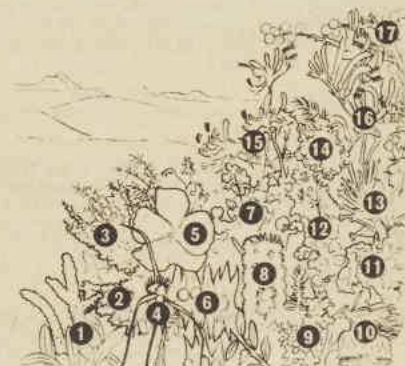
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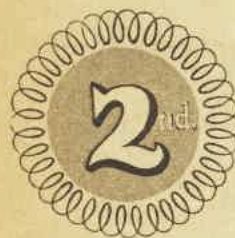
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out, like dancing round the Maypole. Ladies' night was on Thursdays.

"I went inside and found myself in a place like the locker room of some posh golf club, just with another lot of chaps. I was just working out if I might get out of it all by pretending to make a phone call, when I was unfortunately befriended by a native. A fellow with a beard, who looked like Ibsen, pondering over some particularly gloomy plot.

"Here is the undressing," explained the Ibsen, chap.

"Right-ho," I said, as bravely as anyone. But I'd only undone my cuff-links when a homely looking old dear in a white dress came in and started messing about with a pile of towels.

"An Englishman," continued Grimsdyke feelingly, "has to kick over a ruddy great heap of inhibitions before he starts unclothing himself in front of casual females. But I couldn't let the old country down, could I? So I went ahead. But as a sort of compromise I kept my pipe in my mouth.

"I followed Ibsen into a narrow room with a wooden bench down each side," he explained, sipping his whisky.

"What happens here?" I asked.

"Here we sweat," he said.

"And we did, too. It was like assisting at one of Sir Lancelot's total pancreatomectomies in the middle of Ascot week. The stuff poured off me. And all the while I couldn't help thinking of Lulu doing the same thing every Thursday. Rather tarnished the glamor a bit, if you follow me."

There was a bump upstairs.

"Do you want me?" I shouted.

"Relax, old thing! Relax!" came Dr. Partridge's voice.

"Sorry," I apologized to Grimsdyke, sitting down again.

"I'm a bit edgy."

"Understandable," he said, taking one of my cigarettes.

"And what happened after that?"

"By the time I was feeling totally dehydrated old Ibsen shepherded me into a tiled place like St. Swithin's outpatients', where a lot of Scandinavian-looking coves were splashing about in showers. They all looked pretty gloomy about it, just like we do when we're enjoying our cricket. I splashed about, too, congratulating myself on coming out uncoagulated, when Ibsen pushed me into another one of their ruddy ovens.

"Frankly, I thought I'd had it, and my charred remains would be shipped back to England, to the derision of the entire local populace. But the old boy seemed to enjoy it all no end, rubbing his great hairy chest and saying, 'Very healthy, very healthy. No germs can live in the sauna. In the country many people are born in them.'

"I asked how many people died in them," Grimsdyke added, "but he just looked a bit cross and said, 'Now, we shall have the wash.'

"In the room next door," my friend went on, staring steadily into his whisky glass, "were two tables with wooden headrests, like the ones we used to do our anatomy dissection on. And in the middle was another motherly old dear in a white dress, washing the customers."

"What a soul-testing experience," I murmured.

"Even that wasn't the end of it. Ibsen suggested we beat ourselves all over with beech twigs—just the thing for keeping out the cold in Finland, possibly, but it would look pretty nasty if ever it got on your psychological case—sheet, wouldn't it?"

"Then we shall enjoy instead the ice-cold plunge," said Ibsen, pointing to a lake outside, where some chaps had

## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 50

broken the ice. But—thank heaven—I can't swim. I never learnt somehow. It always looked too wet and uncomfortable to try. I told him all I wanted was my trousers back."

"Anyway, it's all supposed to be very good for your adrenal glands," I consoled him.

"My dear old lad, my adrenal glands felt like a couple of squeezed oranges. But whether I've got the wrong sort of adrenals or something, all I felt was terribly ill. And the point is this—there's one of these beastly places in London. It's up in Cricklewood, near the crematorium. Lulu takes her sponge-bag there every Friday night, and she expects me to go through the fiery furnace once a week for the rest of my life.

"Personally, I think I'd be dead in a couple of years from chronic heat-stroke. Also, you keep seeing everyone's operation scars, and it's damned disgusting being faced with the gravestones of cholecystectomies and appendicectomies at every turn. The only good thing I can see in the whole performance is making Finnish surgeons a bit more fussy about their incisions, instead of going out for a cup of tea and leaving the sewing-up to the houseman."

Grimsdyke fell into a thoughtful silence.

"The end of Lulu?" I asked quietly.

He hesitated. "Rather unfortunately, old lad, I rather led her to understand—"

"You proposed?" I exclaimed. "Then you are in trouble."

"And, of course, there's the other two girls I told you about."

"You didn't propose to those, too, you idiot?"

"I didn't actually propose to any of them," he protested.

"The conversation somehow just drifted that way. Why, it's just as easy to propose to a woman as to walk under a bus! Heaven knows how I can get out of it. I don't suppose they'll land me in the Law Courts, but it could be dashed awkward. Come to think of it," he added, "I don't believe I can stand the sight of all three of them. So what on earth am I going to do?"

"There's only one cure," I said, after a minute's reflection.

"Get yourself married to another one."

"What other one?" snorted Grimsdyke.

Prescribing for my friend's social ills was curtailed by the sound of the bedroom door shutting and the appearance of Dr. Partridge. Coming downstairs with her was Nikki.

"Nothing doing," said Ann Partridge briskly.

"Oh, no!"

Nikki looked apologetic.

"We made a mis-diagnosis."

"False labor," announced Ann.

"Very common in midwives, doctors, and nervous patients."

"I'm terribly sorry, Ann," Nikki said.

"How damn stupid of us!" I said. I myself felt far more foolish than contrite. "But it did all seem to fit in so nearly with the book."

"First rule of medicine—never go by the book." The obstetrician looked at her hefty wristwatch. "The party will probably be over by now. Pity."

Ann Partridge, the midwife, and Grimsdyke then tactfully left. I fell despondently into a chair.

"Now I know how a chap feels when he's got all ready for a parachute jump and they tell him it's his turn next week."

"And I," said Nikki, "feel that I am going to remain exactly like this for the rest of my born days."

"Cheer up, darling," I consoled her wearily. "It can't

be more than another week or so at the most."

"We mustn't bother Ann with any more false starts, at any rate."

"I hope not, for your sake."

"And for yours, dear. You've made quite a hole in that whisky."

For the next week I treated Nikki with the delicacy of an unexploded bomb. Every time she stirred in her chair I asked hopefully if she had backache, and every time she woke me by turning over in bed I found myself reaching for the telephone.

I found on the mat a pleasant-looking dark-haired girl, grasping a large brass telescope.

"Dr. Farquharson?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not. I'm his partner, Dr. Sparrow."

"So you're Dr. Sparrow," she smiled. "I've heard a lot about you."

"If there's anything I can do—"

"It's a terribly silly business, really," the girl apologised.

"But this object"—she held out the telescope—"has been on my conscience for months. There's a Dr. Farquharson's name and address engraved on it, and as I was going through Hampden Cross in the car I

thought I'd better return it. I suppose your receptionist sent me down here because he was out."

"That's certainly his old telescope," I agreed. "He likes to look at the stars and so on with it. But how on earth did you manage to come across it?"

"My name's Zoe Mitchell, by the way."

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Dr. Grimsdyke—you found it on the boat?"

"Well . . . he presented me with it, as a matter of fact." She laughed. "Oh, there's quite a story."

"Yes, I've heard it," I said, smiling too.

"I hope Dr. Grimsdyke wasn't too upset?"

"I think he was, rather. He came and stayed with us afterwards."

She suddenly looked concerned. "Did he think I'd treated him rather badly? But it was a bit of a shock. I'd never been proposed to in my life before. And coming like that—right in the middle of the games room."

"Just one second," I said quickly. "Do you mean that he—my friend Grimsdyke—actually proposed to you?"

Zoe appeared flustered. "But I thought you knew all about it. I wouldn't have dreamed otherwise."

We were interrupted by a cry of "Any sign of the first triplet?" as Grimsdyke came gaily down the path.

"Good gracious, it's Gaston!" she exclaimed. "Fancy running into you."

I had always admired Grimsdyke's poise, which I had watched him maintain even in such testing circumstances as having his diagnosis questioned by Sir Lancelot Spratt. But now he stopped dead and seemed to droop all over, like a snowman in a burst of winter sunshine.

"Oh, hello, Zoe," he mumbled, after some time.

"And how are you?" he managed to ask.

"I'm very well, thank you," said Zoe quietly. "And you?"

"Me? I'm very well, too. Thank you."

"Good," said Zoe.

My wife's precarious condition made any social plans impossible, though Grimsdyke paid a charitable call every evening, generally at the hour when he judged that I might be having a drink.

"The old uncle's asked me if I'd like to fill in my time by I'd like to hand with the practice while I'm here," he mentioned one evening as we passed through the midwinter doldrums between Christmas and New Year.

"I hardly had the heart to refuse the dear old fellow, he seemed so decently hesitant about suggesting it. But my literary work, old lad, comes first. These days I've hardly time to leave my bedroom at the Hat and Feathers for a quick one."

"What, more jolly articles for the 'Daily Hypochondriac'?"

"I've got a better idea than that," he told me proudly. "I'm writing a book. 'What's your book about?'"

"Oh, a chap and a girl and another chap," he said vaguely. "But at least it'll occupy my exile. Heaven knows how I'm ever going to face Lulu again."

Nikki and I again discussed Grimsdyke's emotional enmeshment, but I could think of no way to untangle him before he left, promising to return the following night to see in the New Year with me—Nikki having prescribed herself an early bed and a glass of milk.

As the practice was slack at the time I had the last afternoon of the old year to potter at home among the nappies and feeding bottles, hoping they wouldn't disgrace the fearfully experienced nurse I had engaged once the baby was delivered.

Grimsdyke had bought a celluloid duck for the coming infant and I was enjoying playing with this in the plastic baby's bath when I was interrupted by a ring at the doorbell. I thought this might be Ann Partridge coming to seek news, and as Nikki had her feet up in the bedroom I went down to open the door.

There was a pause. A boy went past whistling on a bicycle, sounding like an express train roaring through the station.

"Ankle all right now?" asked Grimsdyke.

"Perfectly all right, thank you," said Zoe.

"Good," said Grimsdyke.

There was another silence.

As the conversation seemed to be getting neither of them anywhere, and I was also feeling chilly standing on the doorstep, I suggested, "Perhaps you'd like to come in for a cup of tea, Miss Mitchell?"

"That's very kind of you, Dr. Sparrow," she said, both seeming relieved by my intervention. "But I really ought to be getting on to London, as it's starting to get so misty."

"It's generally only local."

I became aware of Grimsdyke making rasping noises with his larynx, which I interpreted as an invitation to Zoe to take a spot of dinner.

"If you're quite sure the fog's only local . . . and if you don't mind if I do leave rather early—"

Suddenly looking more cheerful, Grimsdyke suggested showing her round the Abbey, a building I knew that he hadn't yet entered. After a little more disjointed conversation, they went off together in Zoe's car, leaving me holding the telescope.

"What on earth do you make of it all?" I exclaimed to Nikki, telling her the story. "Old Grimsdyke's a deeper fish than even I imagined. From the look on his face there wasn't the slightest doubt the girl's telling the truth."

"And is she really the horror he made out?"

"That's another mystery about it. She doesn't exactly look like an Italian film-star, but she's quite pretty and strikes me as a very decent sort. In fact, if he really wants to get married she'd be a far better proposition than all those others."

Nikki frowned. "Do you suppose," she asked, "that Grimsdyke is really just a little bit insane?"

"Oh, mad as a hatter, darling. Has been for years. Backache?" I demanded suddenly.

"Indigestion," said Nikki.

I wondered what other plausible story my friend would appear with later that evening, when Nikki went to bed, leaving me with an article on gastroenterology in the "British Medical Journal" which soon put me into a gentle doze at the fireside. The doorbell woke me with a start, and I noticed that it was already near eleven.

"I want to unburden my soul," said Grimsdyke immediately, entering with swirls of fog.

"That soul of yours is getting a bit overloaded, isn't it?"

But he threw himself into a chair so despondently I immediately felt sorry for him.

"Anyway, Grim," I added, "after all we've been through together, I'm afraid you can always rely on me to give you advice."

"All I told you about that boat," he admitted at once, "was purely ruddy rationalisation, like the psychiatrists keep talking about. You know, the same as when you want to buy a new car and kid yourself you'll save on train fares. The odd business is, you actually do believe it at the time. Stupid thing, the human mind, isn't it?"

"I'm sure no philosopher would disagree with you."

"As far as I'm concerned, Zoe's the fairest blossom on the evolutionary tree," he confessed simply. "I wanted to marry her, old lad. So I asked her when the opportunity arose, which was during ping-pong. She mumbled something rather confused about thinking it over."

"Oh, hello, Zoe," he mumbled, after some time.

"And how are you?" he managed to ask.

"I'm very well, thank you," said Zoe quietly. "And you?"

"Me? I'm very well, too. Thank you."

"Good," said Zoe.

To page 55



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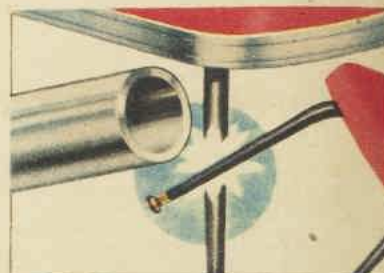
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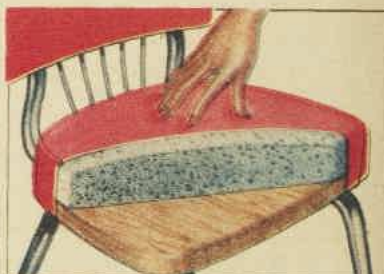
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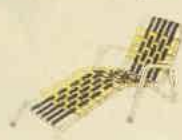
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Then, of course, I got cold feet. He paused to reach for my cigarettes.

"I suppose I'm a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. On one hand, I saw myself cosy with Zoe in a suburban semi-detached with all the buttons on my shirts. On the other, I was ploughing through stacks of dirty nappies to clip my eldest on the earhole for emptying my only bottle of beer over the other five. I know it's time I had a steady job and a smile from the bank manager, but it's dashed difficult to come to the point. Hence my recent erratic behaviour."

"I should choose the semi-detached and nappies," I told him. "Most people do in the end."

"But Zoe won't have me." He stared gloomily at his feet.

"Funny thing, it never occurred to me before that any girl wouldn't. We broached the subject again tonight—we could hardly help it, could we?—and all we agreed was never to establish contact again. I wouldn't even know where to find her, except she lives somewhere in Yorkshire."

"There are other girls, Grim," I said, trying to cheer him up. "Apart from Scandinavian masseuses."

"But there aren't. Fact is, old lad," he explained, as though confessing some shameful felony. "I love her."

Nikki called from upstairs. "She forgot her New Year's glass of milk," I told him. "Just a minute while I fetch it from the kitchen."

But when I reached the bedroom one glance at my wife's face was enough.

"How long—?"

"All afternoon—"

She paused, gripping my hand tightly. It was a moment before she could go on. "I felt such a fool getting Ann the last time, I really wanted to make sure—"

"Now don't worry, darling—I'll ring Ann this very second, and tell her to hurry."

Grimdyke jumped to his feet as I rushed downstairs.

"What's up?"

"Nikki. In the second stage."

"Shall I clear off?"

"No, don't. You may be useful."

This time Ann Partridge was at a New Year's party in the midwives' hostel.

"You're quite sure, old thing?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. She's terribly far gone."

"Oh, all right. Give her some pethidine and I'll bring the midwife with me. I haven't time to see the New Year in, I suppose?"

"You certainly haven't!"

I boiled up a syringe in a saucepan and gave Nikki a hundred milligrams of pethidine. Afterwards I divided my time between holding her hand and getting things ready for Ann Partridge. Grimdyke meanwhile sat downstairs, looking more frightened than either of us.

"Hasn't the damn woman come yet?" I demanded, bursting again into the sitting-room.

"Only twenty minutes since you rang her, old lad," murmured Grimdyke.

But after forty minutes had passed even Grimdyke couldn't try to reassure me. When the telephone rang we both jumped like shot rabbits.

"Hello?"

"Had a bit of trouble starting the car, old thing," said Ann calmly. "But it's all right. I've warmed up the plugs in the autocave."

"For heavens sake do hurry," I implored her.

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## Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 53

"Don't look so worried, old lad," said Grimdyke, trying to raise a smile as I put down the telephone. "After all, there are three doctors in the house. But why not ring up the old uncle? As a sort of insurance policy, in case this Partridge woman blows a gasket."

"What a good idea!" I exclaimed, clasping him gratefully.

I rang the flat over our surgery, but the call was taken by a sleepy receptionist.

"What's the truth now?" asked Grimdyke, noticing my face.

"He's out," I explained briefly. "On a maternity case."

We passed another fifteen minutes. Nikki was now trying to reassure me as much as I tried to reassure her.

I gave our obstetrician another ten minutes, then I made my decision. I felt surprisingly calm once I knew what I had to face. "Could you give me a hand?"

Grimdyke didn't hesitate. "Of course, Simon. For all our fooling about over the years, we've never let the old profession down over a job of work."

"I'll boil up some scissors and needles in the kitchen," I told him. "You go and collect the triline inhaler from the boot of the car."

But I had hardly left the sitting-room when Grimdyke appeared from the garage, with a shout of, "It's all right, old lad! Panic over. She's here. Look—two ruddy great headlights in the fog."

I ran to the front door. A figure came stamping through the darkness.

"I have just undergone the most insulting experience of my life," declared Sir Lancelot Spratt.

"That preposterous woman!" he continued, coming straight inside. "How the devil Cambridge ever married her is totally beyond me. She threw me out. Me! After I had been putting up with her extremely indifferent hospitality, not to mention taking considerable pains to be of no trouble to anyone, she had the effrontery to hurl ill-mannered abuse at my head and order me out of the house."

"Can you imagine such behaviour among civilised human beings? And on such a trivial excuse! Just because I wanted to see something on channel nine, when she for some reason insisted on watching some rubbish on channel one—"

"Shut up!" I snapped.

My godfather stared at me.

"Have you taken leave of your senses, too, boy?" he roared.

"I'm sorry," I said shortly.

I told him the situation in the house.

I

IMMEDIATELY, Sir Lancelot became grave. He looked round like a new commander in a demoralised garrison.

"And if your obstetrician remains lost," he asked, stroking his beard, "who, pray, will do the delivery?"

"I will."

"You will not. For a doctor to take clinical responsibility for his wife in childbirth is wholly unfair to all three participants. Where is the patient?"

"The room at the top of the stairs."

"Right. It is perhaps fortunate that I have always regarded myself as a general surgeon in the widest sense. You are unaware that I delivered a woman in a somewhat similar situation while holidaying in Ireland last year?"

"I fear," he continued with

some satisfaction, "it might be beyond the abilities of some of my younger colleagues who now charge more and more for treating less and less. I am glad to see you have the latest automatic inhaler there," he continued, catching sight of my friend.

"You will take charge of it, Mr. Grimdyke. The apparatus is claimed by its designers to be foolproof, and now we shall have a chance to find out. Sparrow, you will stay out of everybody's way."

"Fetch me a surgical mask, some hot water, and a clean hand towel."

With a step that bore a lifetime's experience of life and death, of men and women, and of the greatest joys and tragedies human beings can experi-

Sparrow. And the baby, too, if you like. After all, it concerns him."

Nikki had just finished the early feed when Sir Lancelot and I appeared in the bedroom.

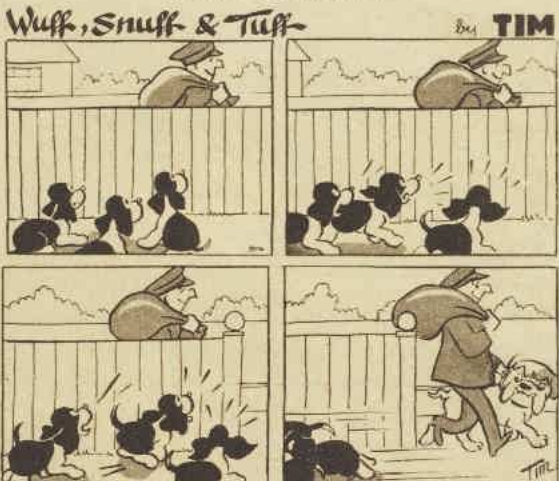
"I expect you know what I've got to say," he began, after tickling young Lancelot's nose. "Despite my somewhat disillusioning experience when last in this house, I think, Sparrow, that you have somewhat surprisingly turned into a reasonable member of society. That the metamorphosis is entirely due to your charming wife I have no doubt whatever."

Nikki smiled.

"And so my offer of financial assistance—not to you, but to the little brat who is at this moment interrupting me—still stands."

I hesitated. Then I said, "It's very kind of you, sir. We—we

### FOR THE CHILDREN—



cally, Sir Lancelot Spratt went calmly upstairs.

I had prepared myself to experience all manner of noble feelings when I first looked at my son. But as I rushed upstairs after Grimdyke's short, "Right-ho, Simon, you can order a set of trains—it's a boy!" all I could think as I inspected the pink and noisy lump was, "Good grief! Did I do that?"

The rest of the night was rather confused. Ann Partridge arrived shortly after the baby (as I am sure all five of us had more than once as midwifery students), and seeming demoralised by the presence of Sir Lancelot made a few remarks about abnormally rapid labors and withdrew.

Nikki sat serenely in bed, holding her baby and drinking the traditional cup of tea. My godfather looked highly pleased with himself, and even slapped Grimdyke on the back. No one took much notice of me.

In an hour or two the nurse appeared and firmly took possession of the infant, and when I woke up after a doze on the sofa I found Grimdyke frying bacon and eggs.

"I particularly want to be back for lunch at St. Swithin's today," explained Sir Lancelot, who was breakfasting in the kitchen.

He seemed to smile at some inward joke. "I intended only to sponge on you for a bed, even though it was that infernal canvas contraption. I might say that now I feel I've earned it."

"You certainly have, sir."

"I'll stay at the club for a while," he told me, "and then go back for a bit of rest to Hereford. I think I can leave the bicentenary to Cambridge, now I've put him on the right path. But first I would like a word with you and your wife,

greatly appreciate it. But—if you don't mind—we'd rather just stand on our own six feet."

Sir Lancelot said nothing. I wondered if I had detonated a delayed explosion.

"You are quite right," he declared quietly after some moments. "I think that I should have made precisely the same reply in similar circumstances. But I nevertheless ask you to accept. It is you who are doing the kindness, not me."

My godfather got up and walked slowly about the room, his hands clasped behind his tail coat.

"We all grow old," he said. "It is only physiological. The dermis loses its elasticity and wrinkles. The bones grow brittle, the joints arthritic. Our temperatures fall, our metabolism slows. But worst of all is a chilling of the spirit."

He paused, with a look of humility I had seen before only when referring in lectures to famous professional forebears.

"I've had a good life. But I suppose all I've really got to show for it is a row of bottles in the St. Swithin's pathology museum. Oh, I know I've made a good many people more comfortable. I've prolonged for a while a good many lives. I might even have saved one or two. But a surgeon's on earth to do surgery like a shoemaker's on earth to make shoes. And neither has the right to get sentimental about it."

"That is not to say I'm belittling the profession that all three of us are privileged to belong to. I'm not. No man or woman can do better than apply his life to maintaining the health of his fellow creatures. Without health this world seems to contain no comfort, and the next no kindness."

"And our reward is in the mind—a mind trained to strip the pretences and prejudices

that men cover themselves with like their clothes. I believe it is only we who discover what is basically good or bad underneath. I should have hated to have lived without experiencing that."

He stood stroking his beard for some seconds.

His namesake stopped crying, yawned widely, and went to sleep.

"If I had children of my own, I should hope that one at least followed me to St. Swithin's. You yourselves cannot realise at this moment what comfort that would be to me—to know that I had a personal interest in someone walking the same path not only of myself but of Pasteur, John Hunter, or Horder. It is highly unlikely that I shall be in existence when this young man might decide to take up medicine. But it would be enough for me to feel that I was going to be of some help to him if he should."

Sir Lancelot paused.

"I'm talking a lot," he said briskly. "I thought I wouldn't have to bare my soul like this. Sparrow, I imagined it would have been perfectly easy to have bullied you into it."

"Of course, we accept, gratefully," said Nikki. "Don't we, Simon?"

"Then I'm delighted," was all Sir Lancelot said.

"I was afraid before," Nikki went on frankly, "that you would terrorise us about how to bring him up."

"Good grief!" exclaimed Sir Lancelot. "Me? Why, I'm scared stiff of children."

Shortly afterwards my godfather left for London. "I'll come back and see you one of these days," he announced, as I bid him farewell at the door. "Meanwhile," he added, catching sight of an object on the hall table, "I hope my wedding present will prove useful."

"By the way, sir," I asked, emboldened by our new relationship. "What exactly is it?"

"My dear chap, I haven't the slightest idea. I picked it up at an auction and have been trying to get rid of it for years."

The fog had disappeared with the other trials of the night, and in crisp sunshine I picked up the papers and letters left unnoticed on the doormat, when the telephone rang.

"It's for you," I called to Grimdyke. "It's Zoe from London."

"She wants me to take her out to lunch," he exclaimed in delight, after a brief and almost whispered conversation.

"She actually wants me to buy her food. She rang up specially to find me. Do you realise what it means, Simon? Do you understand? She doesn't think I'm an uncouth great baboon after all. She agrees to be seen in public in my company. She actually wants to put up with my footling conversation. She's prepared to look at my vacuous great face. She's—"

"Take it easy, Grim," I said, smiling. "There's a long way to go between taking a girl out to lunch and leading her down the aisle."

"But the Grimdykes, old lad," he explained proudly, "are fast and efficient workers, once they get their teeth into a job. Bet you a quid in another couple of years we'll be pushing our prams out together?"

I laughed.

"Done!"

"Just you wait and see. Must rush off now if I want to tidy up a bit in town. Lots of love to mother and child. And thanks for the excitement."

As he grabbed his corduroy cap and hurried down the path I absently looked at my letters. The first had an Australian stamp on it. I ripped open the envelope.

"Sydney, N.S.W.," it began simply.

"Dear Doctor,

"Don't I turn up in the most peculiar places? I am living with Harold again and we are terribly happy. Harold was very, very naughty in England, and I'm going to see he works hard and pays every penny back in Hampden Cross. But with you he really could have got into awful trouble. Harold is so sweet and simple he is easily led astray. That's why I'm insisting he makes it up to you first, with a big whack over as conscience money. I'm not putting our address, so you can't try and return it. Love, Diane Marston."

Pinned to the letter was a cheque for five hundred pounds.

"The sports car!" I cried at once, any thought of providing for my new family basely obliterated. I was about to run upstairs to tell Nikki when I found myself face to face with Sir Lancelot Spratt on the front page of the morning paper.

"But what on earth's the old boy been up to—"

Then I saw a headline saying, "New Year's Honors List."

Half-way down the column it announced simply—

BARONY FOR DOCTOR

Sir Lancelot Blyth Spratt, surgeon at St. Swithin's Hospital, London, becomes a Baron for services rendered to international co-operation in medicine.

"Lord Spratt!" I gasped. I stood still, letting the paper drop to the ground.

"So that's why the old boy has made such a fuss about the bicentenary. Poor old Cambridge! I only hope he wangles a knighthood for him one day. And, by George," I added, recovering from the shock, "aren't those noble rafters going to ring at Westminster?"

After Nikki and I had laughed over the news I was allowed by the nurse the privilege of holding my son.

It was almost impossible to believe that he, too, might one day go to St. Swithin's, to sit in the same lecture benches, listen with the same inattention, react to the starkness of medical education with the same high spirits, play the same games, drink in the same pubs, fumble his way round the same wards, and flirt with much the same sort of nurses. Like Sir Lancelot and myself, he would become part of St. Swithin's. But, more important, St. Swithin's would always be part of us.

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## ULTOX FOR ULCERS

Mrs. Mostyn, of Summer Hill, N.S.W., writes:

"Dear Sir,

I am writing to compliment you on your Ultox Stomach Tablets.

I have suffered from chronic dyspepsia for over twenty years and nobody knows the pain and misery I suffered, especially at night, as I have spent hundreds of sleepless nights with painful wind and hiccups.

I have been taking Ultox for about three months (one tablet a day) and I am really afraid NOT to use them. I have never known such freedom from pain and hiccups.

You may use this letter as you wish, as I am really grateful.

Yours faithfully,

MRS. B. MOSTYN,

February 24, 1959."

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for ulcers whether gastric or duodenal—or write for

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# 'PORGY AND BESS'

Samuel Goldwyn's long-awaited production of the well-loved Gershwin folk opera "Porgy and Bess" comes to the screen in Todd-AO and color.

"It ain't ne-cess-ar-ly so"



THE FLASH, quick-witted Sporting Life (played by Sammy Davis, Jr.) sings to a happy and admiring audience on the occasion of Catfish Row's noisy annual picnic outing to Kitticah Island in this scene from "Porgy and Bess."



"I'm goin' kill dat pole-cat"

**VIOLENCE** breaks out in Carolina's Catfish Row, colorful, dilapidated courtyard tenement which is the setting for most of the action of "Porgy and Bess." The period is about 1912.



**STARS** of "Porgy and Bess" are Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, and Sammy Davis, Jr., with Pearl Bailey in the important fourth key role of Maria, the warm-hearted Catfish Row cookshop proprietress. Otto Preminger, remembered for his all-Negro "Carmen Jones," directed the film, and its musical direction was in the hands of composer-pianist Andre Previn. It took two years' work to bring the spectacular production to the screen.

"A wom-an is a some-time thing"



**BEAUTIFUL**, tragic Bess, unwelcome newcomer to the Row, where she finds her first real love, is played in the film by Dorothy Dandridge.

"Oh - I got plen-ty c-nut-tin"



**CHEERFUL** in adversity, crippled beggar Porgy, played by Sidney Poitier, sings lightly of his trials and his poverty. For Columbia release.



**"So hygienic . . .  
and refreshing too!"**



Judith Godley — well-known Artist's model — says: "After a tiring day I add a little Dettol to my bath water. I find it most refreshing and invigorating."

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

SOLD ONLY  
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**DETTOL**

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

# ★ ★ THE SIEGE OF PINCHGUT

Drama, with Aldo Ray, Heather Sears, Neil McCallum, Victor Maddern. Embassy, Sydney.

**S**YDNEY HARBOR'S Pinchgut (Fort Denison), built by convict labor, springs back to life in this modern convict story.

With an ambulance screaming through Sydney's northern suburbs and over the Harbor Bridge, the film leaps off to an impressive start. A prisoner on the run, Aldo Ray is making a daring dash to Sydney in the ambulance, posing as an emergency case.

His brother, Neil McCallum, and friends Victor Maddern and Carlo Justini travel as doctor and crew.

At the wharves, they board a waiting launch and set course for the open sea. Striking engine trouble, they only reach Pinchgut.

Ray and his confederates take refuge on the tiny island fortress, holding caretaker Gerry Duggan, his wife, Barbara Mullen, and daughter, Heather Sears, as hostages.

Determined to prove his innocence, Ray bargains with authorities (by phone). Either the Attorney-General publicly grants him a new trial or, with the island's naval gun and live ammunition, he will blow up an ammunition ship lying between them and the shore. And with it half of Sydney.

The rest of the plot hangs on this threat from a desperate man. And tension on the island builds through a fascinating character study of seven watchful people.

The kindly, leisurely caretaker gives a fine performance

# New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★ ★ ★ Excellent  
★ Average

★ ★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

of an intimidated man gaining courage. The hunted man—at first studiously calm—becomes violent and ruthless, and his blindly adoring brother "sees" his hero for the first time. Easy-going Victor Maddern provides the only light relief.

While the plot builds tension on the island, on the mainland it becomes a pantomime. With the mass evacuation of waterfront-dwellers, the mobilisation of the entire police force and most of the Navy, the number of superfluous "extras" runs into thousands.

But Sydney Harbor deserves its excellent film treatment. We had our harbor, our bridge, the works—mentions of surfing, racing—and even our new opera house.

In a word . . . INTERESTING.

## ★ ★ THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

Drama, with Hope Lange, Stephen Boyd, Suzy Parker, Diane Baker, Louis Jourdan. In color. Regent, Sydney.

**W**ITH its glamorous offices, apartments, clothes, and women, this colorful film shows New York at its biggest, newest, and best.

Hope Lange successfully applies for a job in a large but low-grade paper-back publishing house in New York.

She has a year to fill in before her "unofficial fiancé" returns from England.

Over their typewriters, Hope meets her two future flatmates, Suzy Parker, an ambitious bit-player actress, and Diane Baker, a naive little girl—like herself from another State—who's heading for big trouble.

Attracted to the attractive new girl, Stephen Boyd, a junior executive in the company, waits patiently while Hope tries to put her now married-for-money boy-friend from her mind. While second executive, sharp-tongued Joan Crawford, becomes violently jealous of Hope's youth, and attempts to make her life a misery.

This entertaining film is centred on the lives of the three young bachelor girls, whose interests are concentrated on men. The intra-office intrigues and togetherness atmosphere of their staff parties and picnics become overwhelming.

Breaking with American tradition of glamorous newcomers to New York falling in love and marrying the man of their choice within weeks of their arrival, the plot is full of startling realism. Both the handsome Louis Jourdan, a small-time producer, and easy-come-easy-go Robert Evans remain true to type.

In a word . . . ENTERTAINING.

## ★ ★ CAREER

Drama, with Dean Martin, Anthony Franciosa, Shirley MacLaine, Carolyn Jones. Prince Edward, Sydney.

**P**ACKED with emotion, this backstage story of an actor's fight to get in front of the footlights probes into the sham and falsehoods which lie behind success.

Anthony Franciosa, a down-and-out actor renting a shabby New York apartment, is a member of the Actor's Rostrum—a non-paying wrong-end-of-town acting group—formed by Dean Martin, a struggling but ambitious director.

When his fiancé, Joan Blackman, joins him unexpectedly, he's forced to look for a paying part.

After joining endless queues of unemployed applicants for a part in each new show, Franciosa and Martin attend a casting call by Robert Middleton—a pompous, cigar-chewing top-liner.

No experience, no part. But while there, Franciosa meets agent Carolyn Jones, herself a resigned and disillusioned ex-star.

It takes a meeting with Shirley MacLaine, Middleton's dipsomaniac daughter with three marriages behind her, a stab in the back by "friend" Martin, and desertion by his ever-loving wife to bring the small-town naive actor to reality. There's more to success than talent and he'll take it at any price.

From here the plot loses credibility, but brilliant acting from the entire cast carries it through.

In a word . . . NEAR MISS.



Every time  
your hands are  
in water  
they lose a little  
natural beauty

**now**

You can give your hands

**MORE EFFECTIVE PROTECTION**

with exclusive new-formula

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Natural beauty instantly restored  
to your hands.

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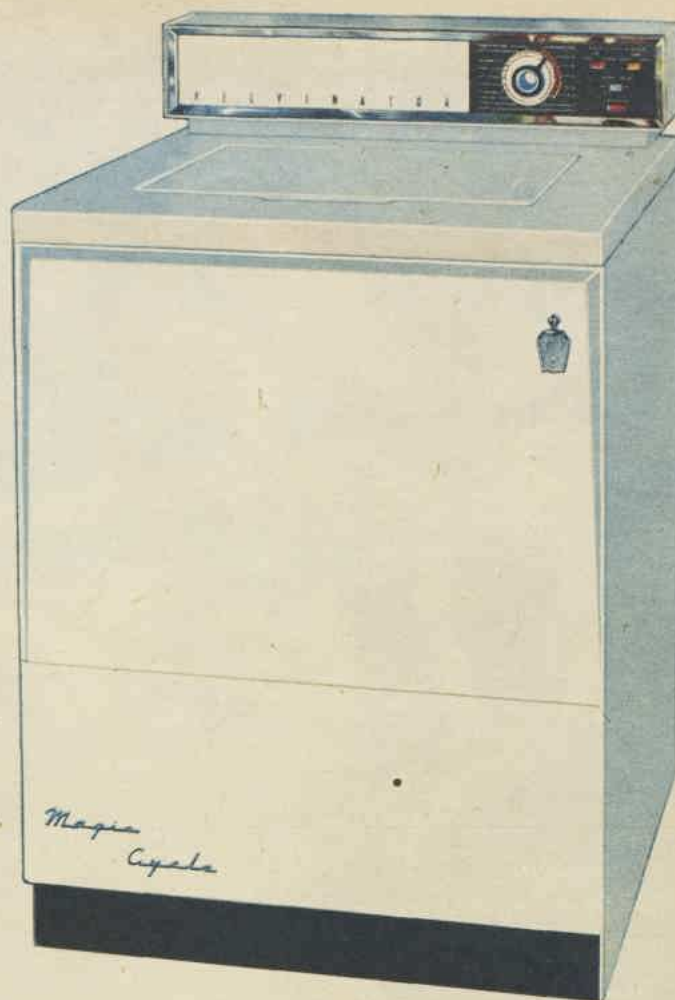
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## on washdays

## This and only this is Totally Automatic Washing

Most women don't realise it, but there's a big difference between "semi-automatic", "automatic" and totally automatic washing. Washdays cease to exist with this new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer... you just dial and disappear!

This fabulous machine "mothers" you! You don't have to play nursemaid waiting for cycles to end, twisting and pulling dials every few minutes. You're as free as a bird... spending the time every mother likes to spend with her family.

### Take a washday vacation

Unlike most vacations, this one lasts for years and years. The Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer washes 3 ways, rinses 5 times and spin dries — all with one simple dial setting. You can be miles away or out in the garden, while your clothes are washed with loving care, rinsed as clean as new, and left damp-dry — ready to go out on the line.

You do a complete family wash in just **one minute** of your time. It could hardly be easier.



Lint-free wash guaranteed

There's never a trace of lint or fuzz on your clothes when they're washed in a Kelvinator Totally Automatic

Washer. This exclusive **Filter Fountain** actually filters all the wash water **every three minutes**... removes every trace of lint from the water. Your clothes are soft, fresh... **lint-free** after every wash.

### See the free demonstration

Why not find out more about this exciting new way to live? Ask your local retailer for a free demonstration of the world's most glamorous, most advanced washer — the new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer.

# Kelvinator

## TOTALLY AUTOMATIC WASHER





*Skin so smooth  
and fresh and radiant —  
who can help admiring?*



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MILLED FOR J. KITCHEN AND SONS PTY. LIMITED,  
MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS FOR OVER 100 YEARS.

Give your skin  
this lovely young look

Lovely things happen when you care for your skin with Coronet. The first time you use it, you know Coronet is gentler, more precious. You can actually feel Coronet's luxurious beauty oils smoothing your skin while you wash. And oh! the fragrance of it—finest French lavender!

**This is the gentlest soap  
you'll ever use**

## SOCIAL ROUNDBOUT

**MUST** take a trip to Canberra on March 17 for the opening of Albert Arlen's all-Australian musical "The Girl From the Snowy." The Canberra Repertory Society is putting it on in its theatre in Riverside.

The Snowy Mountains Scheme is the background for the musical, and Arlen's wife, Nancy Brown, is playing Vicky Davis, the girl from the Snowy.

This is her first appearance on stage since her last musical role in London, when she appeared with Bud Flanagan in "Night and the Laughter" in 1948.

Sir William and Lady Hudson — he's the Commissioner for the Snowy Mountains Authority — will be in the first-night audience, and on March 19 the Governor-General, Lord Dunsford, and his wife will be there to see their very first Australian musical.

And from what my Canberra spies tell me, it's going to be a really wonderful show.

★ ★ ★  
**THRILLED** to hear about Jan and Quentin Anthony's son, who was born last month in Port Moresby — on his father's birthday, too. They're going to christen the baby Nicholas Quentin, and Jan's mother, Mrs. Wilfred Mills, of St. Ives, is leaving for Moresby this week to visit the Anthonys and meet her new grandchild.

★ ★ ★  
**CAN'T** believe it's three years since young lawyer Theo Simos went to Oxford. Since then, he's been to Harvard and is now on his way home through the East. He should arrive some time this week, and the family at Centennial Park are really going to celebrate. They've got another reason for celebrating, too — Theo's sister, Anna, has just announced her engagement to Dr. Michael Aroney, of Brisbane, and is wearing a lovely diamond solitaire ring.

★ ★ ★  
**MUST** keep a lookout for Joan Taylor and her fiancé, Don Murphy, at the Yass picnic races this week. Joan is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Taylor, of Vaucluse, and I hear she's chosen April 29 for her wedding. It's going to be quite a family affair—Joan's having her sisters, Beverley and Helen, as bridesmaids, and Don's brothers, Bruce and Ross, will be best man and groomsman. After the wedding—at St. Mark's, Darling Point—Joan and Don will live on the Murphys' property, "Kunama," Dalton.

★ ★ ★  
**WHAT** a fabulous trip the Alban Gees have lined up—Mrs. Gee and Elizabeth, who's just finished school, sail on board the Himalaya on March 15. They'll travel across to New York to meet Dr. Gee, who will have been visiting various American clinics, then go on to England in the Queen Elizabeth. Half their luck!

★ ★ ★  
**BRIEFLY** . . . Mrs. Gregory Blaxland beating the heat in a cool-as-cool suit of olive-green and white printed silk, topped by a squashy slouch hat of stitched beige linen . . . lovely Edda Benco wears a tiny golden charm around her neck on a fine chain. "I've had it since I was five years old," she says, "and collected it from home when I was in Italy last year . . . letter from London from Brigid Tancred, who's just had a super ski-ing holiday in Switzerland. She's sharing a tiny mews cottage with an English girl and writes, "It's the dearest little place — white wallpaper patterned with gold stars, a Toulouse Lautrec etching in my bedroom, and an electric frypan in the kitchen. Who could ask for more?"

★ ★ ★  
**IT'LL** be Boggabri and back when Carolyn Barclay has a 21st-birthday dance there on March 12. Her parents, the David Barclays, are giving the dance for about 80 young guests on their property, "Linbury," Boggabri, and everyone's staying in house parties all round the district.

★ ★ ★  
**THEY** were married . . . Marion Ainsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ainsworth, of Wagga Wagga, to Alfred McCarthy at St. John's Church, Canberra . . . Jennifer Rigg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rigg, of Dover Heights, to Alfred Milani at the Church of St. Therese, Dover Heights . . . Nancey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lees, of Strathfield, to Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. U. Middleston, of Cronulla, at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield . . . Jill, daughter of Mr. G. C. Talbot, of Seaforth, and the late Mrs. Talbot, to Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith, of Blakehurst, at St. Luke's Church, Mosman.

★ ★ ★  
**JOHN** and Gillian Evans will be back next week after a honeymoon in Tasmania. They've got a house ready waiting for them at "Boonoke" Station, where John is the overseer. By the way, all the men at "Boonoke" clubbed together and bought an electric mixer for a wedding present.

*Anne*



# PEOPLE AND PARTIES



ABOVE: Physiotherapy students Noela Chase (centre) and Jill Thompson (right) bought books during Orientation Week from Judith McDonald, who is an Arts III student at Sydney University.

RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Ian Forsyth leave St. Andrew's Church, Moree. The bride was formerly Norma Tomlinson, the only daughter of Mrs. B. Tomlinson, of "Clarendon," Moree, and the late Mr. L. E. Tomlinson.



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Rabone, who were married in the garden of the bride's home, "Wonga," Mendooran, with (from left) Andrew Mackay, Jenny Scott, Peter Poole, Eve Rabone, David Quinn, Robin Alexander, Malcolm Scott, and Jennifer Lee. The bride was formerly Gay Scott. Ian is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Rabone, of "Weetalabah," Coolah.



PRETTY Jacqueline Hunter (right) offering a programme to sisters Pamela (left) and Yvonne Wyatt at the gala fashion parade at the Trocadero for the 1960 Wool Festival.



FOUR pretty debutantes who were among the 16 girls presented to Monsignor Cronin at the Bethlehem Ex-Students Ball at the Australia. They are (from left) Jocelyn McFarlane, Denise Mobbs, Carmel Kiss, and Patricia Dowsett.



Look even lovelier



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Actil "Contemporary House" Bedsets in soft pastel tones — sheet top hems and decorative cases with reinforced French corners are beautifully thread-drawn and hemstitched — 104" hemmed size.

#### GLAMOROUS

Actil "Pent House" Bedsets with the beauty of colour — top hems of sheets and pillow cases are two row corded in self-colour — 104" hemmed size.



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Actil "Holiday House" Bedsets in perfect pastel shades to blend with bedroom colour schemes. Sheets and cases plain hemmed — 104" hemmed size.



#### IN GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS:

Pink, Blue, Green or Maize and Snowy White. One pair sheets and two matching cases to each Bedset.



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TELEVISION



THE HAPPY GARNER FAMILY. Jim (Bret Maverick) and his daughter, Greta; his step-daughter, Kimberley (11); and wife, Lois.

## Maverick at home

FAMILY man James Garner is a very different proposition from that character he plays—devil-may-care gambler Bret Maverick, who lives by the precepts of his Daddy and provides delightful TV entertainment in "Maverick."

In Hollywood they say the Garner home is surrounded by a gingham curtain as impenetrable as any curtain the Kremlin ever had. Jim Garner says he wants it that way so that what free time he has away from the studio can be quietly enjoyed.

For a long time Jim refused to have his family photographed, but he has relented, and this is the first picture of the entire happy Garner family together.

Jim has packed a lot into his 31 years. At 16 he was in the Merchant Marine; at 22 an infantryman in Korea, where he was

twice wounded; at 24 he was back home, a would-be actor.

He described himself as a "veteran of a hundred jobs, romances, and brawls" when in 1956 he married Lois Clark, a divorcee raising a daughter, 7, who was just home from hospital after polio. They now have their own daughter, Greta.

Aged 11, Jim's step-daughter, Kim, is his favorite golfing partner. They have a steady date for golf, Saturdays.

As Maverick, Jim Garner is happy, and has travelled more than 50,000 miles promoting the show. But he doesn't complain. He does the best he can, spends as much time as possible at home, and nurses his ulcer, a recent development that success has added to his life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 16, 1960



# Big hand for 'Open House'

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Open House," Australia's first TV programme produced for overseas distribution, had its Australian premiere in Melbourne last week. The show was as enthusiastically received there as it was overseas.

"OPEN HOUSE" is a fast-moving country music show with a streamlined presentation and lots of square dancing and well-loved melodies like "Little Brown Jug" and "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

It had its world premiere over 80 television channels in America before Christmas, is now to make its bow on Sydney's Channel 9 and all other States of the Commonwealth.

Sydney's Channel 9 could be forgiven if they heralded the opening show (Sunday, March 13, 4.30 p.m., then weekly at the same time) with a series of triumphant fanfares.

The whole show—39 episodes—was produced at their Willoughby studios by the channel technicians, producers, and directors in association with an Australian company, Marketing Services (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

"Open House" was dreamed up when Ray Acuff, the star and compere, brought his "Grand Ole Opry" show to Australia last year for a season.

He was so impressed with the versatility of Australian TV technicians, the facilities available at Sydney's Channel 9 for making such a show, and the low cost of making it, that "Open House" was planned.

"Open House" has a cast with a nucleus of the American stars of "Grand Ole Opry" and 18 Australian artists.

When the finished show was taken to America by John Bryden-Brown, Managing Director of Marketing Services (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., it was snapped up quickly. Film executives were amazed at its quality.

They described it technically as being among the finest-quality kinescope films they had seen.

Mr. Bryden-Brown is sure that "Open House" will be the first of a number of similar TV productions.

Australian production is much cheaper, because Australian technicians don't specialise, and can turn their hand to anything.

"All Americans—from performers to technicians—are such expensive workers if they're any good that they can really be used only in big-money shows," Mr. Bryden-Brown said.

"The talent available lower on the scale is much inferior to that available in Australia. Because of this we can produce good TV at a price which makes it a very attractive proposition in America."

American purchasers expect "Open House" to be attractive to the tune of a profit of about £800,000. This really doesn't stir me as much as the news that televiewers, wherever it has been sent, find "Open House" attractive viewing. That's the news I like.

THERE'S good news, too, for viewers who like their music more sophisticated. The



HAPPY GROUP from "Open House." From left, Cornelia Ellis, Ray Acuff, Melba Montgomery, Howard Forrester.

take your pick—those folksy hillbilly tunes from Ray Acuff or the sweet, sophisticated melodies from Nat.

JAPAN, said to be the most TV-conscious nation in the world, has just shocked American manufacturers by producing a midget transistor TV set with an eight-inch screen costing about £A90.

(For those technically minded, the set is operated by

standard job. In Japan, where they already have some color TV, there are now more than 3,000,000 TV sets, and more than 80 stations in operation.

One station, NTV, pushing its color TV, has more than 50 color sets placed on street corners in the Greater Tokyo area for public viewing.

I CAME across two TV types in unusual circumstances lately. One was Channel 9's Chuck Faulkner having trouble with a hole in his head, the other Kevin Colson struggling with Lucifer and the Lord.

Mr. Faulkner's story is the sad one. He had a tooth out and instead of it behaving as it should Chuck just got a hole where the tooth was—one that wouldn't close up until he had some plastic surgery.

It kept him away from his fans for the best part of a month, on and off, and Chuck's fans don't like that.

Good-looking Kevin Colson's story is happier. He's just left Sydney's Channel 7 to freelance in TV and has refu-

geed for recreation—and instruction—to "Lucifer and the Lord," the Jean-Paul Sartre play the Sydney University Dramatic Society is putting on for its 70th anniversary.

From what I hear, "Lucifer and the Lord" is just teeming with TV bods from every Channel in Sydney trying to improve their TV technique by learning what they can from the stage. Kevin is playing the role of a vicious German Army captain.

"Lucifer and the Lord" (it's on at the Wallace Theatre for a month from March 11) has upset TV protocol all over. Directors are acting, actors are designing sets, moving properties, and floor managers are doing the equivalent of carrying a spear in a Stratford-on-Avon production.

They all seem to be enjoying themselves, and the arguments over good and evil that is "Lucifer and the Lord" seem, despite anything Jean-Paul Sartre may think, to add up to nothing but good for televiewers.

## TELEVISION PARADE

Nat "King" Cole Show, 30 minutes of informal entertainment from Nat and celebrity guests, starts soon.

Nat, a negro singer with the biggest mouth I've ever seen, gives with the music that record buyers love. In the past ten years he has sold 50,000,000 records. Two of his most popular songs in that time were "Nature Boy" and "Mona Lisa."

So there you are; you can

23 transistors and 14 diodes instead of tubes.)

The midget set, which American companies expect to be a hotcake seller, has 12 channels and can be recharged overnight from the household power-points.

The manufacturers are also worried by the news that Japanese manufacturers are now working busily on a TV set to sell for about £A23. It's not a portable—just a regulation

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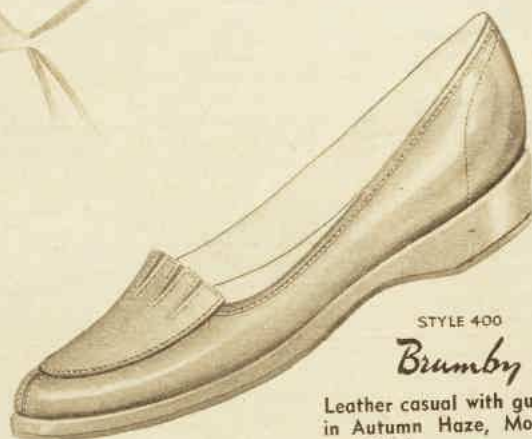
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# JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn  
Age 32½.

Her name is ANTI JOAN,  
& like you can see she's  
REAL BEAUTY FULL.



ANTI JOAN WORE A DRESS WHICH WAS TOO BIG ON HER, SO  
I HAD TO CARRY SOME OF IT FOR HER WHEN SHE WALKED DOWN  
THE BRIDAL PATH. ALSO SHE WORE A VAIL OVER HER EYES,  
SO HER DADDY HAD  
TO STEER HER.



THIS MOURNING I WENT TO A WEDDING WHERE  
MY UNCLE JERRY GOT MARRIED TO A GIRL.



IT STARTED OUT LAST YEAR WHEN HE GAVE HER  
A DIME & RING, WHICH MADE THEM ENRAGED.



NEXT CAME UNCLE JERRY  
WHO CAME DRESSED UP LIKE  
A MAGICIAN.  
EXCEPT HE  
DIDN'T DO  
EVEN ONE  
TRICK.



Then a man came who said  
some words which made  
him her awful wedded  
HUSBAND.



AFTER CAME A PART THAT WAS REAL SAD. ON A  
COUNT OF HE HAD TO KISS HER... AND ALL OF  
THEIR MAMAS STARTED INTO CRY.



Then OLIVER Sudden EVERY BODY GOT MAD AT THEM FOR MAKING THEIR  
MAMAS CRY, SO THEY THREW SOME RICE AT THEM & EVEN TIED A BUNCH  
OF TIN CANS & STUFF ON UNCLE JERRY'S CAR... WHAT A PUNCH OF GROUCHES!



P.S: Now they're  
going over NIAGARA FALLS  
on a HONEYDEW.  
Boy THAT SOUNDS LIKE fun!



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





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heart and oh, the lack of words on my tongue.

"Helen's in a fashion show," Mrs. Mackawash said proudly.

I nodded again and stuffed a dried apricot into my mouth.

"Sit down," Helen said, "and talk to me. Tell me all about yourself. Have you written any poetry lately? Where are you going to college?"

I sat down. "No, Amherst," "You know," Helen said, breaking my heart. "I was told you were a fascinating boy; intelligent, curious, with good taste and a great sense of humor. I can't even get you to talk."

"He's tired," Mrs. Mackawash said.

"I'm tired," I said. "Some people just can't find words."

"Don't you like me?"

This one threw me. Like her? Did Romeo give a little hang about Juliet? Like her? Man, how did Abelard feel about Heloise? How did Dante feel about Beatrice? Did he give her an occasional nod?

"Sure I like you," I said.

She stared at me. I'm afraid in pity. "I give up."

"Apricots," Mrs. Mackawash said helpfully, "are good for you. Maybe you have tired blood."

"I guess so," I said sadly.

"You better go home and rest it," Helen said good-naturedly.

I didn't sleep much that night. I ate so many apricots they kept me awake, for one thing. For another thing, I kept going over in my head all the things I should have said to Helen.

Towards morning I fell asleep wondering why the world had been created in such a manner that when you find a girl you are madly in love with you can hardly say a word to her.

My mother woke me up about six a.m. and said, "You must be having nightmares. You're fighting dragons or something. We could hear you."

I smiled weakly. "It was just a small dragon," I said, "and I would have had him if you hadn't woke me up."

The next day I went to work in a fog because of lack of sleep, nervousness, general debility, and, I supposed, tired blood. The apricots hadn't done much good.

Mr. Struddlehammer came at me around ten a.m. because I had got someone mixed up. After he bawled me out he said, "Are you sick?"

I said no. I was heartick, of course, but that doesn't count. Mr. Struddlehammer said, "This is a big day. We want things to go big today. This is the opening of our annual sale. Struddlehammer's clothes must dress the whole city."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I shall not fail you." I almost saluted.

I went up to the top floor. Monet was asleep, a bottle of wine on his desk. I tiptoed past him and went over to Helen, the mannequin, and spoke to her for a while. I poured my heart out in glowing phrases, the ones I wished I had used on the real Helen, and which I could not speak.

Monet woke up for a moment and stared at me. "I think you're carrying this fantasy too far," he warned.

"I just felt lonesome," I said.

"The world is full of real girls to love."

"The world is full of real one girl to love, and when I see her I become speechless."

I did a little work around and then I got a call to go down in the stock-room and bring up something or other.

I went down and, on a hunch, I decided to look in at the window I had fixed. I got behind the jewellery counter and slid open the doors that shut out the inside of the window from the store proper.

I peeked. I gulped. I shut the doors again and then opened them a tiny crack. It

Continuing . . .

## THE GIRL IN THE WINDOW

from page 23

was impossible! No, it wasn't impossible. Obviously that was why no mannequin had been put in the window. It all tied up; Helen being at her aunt's and the stuff about her modelling and Struddlehammer's earlier words.

There she was, a young goddess. Oh, how beautiful she looked in smart clothes! She looked wonderful, anyway, but now, walking up and down in the window while dozens of people admired her from the sidewalk, she was as triumphant as any queen.

My heart beat like a hammer. Helen got in the swing now, after taking off a little jacket that went over her dress. She picked up a magazine, looked at it for a few moments, turned and smiled at everyone, swung back and forth a while, got out of the swing, and walked up and down. She was great, really great.

My tired blood took heart. I went "Psst!" She paid no

ting there and all the words rushed into my head.

Hardly realising what I was doing, I sprang into the window and sat on the swing opposite the real Helen. I began to talk as I had talked to the spurious beloved. "Helen," I said, "you are so beautiful, so lovely, so gentle, and so gracious that I will never understand by what stroke of good fortune Heaven sent you my way."

"That's better," she said, smiling like an angel.

I was inspired. I became oblivious of everything else. I went on, "Helen, I shall love you forever. Until the mountains melt and the stars fall and day becomes night. You are what I have dreamed of all my life. Name a star; your eyes are brighter. Name a bird; your voice is lovelier. Name a confession; your smile is sweeter."

Around about this time I became completely dizzy. Helen

## FROM THE BIBLE

● "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

—Genesis 22:8.

This is a perfect example of faith. God had tested Abraham's faith by asking him to offer his only son as a sacrifice. When the lad, having seen the preparations for the sacrifice, asked where the animal was, Abraham answered that God would provide a lamb, though at the time there seemed no sign of His doing so.

loved. I could be fired. I could be disgraced. I could be the laughing stock of the city, but one thing I knew: I had kissed Helen.

I hurried up the back elevator and made my way to Monet's office. He opened one eye. "Where've you been?"

"In the window," I said dully.

"What?" He sat up. "Why?"

"I had to see a girl."

Monet smiled and took a glass of wine. "And so?"

"I kissed her and told her I loved her."

"In the window?"

"Yes."

"You will undoubtedly be fired. Before you are, permit me to drink to you. I salute you. Only the brave deserve the fair. A votre sante."

A moment later the telephone jangled. Mr. Struddlehammer wanted me in his office pronto. I told Monet. He shook his head wearily. "This is the fate of poets. Adieu."

There is no need to go into detail now. I shivered and shook waiting to enter the boss' office, but I need not have. He greeted me warmly, offered me a cigar, realised my age, and retracted the offer.

"That was an astonishing piece of thinking. Going into the window and kissing the model. A stroke of genius. And here I was under the impression you were a dolt. Why, hundreds of people are pouring into the store, fired by that one touch of nature that makes the whole world buy dresses. Everybody wants to look like the model so someone young and handsome will come after them and kiss them. I would never have thought of the idea myself. Hundreds more are waiting outside for a repeat performance. Would you mind doing it regularly on the hour?"

"Mind? No. Not if the girl doesn't."

"She is reconciled. I have given her a slight bonus. You, too, shall have one. On your toes now and back to the window. I shall be watching myself this time."

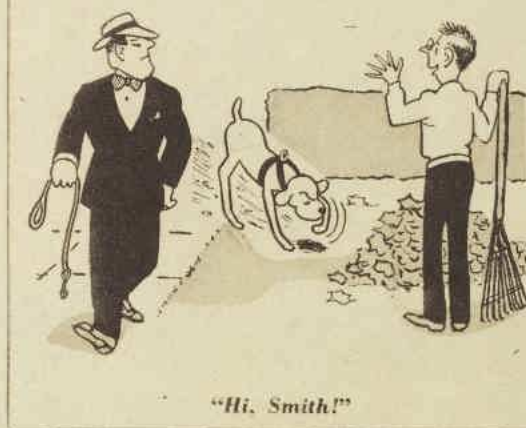
As I say, I can look back on it all now from the standpoint of the maturity a man acquires at nineteen. I see myself as emotionally immature and perhaps a little irrational. I guess my blood was also a little tired, too. On the other hand, I approve of all my actions, even if some of them were a bit on the adolescent side.

What I've been trying to get at is that Helen and I are sort of engaged to be engaged now, and we see a life of happiness ahead. I know it will be a rich, full life with lots happening. But no matter how fascinating it is I know I shall never forget that weird summer when I was seventeen. Not if I live to be forty!

(Copyright)



"Another thing, Smith! If your mutt continues to dig up my lawn . . ."



"Hi, Smith!"

attention. She got in the swing, which brought her closer to the door. I went "Psst!" a little louder. She turned and smiled at me.

"You're beautiful," I said.

"I can't hear you,"

"You're — you're —" I stopped.

She swung back and forth and smiled. Then she turned in my direction. "If you have anything to say to me, come out here and say it."

There it was. If I didn't I was a coward. If I did, Struddlehammer would give me the heave-ho. I would never save enough money for Amherst. My parents would disown me. I'd end up on Old Age Relief or something. Every one on the sidewalk would laugh. I was coked.

I hesitated. I started away mournfully. Then I turned back and looked again, this time with half-shut eyes. For a few moments I thought it was Helen the mannequin sitting

got out of the swing and began walking around, showing her dress. I got out of the swing, too, held her in my arms, and murmured, "Come with me to Mountain Park next Saturday night and dance."

She said, "I'd love to," taking off her jacket and handing it to me. I held it for her and then I put my arms around her and kissed her gently.

When I opened my eyes and recovered my equilibrium I suddenly realised that the street was jammed with people, waving and cheering, with a very few making unpleasant faces.

Realising where I was and what I was doing, and beginning to comprehend it was all real and not a scene with the plastic Helen, I bowed hastily and went back through the doors into the store.

At last I decided to accept whatever fate had in store for me. At least I had kissed Helen, a real Helen, the real Helen, the only woman I had ever





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# MARMITE

## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning March 14



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a resolution.

★ If you are not happy about prospects in your job or social life, determine to do something about it. Aim to fulfil a wish in connection with finances, personal assets, or relationships. Consider ways and means to your objective, then act with discretion, but with your goal in view. Do not discuss your intentions too freely.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in action.

★ Postponements, delays can cost you hours of satisfaction which should have been yours. Mental and physical activity is required if you hope to realize your greatest potential. Laziness, fear of responsibility will give others the reward you should have reaped. If you can do something constructive, act at once. If not, turn to other interests.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in increasing prestige.

★ The right word spoken at the right moment, the tact for which your sign is well known, the correctly timed action, which smooths out an awkward situation or conciliates conflicting opinions will demand all the magnetic charm you possess. It will help you to gain friends, goodwill, which will count heavily in your favor.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.  
★ Luck in using your head.

★ Your intellectual capacities are likely to be stimulated by present influences; this is all to the good if they are used constructively and do not evaporate into wishful thinking. Get down to brass tacks. Take on what you know you can carry through. Don't be lured into waste of time, energy, or materials. Keep ambition within bounds.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.  
★ Luck in watchful waiting.

★ There is often a lull between two chapters crowded with action; you cannot hasten matters by pushing. Accept philosophically that patience and time work wonders. Clean the slate of odds and ends, but avoid showdowns or ultimatums, which will backfire. If you are left to simmer in the background, don't take it to heart.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in teamwork.

★ So long as your side is winning, whoever makes the biggest contribution is unimportant. To rise above petty jealousy, the satisfaction of childish vanity. This may be a challenge if you are a voluntary worker, a member of a sporting club. Fine efforts are often spoiled by such tactics. There will be many who appreciate your good work.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in the daytime.

★ Get in your best work in daylight hours. Sitting up late to finish that frock or ice that cake may lead to minor mishaps, disappointment. You would be wise to enjoy the afternoon and plan an early-to-bed programme. Big social occasions are unlikely. Conserve your energy for a lively period coming soon.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck through Dame Fortune.

★ Your fairy godmother may pay you a visit, turning Cinderella into a princess, but the gifts she brings may not be what you expected. You may long for a Prince Charming and receive the offer of a better job, or you may be worried over finances and be invited to dine with a fascinating member of the opposite sex. Make the most of your luck.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.  
★ Luck in a happy ending.

★ If your best beloved has been away, his return fills you with joy. If you've come to the end of a cycle, perhaps with regret, look forward, not backward. Whether the immediate past has been smooth sailing or rough, remember the bright moments. If a summer romance from which you hoped much has faded, a new personality appears.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in a new skill.

★ You need a new interest. Choose it with care, as different as possible from your other activities. You may need advice on how to set about it, the first steps may be difficult, but soon you'll find it fascinating. The office girl studies cooking and the housewife learns to play golf. Whatever your goal, it should be something hitherto untried.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, red.  
★ Gambling colors, red, white.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a contract.

★ You sign your name with a flourish at the foot of a document and feel a glow of pride. This might be the marriage register, a title deed to property, or a hire purchase agreement. In any case it represents a milestone in your affairs, a triumph over obstacles. With one particular issue settled, you can build on a solid foundation.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a new personality.

★ Through creative imagination you can evolve a new deal for yourself physically, socially, perhaps financially. Your instinctive good taste can guide you in the colors you wear, your style of dress. Your skin and hair may need attention, diet will slim away those extra pounds. Regardless of age, Pisceans can be beautiful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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F5605. — Smart bulky coat for winter requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5702. — Tailored skirt and blouse to suit any age group. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material for the skirt and 2½ yds. 36in. material for the blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5704. — Matron's frock has unusual collar effect and slightly flared skirt. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Price 4/6.



F5607. — Graceful evening frock has gathered bust and cross-over bodice detail. Requires 9 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5700. — Sophisticated waistcoat-and-slacks set for the teenager. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



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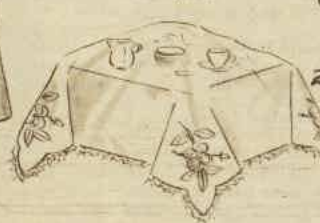
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Cute shortie pyjamas are available cut out ready to sew in cotton flannel in pink, blue, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25/6, 38 and 38in. bust 27/6. Postage 2/6 extra.



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The conversation was as foreign to him as if they had been speaking Russian. He stood on one leg and then the other. He smiled when they smiled, laughed when they laughed.

No one paid any attention to him. Finally he gave up and walked away. His mother came over to him.

"Well, what did Jill say?" "She said to bring her a martini, which I did."

"And that's all?" He motioned toward the group. "I couldn't penetrate the Ivy League curtain."

"Then go over and talk to Tom Foley. He's by the fireplace."

Jimmy looked. Tom Foley was a big, square, hard-faced man wearing a two-hundred-dollar suit. He looked around the room with eyes that could pierce like a bayonet.

"He looks as if he'd bite," he said.

"Nonsense," Jimmy's mother said. "He's a big softy at heart."

"Him?" Jimmy said. "He's about as soft as Tillamook Rock."

"Why don't you ask him if he'd like a drink?"

That seemed fair enough, Jimmy decided. He walked over to the fireplace.

"Hello, Mr. Foley, I'm Jimmy McGovern. I don't suppose you remember me. I worked—"

"You were on the green chain one summer, you patched plywood the next, and you were on a lift truck in the summer of nineteen fifty-one."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said. He nearly stood at attention.

"You've been in the Air Force six years, flying forty-sevens and fifty-twos."

"That's right. Could I get you a drink?"

"You could. Some bourbon on the rocks."

Jimmy complied. Mr. Foley tasted the drink. Jimmy hoped the man would approve. Mr. Foley sighed. "Mighty good bourbon."

"Glad you like it."

"Meet my daughter?"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy glanced over at the group surrounding Jill Foley. "She's a beautiful girl."

Tom Foley grunted. "She's a spoiled brat, but it's my fault. I spoil her. So does everyone else. Look at all those young fools clustered around her."

"Can't say I blame them," Jimmy said.

"No, I suppose not." Tom Foley peered at Jimmy. "I suppose you want your old job back?"

The man can't be serious, Jimmy thought. You are no longer a teenager, McGovern, and you have been chewed out by experts, including a three-star general. Jimmy realised that he was no longer frightened by Tom Foley. Who needed this arrogant old goat?

He knew that he was supposed to be nice to the entire Foley family, including the gorgeous Jill, in the hope that he'd get a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job.

"Which one?" he asked. "I'll let you know," Tom Foley said.

"Thanks," Jimmy said, and moved away.

His father approached him. "How's it going?"

"It's gone," Jimmy said. "Real gone. I can't get close to Jill, and her father offered me a job."

His father raised his eyebrows. "Already? Without even proposing to his daughter?"

"Uh-huh. Either driving a lift truck, pulling lumber, or patching plywood."

"I suppose it's better than starting at the top and working down."

"Much better. Look at the president of General Motors. The man's in a rut at the top of the ladder. No future at all." He looked over towards

## Continuing . . . MARRY THE BOSS' DAUGHTER

from page 25

Jill Foley. Two other men had joined the group around her.

He walked through the sun porch and out on to the patio. The floodlights were on, and he saw a girl stretched out on a chaise-longue. She was wearing a sweater and a skirt and heavy-rimmed glasses. She had black hair and heavy eyebrows. She glanced at him and said "Hello."

"Hello. You don't like the party?" Jimmy said.

She shrugged. "Do you?"

**J**IMMY sat down in a chair beside her. "Not particularly. I like people but not collectively. I'm Jimmy McGovern."

"Hello, Jimmy. I'm Sally Stone. How was the wild blue yonder?"

"It was all right." He squinted his eyes and peered at her, mindful of his mother's words about this dame needing men in order to get them interested enough to propose. Well, he wasn't going to put his foot in that bear-trap.

"But not as remunerative as Foley Enterprises?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"The word gets around."

"What word?"

"Why, that you're going to marry Jill Foley and be a vice-president."

"Listen, I just met her tonight. I only said two words to her. That's hardly the basis for a proposal of marriage, even if I planned to, which I don't."

"Well, that's an approach she hasn't yet had tried. Usually, a new man follows her around like a bill collector."

"It isn't a new approach."

Jimmy yelped, louder than he intended. He jerked a thumb toward the house. "Anyway, that grey-flannel curtain around her makes the iron curtain look like a sieve."

"I'll bet you a steak that she asks you to go swimming with her tomorrow," Sally said.

"That's her standard shock treatment. One look at her in one of those things she wears for a bathing-suit and you'll be added to the squad."

"You sound bitter," Jimmy said, "and I'll take that bet."

"I'm not bitter. I'll take my men one at a time. It's less frantic, I'll admit, but at least when the phone rings I don't have to look at a roster." In one beautiful, fluid movement she swung herself out of the chaise-longue.

She patted Jimmy on the arm. "Welcome to the club. And I'll bet you'll make a dandy vice-president." She walked into the house.

Jimmy, seething, watched her go.

When the party was over, Jimmy still had spoken only two words to Jill Foley. He stood in the front room as his mother and father saw the last of the guests to the door.

His mother came back into the room. "Well?"

"I think I'll apply for active duty."

"Don't be silly. When Jill left, she asked me why my handsome son had neglected her all evening."

"O.K., I admit the dame is beautiful. But she needs me the way she needs a cold in the head. Did you see all the talent hanging around her? The breathing was so heavy I thought someone had tied up a locomotive outside."

"I saw you talking to Sally Stone," his mother said accusingly.

"It was better than talking to myself. People get suspicious."

"I warned you about her," his mother said. "Don't waste your time. One look at your

bank balance and she'd drop you."

Jimmy went upstairs and pulled at his necktie. His father came into the room. "Well, what did you think of Jill?"

"To paraphrase Caesar—she came, she saw, she conquered. But not me."

Jimmy was just finishing his bacon and eggs the next morning when the phone rang. He picked up the breakfast-room extension and said hello.

"Jimmy?" She was either trying to sound like Marilyn Monroe or she had bronchitis.

"Uh-huh."

"You neglected me last night."

"Well, I got through the line, but the secondary stopped me cold."

"Oh, Jimmy, it wasn't that bad, was it?"

"It was worse. I was lying. I didn't even get through the line."

"I was hoping you'd try."

Jimmy frowned and peered at himself in a small mirror on the wall. "You aren't that good, McGovern." He saw a sandy-colored head of hair, gun-metal eyes, and a stan-

Presently Jill said, "Well, I must be slipping."

"Huh?"

"Normally, by this time, a man is either asking me what I'm doing tonight, telling me how gorgeous I am in preparation for a pass, or in some instances mentioning the little church around the corner."

"Well, for pity's sake," Jimmy said.

He reached for her and pulled her down beside him. With practised ease she put one arm around him and he kissed her. He braced himself for the shock.

His heart reacted normally, his blood pressure stayed at 120 over 70, and he found himself wondering how the Yankees were making out. Presently he released her. She looked at him, dewy-eyed.

"Jimmy, you can kiss me again, any time."

"Yeah," he said. He looked up the beach. The Ivy League curtain, wearing almost identical Hawaiian-print swimming-trunks, was advancing. There were six of them. "Here come the Rover Boys," he said.

## FRAGRANT PINKS



**P**INKS, members of the dianthus family, are mostly perennials. They need rich, light loam or well-drained heavier soils, sunny position, and some lime. Rust can be prevented by dusting with equal parts of hydrated lime and sulphur. Plants are easily raised from cuttings or layers. Blooms are fragrant and there are dozens of colorful varieties, as well as the double white type, Mrs. Sinkins.

dard operating mouth and nose.

"I said I was hoping you'd try. I thought maybe we could go swimming today."

"Why, certainly."

"Want to pick me up at noon?"

"I sure do."

"That's nice," she said.

Jimmy broke his connection and moodily contemplated the telephone. All right. So he owed Sally Stone a steak. So this mantrap was going to give him the shock treatment. He could take it—he hoped.

He went up to the Gearhart golf course and played nine holes of golf. He came home, showered, and changed into swimming-trunks. He put on a sweat shirt and rope-soled slippers and drove over to Jill's house. She came out the door carrying a small beach-bag and sun-hat.

They drove down on the beach at the Gearhart approach. Jimmy thoughtfully parked his car on the hard sand and they walked to a big driftwood log. Jimmy smoked a cigarette contentedly as Jill combed her hair.

"What about a swim?" he asked.

"Why not?" she said.

She was wearing a black swimming-suit. She was sleek and gently tanned.

They walked down to the water, waded out and dived through the first breaker. If he had had any ardor, it was immediately chilled. The water was cold as a frozen mackerel. They didn't stay long.

Jimmy stretched out on the sand in his shirt, and presently his congealed blood returned to its natural state. They watched children build sand castles. They watched dogs chase sea-

They took Jill away. Jimmy stretched out on the sand and closed his eyes. Even if Jill would have him, which he doubted, not even for a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job would he marry a dame who made him react with all the intense force of a table-tennis ball hitting a bowl of jelly.

What was the matter with him?

She was beautiful, she was rich, and even if she was spoiled and a trifle empty-headed, you had to admit that she had other hearts palpitating all over town.

He realised that something was obscuring the sun. He opened his eyes and sat bolt upright. Standing between him and the ocean was Sally Stone, minus her glasses and most of her clothing.

**H**ER legs were long and sleekly muscular. She was tanned to perfection, and her skin was as flawless as distilled water. Her hair, gently ruffled by the wind, seemed as black as the inside of a wolf.

He must have been blind, Jimmy thought. Sally Stone made Jill look like one of the girls in the second row of the chorus.

"I owe you that steak," he said.

"Leave it with the cook," she said.

"I thought maybe you'd have it with me. Charcoal broiled. At the Copper Grill."

"No, thanks," she said. "I don't remember saying that I went with the steak."

She waved a hand. "Maybe Jill—"

She turned and walked away.

Jimmy went back up to the house. His mother was stretched out on a chaise-longue.

"Well?" she said.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" Jimmy said. "I'm not such a bad guy. I have my hair cut once a week. I brush my teeth, I've been good to the taxpayers by not wrecking any expensive airplanes, and only last week I gave twenty bucks to the United Fund, but she won't even have dinner with me."

"You can't expect Jill to drop every man in town just because—"

"I'm not talking about Jill. I'm talking about Sally Stone."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't waste your time on her."

"How can I? She acts as if I'm a typhoid carrier."

"How was your swim with Jill?"

"Just fine," Jimmy said. "I got wet and cold and turned her over to the second platoon."

"Well, don't delude yourself by getting interested in Sally. She's poison."

Jimmy, thinking of Sally Stone in a bathing-suit, decided that it wouldn't be the most gruesome way of dying.

He called the butcher and had the man's choicest tenderloin steak delivered to Sally. The next day he called her for golf. She said that she was curled up with Tolstoy. The following day he called her for a swim. She said that she was going to wash her dog.

With all the enthusiasm of a man paying his taxes, he called Jill. She said that she'd love a swim. Jimmy kissed her behind a driftwood log. He evaluated the kiss in a detached manner. He decided that kissing his father's springer spaniel was more rewarding.

Nevertheless, he took her to dinner. She worked her way through a crab cocktail, onion soup, green salad, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, pie, and coffee. Jimmy picked at a lamb chop.

He kissed Jill good night. She sighed. She said that Jimmy was a living doll, and what was he doing tomorrow? Jimmy said that he thought he'd wash his father's dog.

The next morning he went down on the beach. He stretched out on the sand and tipped his face up into the sun. He closed his eyes and went to sleep. He was awakened by Sally Stone tickling the bottom of his right foot.

"I think you're getting athlete's foot," she said.

"Get off my back," Jimmy said. "I've called you for golf, for swimming. I asked you to have dinner with me. You act as if I'm Khrushchev's nephew. What's wrong with me, anyway?"

She pursed her lips and eyed him quizzically. "Do you want a quick rundown or the full treatment?"

"Never mind."

"The steak was very good."

"Dandy."

"I finished rereading 'War and Peace,' the dog is clean, and I can't think of another excuse for not going to dinner with you."

Jimmy straightened. "You can't?"

"Huh-uh. I'll be hungry around seven."

Jimmy started getting dressed at five o'clock. He came downstairs shining like an acolyte on his way to church. His father stared at him.

"Is that my Jimmy?"

"Never mind the two-bit wisecracks," Jimmy said. "I'm going out to dinner."

His father shook his head. "Amazing what a man will do for a job."

"I'm not going to dinner with Jill. It's Sally Stone."

"I'll amend my declaration. It's amazing what a man will do for a dame. You know, of

course, that you're probably blowing a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job?"

"Don't remind me," Jimmy said.

They had dinner at the Copper Grill. Afterward, they walked down on the beach.

Jimmy wanted to kiss Sally the way he wanted to keep on breathing, but he was afraid she'd laugh at him. Finally, he could stand it no longer. He stopped walking.

"Sally—"

"Yes?"

He choked up. He opened his mouth and closed it. Finally he said, miserably, "Do you want a rich husband?"

"Oh, honestly!" She turned away and started walking down the beach.

He caught up with her.

"Well, that's what I heard."

"And, of course, you believe everything you hear."

He shook his head.

"Well?" she said.

"I'm trying to get up nerve enough to ask you if I can kiss you."

"Oh, Jimmy, don't you know that you aren't supposed to ask?"

"I'm not?"

She shook her head. She walked into his arms. He bent down and kissed her.

"Wow!" Sally said.

He gulped the night air and started all over again.

At midnight he walked into the house. His parents were playing chess. His father stared at him. "Get hit in the mouth?"

"Don't be silly, dear," Mrs. McGovern said. "That's lipstick."

Jimmy took out his handkerchief and scrubbed his mouth. Jimmy's father moved his queen and said, "Check."

"I'm going to get married," Jimmy said.

Jimmy's mother moved her king. "Yes, dear. We know."

"You know!" Jimmy said.

"How could you?"

His mother sighed. "When I tried to get you to learn the piano, you took up golf. When your father wanted you to go to Stanford, you preferred Washington State. If I handed you an orange, you reached for an apple."

"Your father had an appointment to Annapolis all set up. So what did you do? The Air Force. We always thought Sally was the girl for you."

Jimmy frowned. "Why all this jazz about Sally looking for a rich husband? Why the routine about Jill? Why—"

His father started putting away the chessmen. "I told you before, son. Women do not move from A to Z. That's too simple. Think of all the fun your mother had thinking she arranged this whole thing."

"Ha! Listen to the man," Jimmy's mother said.

Three days later Jimmy had a call from Tom Foley. "Hear you're getting married. You'll be needing a job."

"Yes," Jimmy said, "but I don't know about that lift truck. It'll never fly."

"Who said anything about a lift truck? For a while I thought you were going to be my son-in-law. I can do without a son-in-law, but I can use a good salesman. I think you'll cut the mustard. Come in to Portland and see me Monday morning."

Jimmy, stunned, hung up the phone.

"Who was it?" his mother said.

"Tom Foley offered me a job. And don't tell me you arranged it."

"Not exactly," his mother said. "I talked to Tom just before you got out of the Air Force. He said he was considering only married men. That's all."

Jimmy peered at his mother and shook his head. "Women!" he muttered, and walked out of the house.

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# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is involved in the case of the Horse Thief. The police are puzzled by a series of hold-ups by a masked talking horse, which, though riderless, threatened its victims with a gun strapped to its foreleg. Mandrake, con-

fronted by the horse, managed to leap on to its back and get it under control by taking off its bridle. Then he used his hypnotic powers to bring the owner of the "horse thief" before the Chief of Police. NOW READ ON:



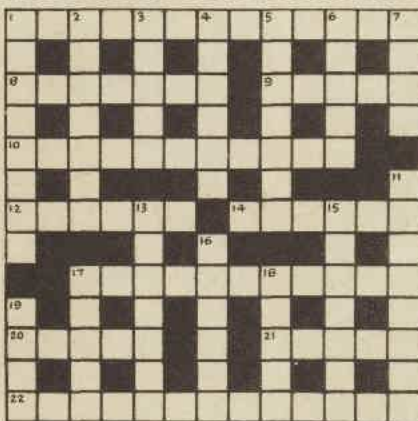
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Bury the kin for mutual connection (13).
8. A very deadly disease (7).
9. Ponds in which a one-masted vessel turns (5).
10. Ox poses it in commentaries (11).
12. Master a river (6).
14. Old three-stringed musical instrument (6).
17. His coy viper (Anagr., 11).
20. A most successful way of pleading not guilty (5).
21. Standard of measurement for you in a broken egg (5).
22. Eastern topics for the offices of over-seers (13).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Growth in the line on the cricket ground (8).
2. A private turns the report, adding nothing to it (7).
3. Sways the bobbins or dances (5).
4. Raises in dignity, but inside remains lax (6).
5. Commend a musically silent roving (7).
6. Torn lids cover nothing for false gods (5).
7. Sent in a cosy home (4).
11. These masters must be quick readers (8).
13. Attribute to a writer (7).
15. Wear out mostly with taxes (7).
16. Gain for tip (6).
17. They are full of bad blood but they all lead to the heart (5).
18. A grey German military rifleman (5).
19. A blackguard and I for an Oriental civil judge (4).

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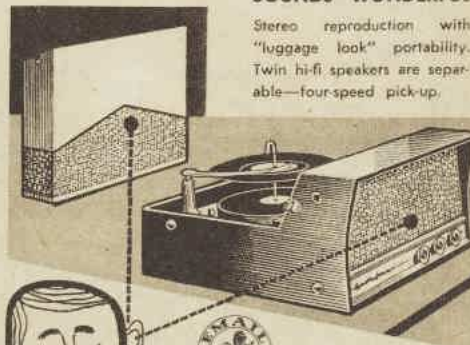
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